October 13, 1965

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The Australian

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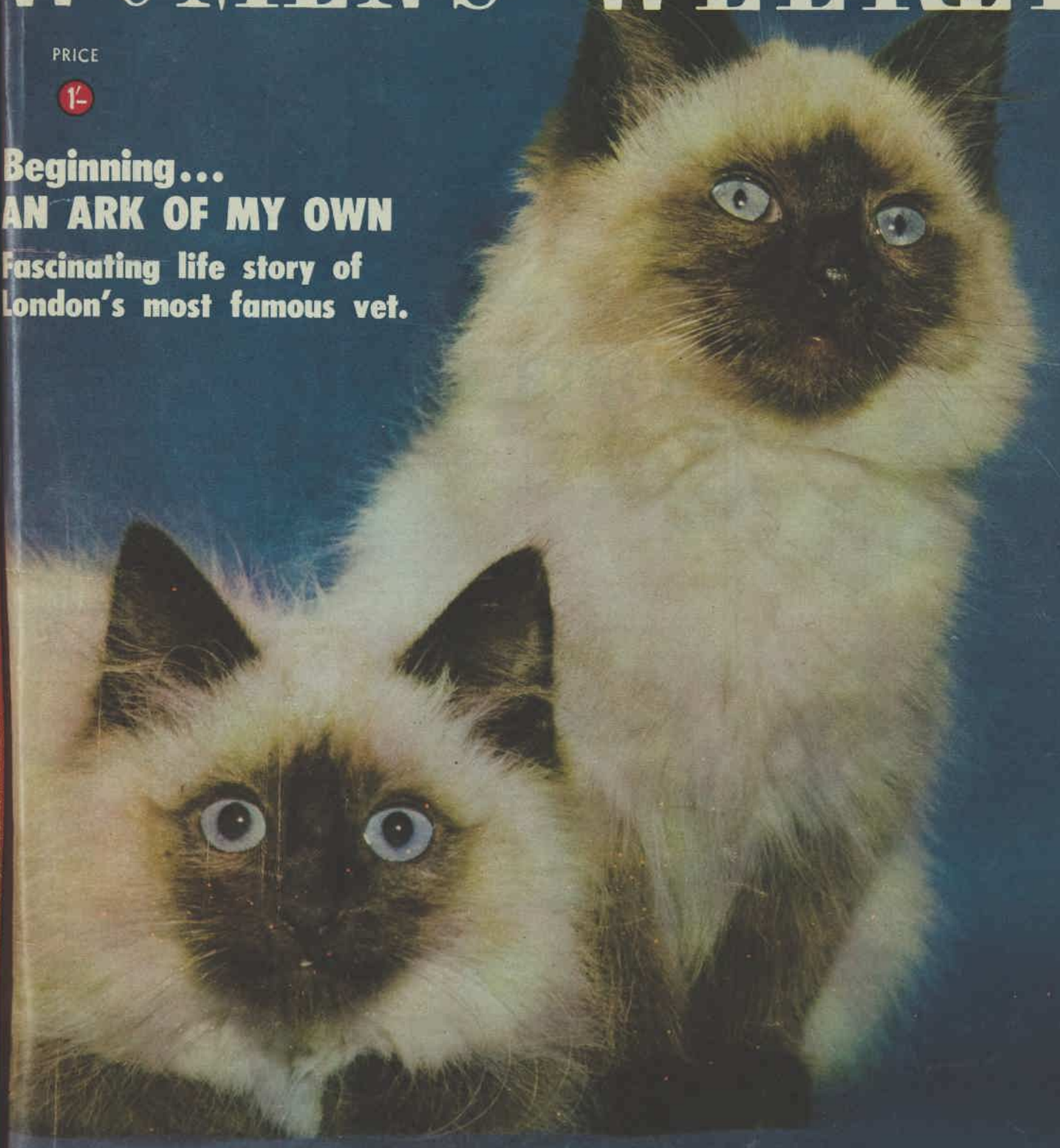

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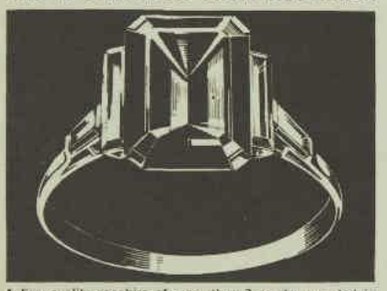

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WORTH REPORTING

WE'RE more animal-conscious than usual this week, with the start of our two-part feature "An Ark of My Own."

These reminiscences of a British veterinarian fascinated even those on our staff who are not animal-minded.

"Ark" should especially interest those who love animals and like to have a menagerie.

Among those we know are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hicks and their three sons, of Kew, Vic., who have a tortoise, Siamese cat, ten white mice, and two poodles.

● *Palm - size Noddy.*

The poodle pup, Noddy, was only 5in. tall at 2½ months and weighed barely 1lb., but he's the first to pick a fight in the menagerie.

The Hickses have refused up to £60 for Noddy. They wouldn't part with him.

Experts say he is an unusual size and perfectly healthy.

Mrs. Hicks's parents ran carnivals, and as a child she minded animals ranging from an alligator (hatched by a bantam hen) to a sick baby elephant.

OUR COVER

● Camlon Star and Camlon Glory, two of the first seal point Colorpoint cats bred in Australia. Their owner, Mrs. Monique Buckland, of Forestville, N.S.W., claims to be the only breeder of them in this country. The cats take after Siamese in color (bright blue eyes and color points); in other respects they follow the Persian type. They are bred in England under the name seal point Colorpoint. In America they are called Himalayan. Staff photographer Barry Cullen took the picture.

A child reports . . .

NINA DIXON, daughter of the conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Dean Dixon, and Mrs. Dixon, has written an 11-year-old's impressions of the orchestra's outstandingly successful concert in London at which the Queen led the applause (opposite page).

Mrs. Dixon sent us Nina's account of the concert, which was read to her daughter's class in a school in Frankfurt (Germany).

Nina titled her story "The Concert and the Queen," and wrote:

"I went with my parents to big London town to see the little Queen. My father was to give a big concert for her with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra . . .

"We sat with lots of people in the Festival Hall and waited. Then she entered! Who? Queen Elizabeth . . .

"The concert started. It was very beautiful and I listened attentively, but every so often I had to look up at the Queen.

"Oh, she was so lovely. She wore a long yellow dress and a white stole of fur and, as always in the evenings, long white gloves. She had fine dangling earrings and a very sweet hairdo.

"My parents were presented to her in the pause. My Mami was very lovely, too.

"She was a bit nervous before, but when it really happened she was calm again. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip talked to my parents for quite a long while.

"After the pause, my Papi played the first symphony of Brahms. I liked it very much. After the concert, the Queen and all the people applauded him so much that he had to return eight times on stage.

"Then my parents went with many guests to eat in a small restaurant, but for me that day was ended — a beautiful day that I always will remember."

For iris growers

FOR iris enthusiasts there are color pictures and planting advice in a garden feature beginning on page 55 in this issue.

Also the New South Wales Region of the Australian Iris Society has advised us that it is holding its all-iris show in St. John's Hall, Pacific Highway, Gordon, on Saturday, October 23, from 2.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.

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ARRIVAL of the Queen at the Royal Festival Hall, London. She walks up the red carpet with the general manager of the Hall, Mr. Ernest Bean, to attend the concert.

THE QUEEN speaks with Dean Dixon. She and Prince Philip kept the Dixons chuckling with their comments on the Meale score, which had fascinated them. Prince Philip was especially interested and had lots of questions to ask.

QUEEN LED THE APPLAUSE

By BETTY BEST, in London

● It was a night of triumph — musically, personally, and from the prestige point of view. An unqualified triumph for Australian arts in London and an outstanding event of the Commonwealth Festival.

SYDNEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, with Dean Dixon, after playing Australian Richard Meale's "Homage to Garcia Lorca" in London.

Picture at top left by Ray Bellisario. Others by Bob Dear.

T was the only event of the festival which he Queen, its patron, ttended.

In the newly appointed oyal Festival Hall overooking a floodlit Thames on clear autumn night, the oyal presence gave this igh a glamor and news alue which brought an army f television trucks, a planeload of Australian wildlowers, and an expectant udience to the South Bank.

But the undoubted star of e evening was the Sydney ymphony Orchestra conducted by Dean Dixon.

From the opening bars of e "Euryanthe" overture to e thrilling finale of rahms' Symphony Number One the orchestra drew rom the audience some of he warmest and most rolonged cheering I have eard in London.

At the close of the first alf, which was Australian omposer Richard Meale's vant-garde "Homage To arcia Lorca," the bravoes rought Dean Dixon back gain and again to the platform.

The audience held the rchestra there for bow after ow, with the Queen and e Duke of Edinburgh rading the applause.

In fact, so interested was the Queen in this new work that she had taken the unprecedented step of sending down to ask for the score to be brought to the royal box.

After hearing it, she and the Duke plied the Dixons with questions for seven minutes until it seemed that the second half of the concert would be delayed.

"Is it very difficult music to conduct?" asked Prince Philip. "More so than classical music?"

"A lecture"

"Yes," Dean Dixon explained. "In one conductorial gesture the musicians must understand several directions."

Prince Philip's natural curiosity demanded more detail, so he deserted the rest of the presentation line to go into it more fully.

"Dean practically gave a lecture on it for the next five minutes," said Mrs. Dixon afterwards, "and even this was not enough for the Duke."

He then said, "I've been talking to Sir Malcolm Sargent about it and asked him if it matters if you make a mistake in any of the intricate passages. He says no one would know."

Mr. Dixon disagreed, explaining that such a mistake could throw the whole orchestra out.

"There is no relaxation in playing a work like this," he added. "You must be intellectually a phrase ahead all the time."

The Duke then asked for Dean Dixon's history with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra and with the Radio Symphony in Frankfurt.

"How do you communicate with the Frankfurt Orchestra?" he asked.

When Dean Dixon told him, "in German," he seemed surprised and asked when and how he had learned the language.

"I picked it up through the air," said Mr. Dixon, and the Duke chuckled appreciatively.

He had an even more appreciative reaction when he asked Mr. Dixon's parentage.

"My father was Jamaican and my mother Barbadian," said Mr. Dixon, pronouncing it "Barbajan" as he had been brought up to do.

Came back

The Duke repeated it after him carefully learning the, to him, new pronunciation.

When finally he had to follow the Queen along the rest of the presentation line he made his greetings hurriedly and then returned to the Dixons and began to draw comparisons between one of the exotic Commonwealth paintings in the surrounding exhibition and the Meale composition.

"Obviously he was completely intrigued by the music," said Mrs. Dixon. "He wanted to talk of nothing else."

In the second half of the concert, the orchestra's playing of the Brahms brought ten minutes of solid applause and cheering.

The orchestra manager, Ernest Gibbs, said later, "They were right at the top of their form."

The Dixons were receiving in the conductor's Green Room for nearly an hour the crowds of congratulators, including Sir Malcolm Sargent, the Finnish Consul from Sydney and his wife, and scores of English musicians.

Australia could not have had a more wholehearted welcome to England.

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NEXT WEEK

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RINGO and ZAK

● ***First family pictures show proud father, happy mother***

● *In Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, London, the Beatles' drummer, Ringo, proudly holds his baby, little Zak Starkey, and (at right) exchanges a fond glance with his 19-year-old wife, Maureen. Below, a nurse hands the baby over as Maureen leaves hospital. The parents chose the name Zak because they are fond of Western stories (Zak sounds like a good-natured, humorous cowboy) and "because it can't be shortened" by the other boys when he goes to school.*

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Jose Greco comes to Australia

Flamenco dancers live a gipsy life

From BETTY BEST in London

● Jose Greco has become world-famous as a Spanish gipsy dancer. But this man, who has created a school of Spanish culture in southern Spain (he believes passionately that "life is culture") was born in Italy of Italian parents, and first studied Spanish dancing in America.

JOSE GRECO, pictured dancing with Nana Lorca. He opens his Australian season on October 12 in Sydney.

IT is not at all surprising that Jose Greco should have felt inspired to collect about him a company of gipsy dancers, for, as he says himself:

"I am a real gipsy — in the functional sense. I have been travelling constantly for 25 years, ever since I was 19. I live in the entire world. I have no time to reside anywhere. I am totally nomadic."

He is also totally impressive, and no less off-stage than on.

There is an unstated dignity and a completeness about his carriage and personality which take over the minute he enters a room.

He has no time for false modesty, understatements, or detailed explanations, but he has the most beautiful manners, which, added to his sultry good looks, make up a compelling charm.

Contradicting the notes in his own London program, he told me that he had no Spanish blood at all.

"I am Italian by birth and parentage. I came from Montorio, in the Abruzzi Mountains, and migrated to Brooklyn with my parents when I was 15. Now I am an American citizen.

Spanish flavor

"It was in America that I first became fascinated by everything Spanish. Where we lived the environment was utterly Spanish — all our neighbors, their customs, food, music, dancing, everything. And Spanish is like enough to Italian for me to have had no language problems." (In fact, his rich, deep American voice has just a suggestion of European phrasing.)

I asked him when he became interested in dancing and he said, "Oh, I can hardly remember. Right from the beginning, I think. I trained in America while still very young, but I had always loved it."

He took only a little interest in classical ballet, preferring to concentrate on Spanish dancing, "Because it is more human, and I hate regimentation."

He was still in his teens when the famous Argentinita saw him dance and immediately chose him as her partner. His nomadic life began, and they toured Europe together until she died in 1945. He then partnered her famous sister, Pilar Lopez, in her own company, Ballet Espanol, throughout Europe and America before forming his own troupe.

"I had to have my own company because I must design everything right from the beginning," he said.

"Of course, I am open to ideas from others. Perhaps a suggestion may come from one of my own dancers which will give me an idea. But I cannot just accept it like that. I must actually create the whole presentation, envisage the entire scene.

"I believe that people do not come to see our dancing to understand it. That is only for the student of the dance. They come to enjoy themselves, to be entertained.

"No one really understands Spanish dancing in all its complexities. They just feel its emotional impact and then know that they like what they see.

"I am here to make sure that we transmit its humanness.

"And this gipsy company I have had now for one-and-a-half years gives the most human of all dances, flamenco. I believe it is one of the most exciting manifestations of the Spanish dance and has not yet been much exploited.

"It is not calculated or planned, the flamenco. It has freedom and abandon, and more spontaneity than even the Spanish classical styles.

"It even presents improvisations within the performance. This makes each performance an adventure both for audience and dancers."

Discipline

"Do you find that it is difficult with a company of dancers, most of whom were untravelled and unused to the rigid schedules of a professional life, to maintain a theatre routine?" I asked him. "Are you a tough disciplinarian?"

"No, I would rather say I am a very good chief. As I say, I do not like regimentation, but, of course, there must be some discipline. I do not find it difficult."

Looking at him, the very exposition of natural authority, this was easily believable.

"Do you find that you are inspired to create new dances in each country you visit?"

"No, countries cannot inspire. That only comes from Mr. Greco," he said with finality. "I know I have a great deal of love and joy to give people through my work. But it all comes from me.

"The flamenco music, for instance, cannot be written down. It is learnt by one musician from another, through tradition. It is a completely personal art, with each musician giving it something of himself, his own style, until others follow and say 'This is a song of so-and-so.' Now with dancing they can say the same of Greco."

There is no apparent superficial vanity when he speaks like this, just an assurance that he knows he is right and is not frightened to say so.

Unlike some Spanish dancers, he believes that there are no national barriers to creation.

"All human beings can dance Spanish if they have the talent and the feeling for it. There is no need to be born there, or even to live there. Technically, and as a stylist, you can learn anywhere, and some of the greatest Spanish dancers in history perfected their techniques outside Spain.

"But Spain is a fountain. One must go there to assimilate a certain aura of pure evocation."

Greco himself goes there from time to time between tours for this reason and to rehearse and plan his programs. Now he has created a school of Spanish culture at Marbella, in Malaga.

"There we shall have courses in painting, history, music, language, dance costumes — in fact, everything of the Spanish arts. I shall go back there next June to open it. It will be a great help to all who want to learn about our cultural wealth.

Life is culture

"For what is life but culture? Why does anyone go through the sweat and anguish of working all day except to enjoy the fruits of culture at the end of it? Be it reading a book, going to a theatre, listening to music, looking at painting, anything at all that you do with your spare time requires a culture to provide it.

"And culture is the only way that people can ever come together. It provides the outlet which allows the peoples of the world to love one another.

"I had the perfect proof of this in 1949, when I toured the Scandinavian countries. There then was a great antagonism toward Spain as a result of the war, when they believed that the Spanish people were all involved in Fascism. There was a bad taste in their mouths and they could not forget.

"But when they saw our dancing and realised that the government was not a reflection of the Spanish people themselves all that changed. They saw that the Spanish people were full of the joy of living and love of life.

"Immediately they felt closer to us as people. They realised that politics have nothing to do with human nature, that man is man and woman is woman, wherever they were born, and that they have similar needs and aspirations.

"I believe that exchange of culture is the one and only way to fight for freedom. It is the very purpose of living.

"People only fight one another when they feel insecure because of that cultural lack.

"This is why I believe that we artists are giving a service to the world, and, I hope, a great deal of joy at the same time."

Mr. Greco says that he has read a great deal of Australian history and is impressed by the background of the Australian people.

"We have been planning to go to Australia for ten years, but always we were prevented by previous commitments.

"But I have studied the struggle which the Australian people have had, and I believe that they are working toward something which is free and worth while and good. Now I look forward to seeing for myself what this struggle has produced."

SPANISH GIPSIES | *Raphael Garcia and Matilde Coral, members of Greco's company of gipsy dancers.*

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Frank is home with his bride

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Australian singer Frank Ifield, a local boy who made good in London, is back in Sydney on a four weeks' working holiday with his bride, former dancer Gillian Bowden, 24. Their keynote for the tour is happiness — with the biggest capital aitch possible.

FRANK AND GILLIE wave to Gillie's friend, a Windmill dancer, from their suite at the Chevron Hotel, Sydney.

IT is nice to see two people so happy. They radiate a special kind of carefree joy, the sort schoolkids give off when school breaks up for Christmas and weeks of unalloyed joy lie ahead.

"I can't tell you how happy I am to be here," Frank told me. "I have been looking forward to showing Australia to Gillie.

"I was going with Gillie for two years before we were married. I was always talking about Australia and I often wondered if I was laying it on too thick.

"But now we're here, Gillie reckons I didn't lay it on enough.

"I have just taken her for a walk round the Cross and she is very impressed. She loves the shops."

Frank, who opened his season at Sydney's Chevron Hotel, will make a TV spectacular for TCN9 while he is in Sydney.

One of the things he wants to do quickly is to take Gillian to Bilgola Beach, where most of his last Australian TV show was made.

ABC of beaches

"It's one of my favorites," he said. "I want to take her there and to Palm Beach."

"But there's Coogee, Manly, Bondi, and Bronte, too," said Gillian, who obviously has learned Sydney beaches like her ABC.

Other treats Frank plans for Gillian are a weekend on a motor cruiser on the Hawkesbury, a trip to Wollongong to see the Sublime Point view, and down the coast to Kiama, where Frank is hoping the famous blowhole will blow for his bride.

GILLIAN has lovely teeth, a pretty smile.

A trip to Katoomba to see the Blue Mountains is also planned, plus an oyster-eating outing (Gillian has never tasted one) and a big ramble round the family farm at Dural to show Gillie his favorite childhood spots.

Gillie came into the conversation here. She's slender as a willow wand, about 5ft. 4in. tall, with brown eyes so big they dwarf her face.

She has big, white teeth and a pretty mouth. When she smiles all you see are flashing teeth and eyes.

She is just as excited and happy as Frank. Indeed the two of them seem to be living somewhere between the earth and cloud nine.

One of those near miraculous things happened to Gillian. She has a friend with the Windmill dancers in Sydney and conversations revealed that she was flatting somewhere near the Chevron.

Sure enough she is. Gillian saw her while looking out the window of her suite and waved and tick-tacked across the high roofs.

Gillian had been barely 24 hours in Sydney when I met her. She and Frank had gone almost straight from the plane to Beecroft to the Ifield family home and a reunion with Frank's parents,

Gillian met Frank's five brothers and two sisters-in-law for the first time, had lunch, and was whisked off to nearby Bear Farm.

She liked the koalas and kangaroos, but not the emus.

"They're awful," she said. "They have a hole in their head instead of ears.

"But I like Australia so much I think I'll stay here. Frank can go back without me, or they can bring 'Robin Hood' out here."

Frank goes back to England to play Robin in the London Palladium's Christmas pantomime "Robin Hood."

Frank is one of the most unspoiled show-business people I've met.

He works hard, and is prepared to give the credit for his success to everyone except himself.

He has just finished a film, "Up Jumped a Swagman," in which he starred as the swagman, for Elstree films. Australian Annette Andree also appeared in it.

It is the story of an Australian pop singer who goes to London and makes a fortune, and Frank insists it is NOT his life story. As well as being the star, he wrote nine of the songs in the film.

He also sings what he calls two traditional numbers, "Waltzing Matilda" and "Botany Bay," in the film.

"Up Jumped a Swagman" is due for release in England at Christmas and will be seen here next year.

Frank says it is a comedy with music rather than a movie musical. I told him I thought he may end up as a musical-comedy star and he said his manager and agent, Australian Peter Gormley, had the same idea once.

"These days, though, he has different ideas," Frank said. "He has widened my field until today I am more versatile.

"Peter is already reading scripts for my next film, but I won't have a chance of fitting in another before the English winter of 1966.

"I go back to the panto and TV commitments. I generally make two Frank Ifield spectaculars a year and guest star on others.

"In England you have to be careful of over-exposure on TV. There is such a big population that a TV spectacular will reach up to 25 million people at one hit."

New hit

Frank's recordings are going well, although he says he no longer takes an active part in the hit parade.

"I've got a new record called 'Paradise' out now," he said. "When we left England it was 23 on the hit parade. Where it is now I don't know.

"The hit-parade field is a limited one. You have to go on from there — and that is what I am trying to do now."

Frank seems to be going on very successfully. He has an American season lined up for 1966.

When Frank was here in 1964 the big story was that he was a millionaire. I'd heard he was a company registered on the Stock Exchange now and I asked him about it.

He was a company but he has been taken over advantageously. He says he's not a millionaire but he is doing "very nicely."

"I'm very happy with my financial position," he said.

"I've been told my attitude about money is very Australian.

"I don't care much about money as long as everything is going smoothly and I've got a meal in sight.

"People in England are always amazed at this, but I have never taken an active interest in money.

"I am very lucky, really. I leave it to the very honest men I have around me."

Those ski fanatics (me, I'm chicken)

● Hundreds of people are back from ski holidays brandishing crutches, plaster casts, and slings with an air of triumph.

THESE are the fanatics who regard skiing as a sport, not as a danger to life.

They go round talking their friends and relatives into going skiing as well. This happened to me, and unwittingly I went to Mt. Kosciusko for a long weekend.

I came home vowing never to make a fool of myself on the snowy slopes again, but already I am being forced, at the point of a ski stick, to consider having one more try next year.

I can see my persuaders' aim. They think that by the time I return from a second dose I will be as crazy over skiing as they are. From then on, I, like them, will become a proud collector of broken bones.

Their scheming fails in one point — their estimation of me. I am a blatant coward.

So now they tell me skiing is less dangerous than crossing a road. Well, I am far more adept at dodging traffic than walking sideways up a slippery hill with two great planks strapped to my feet or zooming down again in a deliberate attempt to defy all the laws of gravity.

But you don't need to be on the slopes to break bones.

One beginner did not want to look like a beginner when he made his first public appearance on skis. So he put them on to practise in his hotel room. The tip of one ski caught under the wardrobe. He fell over and broke a leg.

All young, unattached male beginners are regaled with tales of gorgeous girls at apres-ski parties and the girls have heard of all the handsome young men.

By ANGELA CUSSANS

The already attached are more forcibly persuaded to take to the slopes — by one to whom they are attached.

The only barrier to one young woman's getting engaged seemed to be that her man skied and she didn't. She wanted to learn.

On the first ascent of the hillside on a little pulley, she dropped a ski and had to get off the pulley to recover it, then climb up the hill on her own two feet.

By the time she got to the top of the hill, her beloved was raging because he said he could have been up and down it three times while he had been waiting for her.

Slightly discouraged, she prepared to take off. It took her 12 falls to reach the bottom.

The odd thing is she finally gave up the young man and is now a skiing fanatic.

But bones still break.

An interesting sidelight on the difference between a man's and a woman's reaction is provided by a doctor at a ski resort.

If a man is brought in with a likely looking broken leg, his first question is, "When can I ski again?"

If the patient is a woman, the question is, "If you have to cut my trousers, please cut them up the seam."

HOME PLANNING LECTURES

● Laurin Magee, home-planning authority from Washington, U.S., will lecture during October and November in four States on "How To Live With A House."

HER tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, British Paints Limited, and the Australian gas industry.

The small admission charge for the lectures will go to Legacy.

Dates of Miss Magee's lectures are—

Melbourne: October 21, Melbourne Town Hall, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Adelaide: October 26 and 27, Adelaide Town Hall, 1.30 p.m.

Brisbane: October 29, Brisbane City Hall, 10 a.m.

Sydney: November 1 and 3, Sydney Town Hall, 10 a.m.

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WAITING and watching, Sandra James stands by the window of her home with her elder daughter, Karen, 2½. SUPERMARKET (above) on the corner of Sherwood Road and Merrylands Road, South Wentworthville, outside which Glenda was taken from her stroller on September 16.

—Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron

A mother waits . . .

● While the now Australia-wide search for seven-month-old kidnapped baby Glenda James goes on, Mrs. Francis James stays at her home with her elder daughter, Karen — just waiting.

WHILE she waits, Mrs. James, aged 21, still has to keep house and cook for Karen and her husband, Francis (Frank), 24.

By KIRSTEN BLANCH

EACH car passing down the street must bring with it a little twist of hope — or fear. Have they found Glenda? Is she well? Is she *alive?*

When staff photographer Don Cameron and I were taken by police to the Jameses' house, in West Merrylands, the baby had been missing for two weeks.

Mrs. James had few tears left to cry with. During the day she was going about the house doing what she had to. The family must still eat and have clean clothes. There's Karen, too.

The butcher, the baker, and the postman call as usual. A friend drops in.

Always there are police and journalists.

The neighbors go about their daily routines. One was sitting in the garden with her children, another was weeding a garden plot. Everyone has offered to help Francis and Sandra James, and they really want to help, but what can anyone do?

Except wait. And hope.

Mrs. James has gone over and over all the theories about who could have taken Glenda. She says she knows of no one who would have wanted to hurt her or would have wanted Glenda so much.

"Whoever took my baby probably thought she was much younger because she is so tiny," she said.

Glenda is seriously ill and needs special medical care. Since birth she has been very difficult to feed, vomiting most fluids. Without a proper diet and care, she may die.

Over the months Mrs. James worked out a diet which seemed to suit Glenda. For the first meal in the morning and last at night Glenda was given ordinary porridge made with about one quarter of a pint of milk to quite a thick consistency. Once or twice during the day she was given boiled, chopped-up vegetables made into a thick soup.

Mrs. James found these were the only foods Glenda could tolerate.

"I used to give her a bottle after each meal hoping she would keep some of it down," she said. "It was a formula of 5oz. cow's milk with 2oz. water and 1 tablespoon sugar of milk. She often vomited it all up, but I kept on giving it to her. And I put four drops of vitamins in three of her meals each day.

"I hope that whoever has Glenda will stick to this kind of diet."

Apart from her reddish coloring and pallid, thin, small appearance, Glenda has no identifying marks.

"Her cry is just a normal baby's cry — not particularly loud," Mrs. James said. "Though if there was any sudden noise — such as a dog barking — she would jump and give a little scream. She had strength enough to just lift her head and shoulders a little, but she couldn't sit up.

"Her fingers are exceptionally long. And her feet.

"She sleeps right through the night now. She is really a good baby and never cries very much.

"I don't know if she would be happy with strangers. I've never taken her out much. Some months ago a friend helped me look after her while I was sick, and Glenda was all right with her . . .

"She used to hate boiled water. I could never get her to take that."

The ironing was piling up in the room where Glenda's white cot is standing. It is the only untidy room in the small, neat fibro cottage.

"I avoid going in there now," Mrs. James said. "It seems so empty. I can't get used to being without Glenda."

STROLLER: At the time of the kidnapping the hood was down, but not fastened.

JAMES HOME: Neat, small three-bedroom fibro home in West Merrylands where the butcher, baker, and postman call as usual.

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Have YOU seen this baby?

Picture published by request of N.S.W. Police

THIS is a picture of Glenda James, who was taken from her stroller outside a Sydney suburban supermarket on Thursday, September 16.

Police are appealing to anyone who has seen Glenda, or who believes he has seen anyone with a child who could be Glenda, to come forward. A £1000 reward has been offered for information which helps police to find the kidnapped baby.

Because of illness since birth, Glenda weighs only 10lb. 10oz. Her hair has little twists or curls on the ends and it and her eyebrows are distinctly reddish-auburn. Her complexion is very pale and her large eyes are deep brown.

On the day she was kidnapped Glenda was wearing a fluffy pink jacket like this one with a white trim and two chickens embroidered on the left side; NOT, as in the picture, embroidered with a baby goat.

She also wore a white nightdress, white petticoat, yellow booties, and blue plastic pilchers. She was wrapped in a pink-and-blue bunny rug about 4ft. by 3ft. The bunny rug had a pattern of small stars and nursery animals.

Glenda's mother, Mrs. Francis James, walked from her home in West Merrylands to a local supermarket with Glenda in her stroller and her other daughter, Karen, 2½.

It was about 2 p.m. or 2.15 p.m. when Mrs. James parked the stroller, with Glenda asleep in it, outside the supermarket in a spot where she could see it from inside.

Mrs. James was in the supermarket about 20 minutes before she returned outside to find the stroller empty. Police are looking for an attractive blonde woman who was seen near the stroller, and who was later observed leaving the supermarket apparently agitated and in a hurry.

They stress that this woman should not be afraid to come forward if she had nothing to do with the kidnapping. They only want to eliminate her as a suspect so as not to waste valuable time following a possibly wrong clue. Her car is described as a light green 1961 Holden.

Despite comprehensive investigations, police have found no other real clue. They are asking the public to watch for any woman who, after not being pregnant or recently confined, has suddenly appeared with a baby.

They say the kidnapper could be someone in need of a child to love, perhaps after losing her own baby.

Any clue — from unexplainable nappies on the line to secretive behaviour — may help police in their search.

Anyone with any information should telephone the Merrylands Police Station, 637-2503; or the Reception Officer, C.I.B., Sydney, 2-0966, ext. 3162; or contact the nearest police station.

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ART SHOW: Mrs. Gregory Blaxland (right) with artist Joan Martin at her one-man exhibition of paintings which Mrs. Blaxland opened at the Frances Jones Studio. The exhibition will remain open until October 13.

ABOVE: Contrasting hats were chosen by (left to right) Mrs. Ignacy Listwan, whose off-the-face hat was of patent leather, Mrs. John Laszlo, who wore an outsize fine straw beret and Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan, whose picture hat had a brim made of layers of fluted embroidered organdie.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

WITH summer on the way and thoughts turning to the sea rather than the snow, a group of Sydney ski enthusiasts has thought of a way to keep the sport alive all the year round—in spirit at least.

They have formed a club (the first of its kind in Australia) which will have its headquarters in Sydney so members can meet away from the snowfields.

It's to be called simply "The Skiers' Club," and foundation committee members include Ken Woods, Bob de Lasala, Sweetie Ziateck, Barry Wall, and Philippa Kelly.

First party they have arranged is a wine tasting (at which guests will also be served the Spanish cocktail Sangria and tropical cocktail Hawaiian Surf Spray) to be held in the basement of an empty century-old building in Bridge Street — temporary club premises — on October 8.

★ ★ ★

DATES for your diary . . . the annual market day of the Presbyterian Women's Association at the Trocadero on October 20; and the annual luncheon of the American Women's Club on October 14 at Craigend.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR from Mudgee that both motels have been booked out for months for the nights of October 21, 22, and 23, when the local branch of the Red Cross Society are holding their Antique Fair. The busy committee of five—Mrs. Gordon Triggs, Mrs. Malcolm Kellett, Mrs. M. C. Poulton, Mrs. F. K. Becker, and Mrs. K. J. Graham—has persuaded lots of people to lend their treasures, and I believe that there'll be some wonderful pieces of early Australian silver, beautiful antique furniture, porcelain, and lace on show in the Soldiers' Club Hall.

SPOKE to an excited Mrs. Helmut von Moltke, who recently returned with her husband from a five-week around-the-world honeymoon. Their first stop was America, where Kerry met her mother-in-law, Countess von Moltke, for the first time at their home, "Four Wells," in Vermont. In London they stayed with Helmut's godfather, Julian Frisby, before travelling to Heidelberg to meet Helmut's mother and family once more for the marriage of his brother, Konrad, with Ulrike von Haesten, in a wonderful old 16th-century chapel. The wedding breakfast was held in a quaint old country inn near Heidelberg and at night Ulrike's mother entertained at a formal dinner dance at her home. Kerry and Helmut are busy settling into Helmut's apartment at Darling Point.

★ ★ ★

MOST amusing snow story I heard this season was told by Mrs. John Excell, who was caught out in a blizzard high on the slopes and saw her magnificent white fox hat go sailing away over the hills. Despite a lengthy search it was never found.

★ ★ ★

NEWSY letter this week from Mavis and Dorothea Dowling, of Vaucluse, who were in London for the Annual Imperial Ballet Congress. A highlight of the congress was the lectures and demonstrations on classical and character dancing given by leading members of the Bolshoi Ballet Company, who were in London. Mavis and Dorothea arrive home in the Southern Cross in October.

By MOLLIE LYONS

AT LEFT: An all-white ensemble was worn by Mrs. Ralph Phillips, whose slim linen dress matched her tailored coat. Her hat was covered with tiny blossoms.

Black and White Ball

JUST WED: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Warburton leaving Shore Chapel after their marriage. The bride was Miss Judith Marshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Marshall, of "Edenvale," Warral. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. P. Warburton, of Roseville, and the late Mr. Warburton.

THREESOME: Miss Justine McCarthy (left), Mr. Tony Pratten, and Miss Julie Zerky at the Black and White Ball, which was held during the Spring Racing Carnival. The committee chose a Moroccan theme for the ball and transformed the Trocadero into a tent draped with black and white silk streamers to form a ceiling hung with outsize balloons. In the foyer, a white carpet was flanked by black and white striped screens to form an ante-room through which guests entered the ballroom.

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SPRING RACING CARNIVAL

TWOSOME: Mr. and Mrs. John Excell on the lawn of the Members' Stand on Ladies' Day at the Spring Carnival.

ATTRACTIVE flower hats complemented the fitted silk coat worn by Mrs. Annette Atwill (left) and the relaxed-line suit worn by Mrs. Robert Minter, who watched the races together.

ABOVE: One of the most striking outfits worn during the carnival was Miss Diane Selby-Davidson's Courreges ensemble. She was photographed between races with the Clerk of the Course, Mr. Joe Buckman, and his horse, Bob.

AT LEFT: The Chinese coolie hat made of small feathers which Mrs. Frank McCall Power (centre) bought in Mexico on a recent trip was admired by Mrs. Edward Esdaile (left) and Mrs. Monica Read, who both wore coat-dresses.

SIX PRIZE-WINNING GOWNS

AT LEFT: Prizes for the most beautiful gowns at the ball in the single girls' section were won by (left to right) Miss Susan Pedlingham, first; Miss Gillian Green, second; and Miss Diane Selby-Davidson, who won third prize.

AT RIGHT: In the married women's section, prizes were awarded to (left to right) Mrs. Norman Jones, first; Mrs. Rod Mackenzie, second; and Mrs. John Coghlan, third.

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AN ARK

● This is the story of a veterinary surgeon and the animals he has treated — the story of tough mongrels of the East End of London and pampered thoroughbreds of the rich, of a costermonger's donkey, and a Prime Minister's poodle.

To Buster Lloyd Jones came the pets of many famous people — statesmen, millionaires, peers, and film stars. Because of his extraordinary sympathy for all kinds of animals, he become the most-sought-after vet in Britain. And during his career he discovered some strange things — that the British reputation for being dotty about animals is, if anything, understated; that dogs can and do change sex; and that he possessed a special gift ("the sense of a help outside myself").

Of all his achievements, the most memorable was during World War II, and especially during the blitz on London, when thousands of pets were abandoned or lost and there was a crying need for somebody, somewhere, to take them in. Those were the months when, like a 20th-century Noah, he established his "ark."

Lately, he has been confined again to his wheelchair (he was crippled by polio when young), and so has had time to remember . . .

● *Buster Lloyd Jones with Pollyo, his parrot, and Puddy the Pug. He feeds his own pets carefully with a varied diet, but makes them all go entirely without food for one day each week.*

ANIMALS have always been my life. To help them, to cure them, to have them round me as friends and companions, that is all I have ever asked for. As a little boy the chap I admired was old Noah. When I grew up I used to think I wanted an ark of my own.

My father must have thought he had got himself a most peculiar child. I thought about nothing but animals. I talked about nothing but animals. I refused to eat pink sugar mice on the highest moral grounds.

"Well," I said to Florence, our housemaid, "would you like a sugar mouse to eat *you?*" I thought I had rather a strong point there.

Years later, as I treated Sir George Robey's great black cat or Marie Burke's tabby or the tough alley-cats of the East End of London, I would smile to myself, remembering the agonies I suffered as a child on wet nights, thinking of all the poor cats in the rain.

Poor things, I would think, tears welling into my eyes, they'll be getting wet through. And I would creep out, covered by a large umbrella, grab any cat I could find, and carry it, scratching and biting and quivering with fury, to the empty gardener's cottage in our grounds.

Some nights I had several secretly locked up there, yowling to get back to their interrupted love life or their own comfortable firesides, and next morning when I arrived with milk stolen from the kitchen they would streak through the open door, across the garden, and away.

There was something a bit odd, I thought, about cats.

I remember that when I was four we had chicken for lunch. Suddenly I felt revolted by the thought of eating one of those agreeable and friendly birds I had been feeding only that morning. I flatly refused to eat a bite.

"Don't be ridiculous," said my mother. "You'll be eating lamb tomorrow and that was running about, too, only a short time ago." That did it. I refused to eat the lamb as well.

My parents coaxed me and scolded me and sent me straight to my room, but I wasn't eating any nice little lamb or nice little bull or a nice little anything else. Nice little vegetables were all right. Luckily enough, I didn't mind about them, for some reason.

I was a bit young, I suppose, to take such a stand, but actually I have never eaten meat of any kind from that day to this.

My father could hardly complain about my being stubborn and determined. I got that from him.

He was a stocky, dogmatic man who loved entertaining and was at his best with crowds round him. With his family he was strict and awesome. He held big, strong views on everything and never compromised. For instance, he was devoutly religious. But one day he took great offence at a sermon preached by a friend of his and, for as long as he lived, he never entered a church again.

He had been born in a little village in North Wales and had arrived in London at the age of 20, penniless and determined to make his fortune.

He set about it in the classic way, got a job in a dress business in the city, and worked his way up and up until eventually he took the firm over. He then set about expanding it and ended up a rich man with three large factories.

So my three older sisters and I lived in some style. Our home was a big house standing in two and a half acres of ground, with cottage, garages, stables, summerhouse, tennis court, and a sunken Italian garden.

We had three gardeners outside and a cook, a maid, and a Japanese nurse for the children, and I was called Master Llewelyn, Llewelyn being my name, and was dressed up in white sailor suits complete with cap, lanyards, and whistle on summer Sundays and Eton suits with deadly hard white collars on winter Sundays.

I adored the young fragile Japanese girl who nursed us, and it was she who first taught me that herbs weren't just weeds, to be rooted up, but natural medicines with remarkable powers.

I remember she was particularly fond of verbena, that wild plant that smells of lemon. She made tea of it, which strikes me now as odd. Later I was to use it to keep flies and other insects at bay and to repel dogs when bitches were on heat. The idea of drinking the stuff is alarming. But drink it, in large quantities, we did!

We were all very upset when she left to marry the man of her parents' choice. The marriage had been arranged when she was a child, and we thought this very hard lines.

She didn't, though, and went off happily enough. And years later she returned to show us her five little Japanese boys. I remember thinking they were girls as they all had fringes.

She loved animals, too; so, luckily, did both my father and mother, and there were always enough of them about the place to satisfy even me.

"My best teachers were birds, the wildlife in the undergrowth"

We always had at least three dogs, lots of cats bred in the stables, chickens, ducks, bantams, rabbits, tortoises, white mice, and a donkey called Neddy.

I could always make friends at once with any animal. I understood them far better than I understood the strange adults about the place. When I was five I was found in a kennel with a ferocious bull mastiff.

We had had him for only a short time and the adults, who thought he was vicious, were horrified. I thought they were silly. They didn't *understand* him, that's all.

We always had summer holidays by the sea, but I spent most of them in fields collecting lizards and grass snakes. I have collected animals on holidays ever since.

AT the age of seven I developed something that the family doctor diagnosed as sleepy sickness. It was, in fact, polio.

For months I lay at death's door, unconscious most of the time. My mother was wonderful, insisted on nursing me at home and *willed* me to live. Her faith against all odds was firm. So I did live.

But the next two and a half years were spent in bed, paralysed from the waist down. Very little was known about polio then, but luckily they did most of the right things. I got electrical baths, therapy, massage, and excercises, and if some of it didn't do much good it didn't do any harm, either.

I also had manipulation from a pioneer osteopath who had been struck off the medical register for his heretical views. He was a very great man and I used his methods myself in the treatment of paralysed dogs later. Paralysis in dogs became my special field. I had been paralysed myself. I knew how they felt.

That attack of polio had a profound effect on my life.

When I was out of danger I still had to face two long years in bed, aching to be out exploring the woods and romping across the fields.

I had a room on the ground floor and kept the french windows always open. Animals wandered in and out the whole time — dogs and cats and tortoises, blackbirds, ducks, hens, geese.

They were my only friends and I watched them fascinated, ignoring the toys and boys' annuals my parents heaped around me. The seasons slowly passed and gradually I began to make sense of what I saw — to understand how nature takes care of its own.

There were the pigeons in the elderberry trees when the fruit was ripe, their breasts stained with the purple juices. It wasn't just that they *liked* elderberries. They were, in fact, storing iron for the winter.

Then there were our cats. Why on earth were they eating that couch grass again? They must know it always made them sick. But, of course — that was the whole point. They had a stomachache and *needed* to be sick.

And here came Jacko, my dog, leaping on to the bed and stinking of garlic. How could he gorge himself on that wild garlic that grew all over the garden and was cursed by the gardeners? Well, he could because he had to. He had worms and the wild garlic was the certain cure.

Now there he was rooting among the wild parsley, chewing it with the air of a small boy taking cod-liver oil. He knew that the wild parsley would help to put his kidneys in order.

I could hardly realise it then, lying paralysed, but my real education had begun. Later I was to have a governess of my own and later still a succession of teachers. But my best and most valuable teachers were the birds in the trees, the wildlife in the undergrowth, and my own pets in the garden.

I am still learning from them. They have an instinctive wisdom, a deeply ingrained understanding of nature which men once had, too. We have lost it and so, curiously enough, have many dearly loved domestic pets.

You will never meet a fat tiger. But you do meet poodles, dachshunds, even alsatians grown fat, flabby, and ill through years of over-indulgence. Theirs is too valuable an inheritance to

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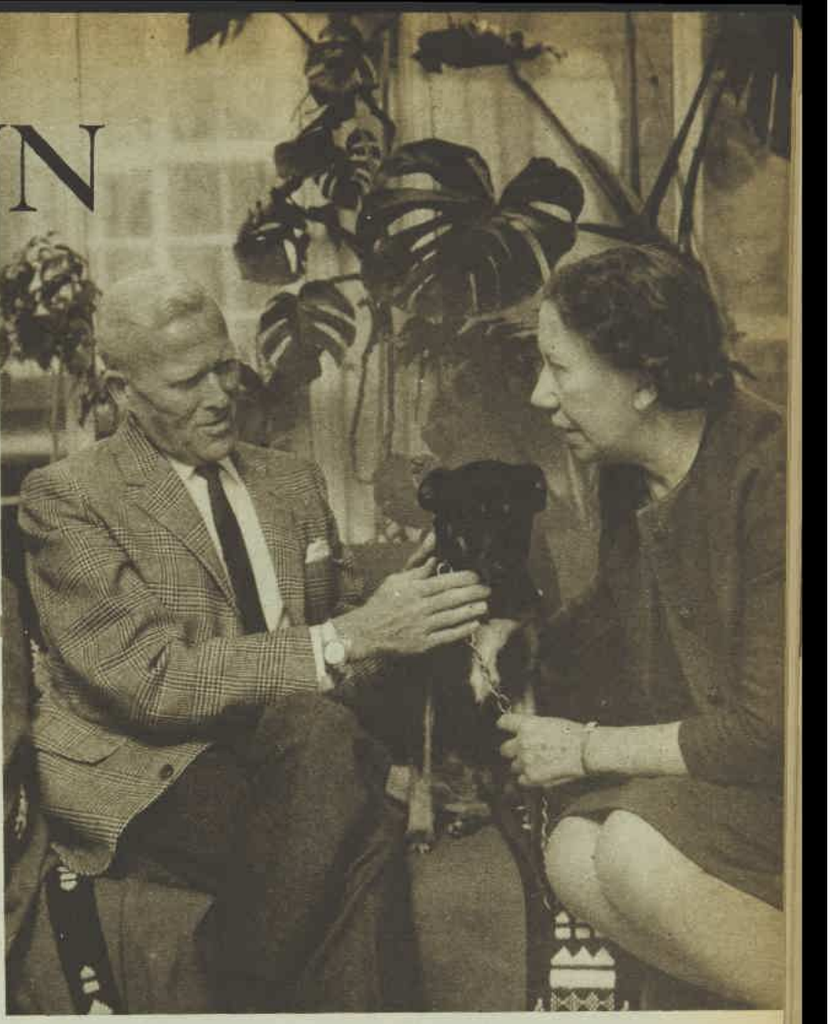
OF MY OWN

Few men have ever had such a way with animals as this famous veterinary surgeon

By BUSTER LLOYD JONES



● *Dame Flora Robson, the actress, brings her beloved mongrel, Jackie, to see Buster Lloyd Jones.*

throw away and so, over the years, I have tried to salvage what I could.

As a result I have been able to cure animals of all kinds of the diseases of civilisation. It was other animals which taught me how.

At last I was able to go out in a spinal chair. And later, limping a bit and rather frail, I got back to school and to the company of boys of my own age. They thought my limp was very funny and blithely took the micky out of me. Animals never did this. I greatly preferred them.

But that situation at school didn't last long. I was soon as strong as any of them and, though I couldn't play cricket or football, I was one of the best swimmers in the school. I drove a car, skated, played tennis, swam in the river, and left at 18 with regret.

Now came the crunch. What was I to do with my life? For my father there was no problem. I may have been a bit of an odd ball, but there was only one career for his only son. I was to join him in the business.

I resisted, of course. I wanted to be a vet. We had row after row but he always won. His mind was made up. He had made his way in the world and I had to follow in his footsteps. So he put me in a friend's wholesale dress business.

It was a good job, they all said, with bright prospects. The hours were easy, the money was good, I had my own car. But I hated every minute of it. I was a shy, gauche lad and I wasn't very good at travelling round stores, seeing buyers, trying to get orders. All I wanted to do was to be with animals.

THEN, soon after my 21st birthday, I heard that an Animal Society in London had a vetinerary course and wanted trainees. I applied. So did 70 others. To my delight I was one of the 12 chosen.

My next problem was to hand in my notice and to face my father. The scene that followed was shattering, but I stuck to my guns. I had to lead my own life, I said. In that case, he said, I could leave his house at once.

I left.

The digs I found for 30/- a week were very different from the comfortable well-run country house I had known all my life. But that little terrace house in Wanstead, backing on to a railway line, became, in every sense, a home to me, with a landlady who radiated warmth and kindness.

My new day started at 7.30, cleaning out stables, feeding and exercising horses, scrubbing kennels, grooming and exercising dogs. Then there were classes from nine till one, more lectures in the afternoon, and then more scrubbing, exercising, grooming.

And after the long, tiring day there were piles of books to take home in the evening, and swotting for the periodic exams.

We shoed horses. We attended operations. We learned how to x-ray, how to apply dressings, how to set broken bones.

The rag trade seemed another world away.

As we made progress we started to get practical work in the branches all over London, and I found myself treating animals in Fulham and Wimbledon, Battersea and Wandsworth, and in the toughest branch of all, Limehouse, in a street so notorious that the police always patrolled in pairs.

It was in Limehouse that I had my first patient. He was a donkey called, of course, Neddy.

Donkeys are the sweetest-natured of all creatures, but this one was in a terrible state. His owner, an East End costermonger, had pierced his ears with a red-hot poker to keep the evil spirits away. The wounds had festered and turned septic.

Quite apart from that, the poor beast was in a shocking physical condition, wrongly fed and grossly overworked.

The ears were easy to cure. Persuading the costermonger that he must change the donkey's diet and work him less hard was more difficult.

But in the months that followed he brought Neddy to see me every week, and the change was remarkable. Looking at this sleek, well-fed, affectionate donkey I would sometimes think of my well-paid, comfortable life in my father's world and thank God I had had the strength to be myself.

With dear old Neddy I felt my life had really just begun.

For five years I worked in animal dispensaries all over London, learning my job as I went along.

Dogs and cats were my main patients, but any day might also bring rabbits, white mice, goats, a crop-bound hen, a carthorse, a tortoise, a goose, a bush baby, a parrot, a pet monkey, or Father Christmas with one of his canaries.

We all called him Father Christmas because of his long white beard. He was a hermit who lived for his canaries. His little house was one large aviary with birds flying from room to room and coming to roost all over the strange, gentle, old man.

He would come into the dispensary and give his report. "Jenny is a little better today," he would say, "but little Lucy's rather poorly. Aren't you, Lucy? Not at all yourself today, are you Lucy?"

"But where is Lucy?" I would say.

"Here," he would reply, reaching into his beard and bringing her out. Little Jenny would be in there, too, somewhere. So would Dora and Carrie. He always travelled with canaries in his beard.

Most of my half-days off were spent at Battersea Dogs' Home. It churned me up to go there and see the appeal in all those sad brown eyes, but I couldn't keep away.

Pedigree dogs are usually all right at Battersea. So are puppies. Either their owners claim them or someone falls in love with them and takes them home.

But middle-aged mongrels — who wants them? The days go by, no one comes to claim them, and at last their time is up. They are put down.

Well, the keeper and I became friends and I would persuade him again and again to suspend sentence for another fews days while I found a home for one stray after another. Then I would badger everyone I knew to give the poor thing a home.

One afternoon there I came across a pen containing an alsatian, a greyhound, and two mongrels. "That lot's got to go tomorrow," said the keeper. So I bought the lot myself.

They couldn't get on a bus and I couldn't afford a taxi, so the five of us walked home together. They trotted by my side, delighted to be out and about again.

"So the prodigal son returned, with one cat and four dogs"

My patient, long-suffering landlady cursed when she saw them—but she let them stay, as I knew she would. We bathed them and groomed them and fed them up a bit, and then I started to distribute them.

An unwary visitor to the house left with one mongrel, the other went to the greengrocer round the corner, and the greyhound to the delicatessen owner.

This left me with the alsatian. No one wanted him. So I took him home and gave him to my mother. He took to her at once, then bounded into the garden and knocked my father flying. He was furious—he and the dog hated each other on sight—but my mother insisted on keeping him, so that was that.

WITH the outbreak of war came the end of my apprenticeship. It also brought an end to my long breach with my father.

Ever since I had left his business my father had washed his hands of me. I had seen little of him in five years.

Now, quite unexpectedly, he came to see me. He was getting older and, though he didn't know it, near the end of his life. He wanted me home again. Would I come? I agreed most happily.

So the prodigal son returned with one cat, two scotties who had been brought to me to put down, a West Highland white who had been abandoned by his owner, and a peke called Queenie.

Though I couldn't know it at the time, Queenie's arrival had set the pattern of my life for the whole of the war.

When I first saw her she was wedged under the left arm of a tearful middle-aged lady.

She was so worried about dear little Queenie, said this lady. What was to become of her now there was a war on? Could I possibly look after her for the duration? All right, I said. Well, I must feed her on a special diet, with plenty of cream buns because Queenie loved cream buns, and *do* remember, she said, only to carry her under your *left* arm. Queenie was allergic to right arms.

Now, women get pekes wrong. They are brave, active, and extremely intelligent little dogs, great rabbiters who love to race across open fields and roll in the grass and take on all-comers. To be carried everywhere, to be fed on cream buns, to be made a fool of in these ways, what sort of life is that for any dog?

So in her years with me Queenie, promptly re-christened Dinah, was never carried under my right arm. Nor was she carried under my left. She ate a proper diet, lived an active, rumbustious life, and had never been more fit or happy.

At the end of the war her owner claimed her again and we said a sorrowful goodbye. Then, a year later, I was walking along the front at Brighton when a plump little peke jumped from under a woman's arm—her left arm! — and, racing across the road, clawed at my feet.

It was Dinah, reinstated as Queenie. She had recognised me before I had recognised her and, indeed, she was changed. Her silky coat was beautifully groomed and she was plump from a surfeit of cream buns.

Her owner hurried across, too, scooped her up, talked pleasantly, and then we parted for the last time. Poor Dinah.

All my schoolmates were being called up. There was no chance of that for me — I was considered hopelessly unfit for the Army. So I set

To page 42

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Television

ACTRESS Judith Stott (below) plays a most harassed schoolteacher. She is treated by Dr. Korder (Herbert Lom, pictured at right) in a "Human Jungle" episode called "Heartbeats in a Tin Box." Judith Stott is the real-life wife of TV's Dave Allen.

Herbert has the ladies swooning

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Human Jungle," a series about psychiatric medicine which made a big impact on viewers when the first series was shown some two years ago, returns to TCN9 on Saturday, October 9, at 8.30 p.m.

IN this brand-new series of "The Human Jungle," Herbert Lom, as before, stars as psychiatrist Dr. Korder. And Herbert is, undoubtedly, the man who caused ratings to soar when the first series was shown.

The ladies loved him. They were as close to swooning over him as they ever have been over anyone.

Herbert is a small, neat man with neat movements. He is greying at the temples, and looks at the world with large dark eyes — compassionately at his patients, fondly at his daughter.

As Dr. Korder, he is a widower with a teenage daughter, Jennifer (Sally Smith). The only other permanent woman in his life is his devoted secretary, Nancy Hamilton (Mary Yeomans).

Perhaps those liquid eyes of his do turn tenderly toward Miss Hamilton sometimes.

Boyer-esque

Come to think of it, perhaps there is something Boyer-esque about Lom. I don't mean Charles Boyer as he looks today, but back when ladies were wanting to go to the Casbah with him.

Quite apart from Lom, "The Human Jungle" has a lot to offer.

The stories are high medical drama, and well done.

TCN9 released one of the new series, "Struggle for a Mind," last week. It caused quite a brouhaha.

Joan Collins starred in it as Liz Cross, a mentally sick strip-teaser. She started off by doing a strip-tease as she went down into the London underground, where the crowd gave a fine display of British phlegm.

I don't think Joan would have got so far with her strip at Wynyard or St. James.

It all ended happily, with Joan in complete possession of her mind, and Dr. Korder happy about the result.

"The Human Jungle" is a novelty among TV medical dramas. It is a British production, and Dr. Korder practises in Harley Street.

Harley Street seems so real after Blair General and Alden General Hospitals. The only other place that could be more real to me is Macquarie Street.

Dr. Korder, in a truly British way, has his own hospital, a private one called St. Damien's.

He also has a rather nice young assistant, Dr. Jimmy Davis (Michael Johnson).

★ ★ ★

GORDON CHATER and Miriam Karlin really deserve a medal for their park-bench series in "The Mavis Bramston Show" (ATN7, Wednesdays, 9 p.m.). They are gems. I wish the rest of the show were more like them.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Aren't you tired of hearing about the good old days? You know: 'Boy, a pound sure went a lot further in the good old days.' People forget they didn't HAVE a pound. Or they worked for 7/6 a day, carried water from a well instead of turning on a tap, heated the iron on the wood stove. So remember . . ."

Momma's moral: Enjoy yourself. These are the good old days you are going to miss in 1975.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Mrs. Fay Eisenhauer of Panorama Road, Lane Cove, N.S.W. loves her new, lively good looks — and counts on All-Bran† to help her keep them!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more

"Now I feel like a new personality"

Young mother Mrs. Fay Eisenhauer is a picture of health — with a clear, glowing complexion, sparkling eyes and a bright, bubbly personality! Yet only six months ago she had all the symptoms of irregularity. "My skin was dull and drab", Fay said. "There were dark smudges under my eyes . . . even my hair was out of condition." That's when she switched to All-Bran for breakfast.

Renewed verve and energy. "I had read in advertisements how All-Bran helps you feel better all round while it maintains regularity," she explained. "But I was still amazed when in a matter of days I began to get back my old verve and energy . . . and at the end of a fortnight my skin had cleared up completely! All-Bran is such a *delicious* way to get bulk and nourishment — no wonder I wouldn't have anything else."

How All-Bran helps you! All-Bran isn't a medicine or drug. It's a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital bulk your system must have to gently, *naturally* maintain regularity. When you enjoy All-Bran each morning, you're helping yourself to new health and vitality, a new enjoyment of life! Prove it for yourself! Put All-Bran on your shopping list *now*.

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How home-planning expert Laurin Magee

● *American home-planning expert Laurin Magee begins a lecture tour in Australia this month for The Australian Women's Weekly and British Paints Limited.*

Miss Magee will lecture in four States on "How to Live With a House." Each lecture, of one and a half hours, will be illustrated with color slides, and she will answer questions from her audience.

Here she demonstrates how she solved her own decorating problems when she moved into her home in the fashionable Washington residential area of Georgetown.

By BILL WILSON, of our New York staff

UNIFYING dining- and living-areas (above): "The curtain across the dining-area window picks up the tones of the living-room sofa. The dining table is round, like the coffee table. The chairs are not so formal that they can be used only at the dining table and their covering matches the living-room chairs. The kitchen provides convenient access to the dining table, but you don't want your guests to sit facing the sink. I solved this by installing louvred doors which can be closed across."

MAKING SPACE (right): "The kitchen is cramped, but I was able to make extra storage space by converting the broom cupboard into a pantry."

THE SPARE SOFA: "This flat has two bedrooms. I put the sofa from the old place in the spare bedroom and converted it into a den. This room functions as office, guest-room—and, as you see, knitting-room!"

The Australian Gas Industry is co-sponsor of Miss Magee's lecture tour with The Australian Women's Weekly and British Paints Limited.

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solved her personal furnishing problems

DECORATING A NEW HOME WITH EXISTING FURNITURE: "When I moved here two years ago from a smaller flat, I wanted to use pieces of furniture from my old home. These living-room chairs (above) fitted in perfectly, with their low scale and soft color. A point worth considering when first buying furniture is whether it would suit a different setting. I bought a new sofa covered in a bright blue print for this room, and the coffee table has the same low scale. The ottoman (below) is really too big for this room, but it's so comfortable I couldn't bring myself to give it up! The French Provincial chair doesn't quite match the contemporary furnishing, but it's a piece I've had a long time and like very much. It's a mistake to think that one style of furnishing has to be rigidly adhered to in any one room. A little flexibility helps to make a room look as though it's intended for living in, not just conceived to make a pretty picture. The storage problem is taken care of with four modular units placed against the wall. I've combined bookshelf, cabinet, and desk units. I store record albums in the desk sections, coffee cups in the cabinet."

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• Into newly found caverns deep in the heart of a mountain our reporter (pictured at right) is led . . . and tugged . . . and pushed . . . until she has learnt —

HOW TO BE A

CAVEWOMAN

"THE FORMATIONS SEEM ALIVE, and the colors pronounced and glowing." One of the caverns of the Barellan Cave—in which, until June of last year, there had never been light—now yields its beauty to a camera flashlight. The discoverers have named the longest stalactite in this picture the Lady's Leg. Largest cavern is 70 or more feet high.

Story by Jenny Irvine, pictures by Keith Barlow

AHEAD of me I could distinguish the soles of a pair of gumboots. The torch hanging from my neck made a flickering light as it bounced against a rock and back again. There was little noise other than our boots scraping against the stones, heavy breathing, and, far away, the sound of water.

Lying on my stomach inching my away along a 1½ft.-high tunnel 300ft. underground, the pleasures of being a modern cavewoman began to pale. "What on earth am I doing?"

My knees ached, my elbows were scraped almost raw, my miner's helmet insisted on falling forward over my nose, my size 4 feet encased in size 7 gumboots didn't seem to belong to me, and the bar of chocolate in my hip pocket was becoming a squashed, gooey mess.

Staff photographer Keith Barlow and I were pushing, falling, scraping through tunnels, down mud-slides, across rock piles, to be the first novice cavers to enter the Barellan Cave at Jenolan, in the N.S.W. Blue Mountains.

The Barellan is the first major cave discovery at Jenolan since 1904. It had been found by two local guides, John Culley and Ron Newbould, in June last year, and since its discovery 11 people — all directly associated with the Jenolan Caves — had entered.

The explorations, we were told, had been done in the guides' own time and in the face of the usual hazards associated with speleology. Keith and I were not quite sure what the "usual hazards" involved, but the new cave seemed like a good story, so we agreed to go.

"Are you small and can you wriggle well?" was the first question.

At 4ft. 11in. I seemed to fill the bill. Keith, 12½in. taller, was not so sure, but maybe his wriggling ability would compensate.

"And, of course, you've been caving before?" We hadn't. They were not happy about this.

"Everyone who has entered the cave so far has done some caving and knows what he's doing," Ron said. "I don't like it at all—you two are complete newies. It will be bad enough to take two inexperienced people without being burdened with photographic gear."

But we remained undeterred despite the Jenolan guides' warning "jokes" about roofs caving in, rocks falling, broken legs, the necessity to "take tucker" in case we were trapped ("I mean, if that happened you'd have to have something to eat, wouldn't you?" Ron said).

We still imagined the cave as a small tunnel, only minutes away from the already developed caves.

In nearly two hours of crawling and wriggling we

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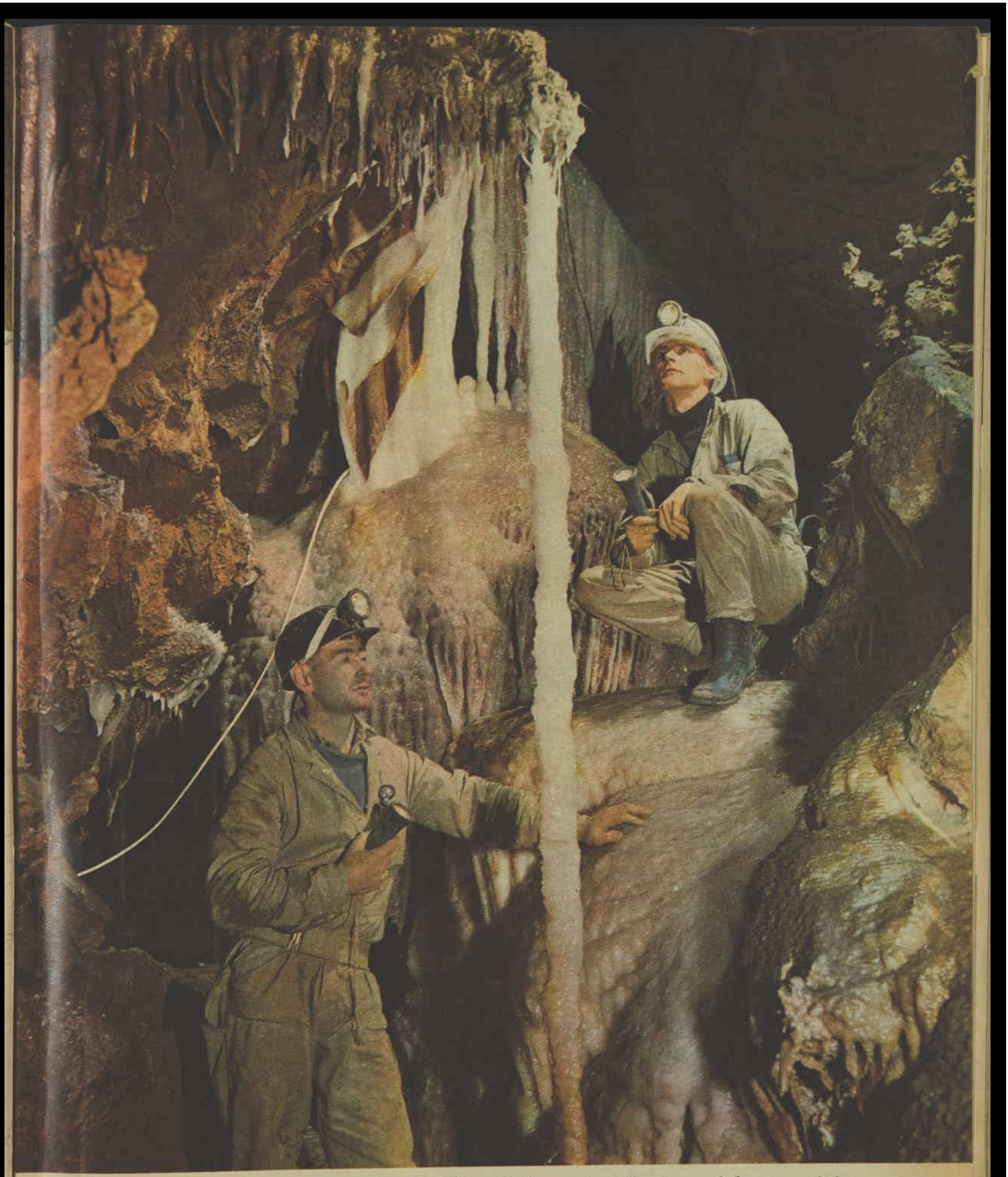

JENOLAN GUIDES Ron Newbould (right) and John Culley study limestone formations in one of the caverns of the Barellan Cave. The column in the centre is unusual and thought to have been originally a straw (thin hollow stalactite) which reached the floor and later thickened. To find such uniformity in a column is rare. The cave is full of beautiful features, but until a shorter route to the surface is found it is unlikely to be opened to the public, as the present approach is almost three-quarters of a mile. However, the cave hasn't been fully explored, so a short-cut may well be discovered.

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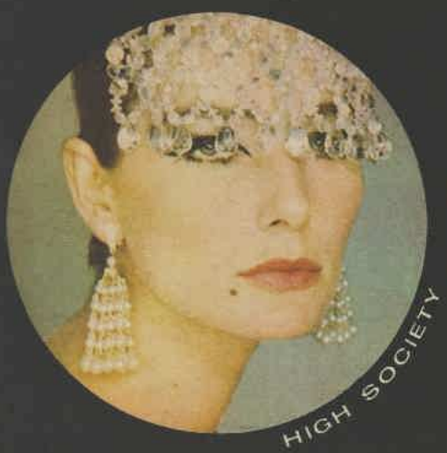

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THE CAVEWOMAN says: "It was overwhelming"

From page 18

changed our minds. This Barellan Cave was no ten-minute journey.

With John and Ron as our guides we set off underground at 10 a.m., taking four heavy sugar-bags, which carried two camera bags (one weighing 40lb., the other slightly lighter), a tripod, carton of food, vacuum flask of coffee, and rope, torches, and candles.

They say that to be a caver you should be small, but nobody seemed to have overalls and gumboots small enough for that ideal small caver.

Over an old pair of jeans, skivvy, and wind-cheater I wore a huge pair of overalls.

We took the carton of food with us, but I filled my hip pocket with chocolate. My worst anxiety was about being hungry under that mountain.

Although the first half-mile was relatively easy going—mainly trudging through developed caves, crouching along 3ft.-high mud tunnels, and scrambling over stalagmite formations toward the end of the developed cave area—we appreciated what Ron had said about the camera gear.

Not only did it become heavier with each step, but its bulkiness made it difficult to carry or push in front.

The last 400ft. of our trek made the first half-mile seem like a tar-sealed six-lane highway.

Keith and I became unnerved for the first time as we watched John climb up a rock face and crawl through a crevice about 6ft. above where we stood.

Stopped in a crevice

Keith followed, and with an attitude of "if he can—I can" I climbed up, too. With my head and shoulders in the crevice I could go no farther. It seemed to be two square feet in area, and looking inside I could see no sign of John or Keith.

"Turn right and then left—see the opening?" John's voice echoed from behind one of the rock walls. So through I went, reaching a position where my head and shoulders went in one direction, my body in the other, and my legs parallel to the shoulders.

Once Keith and I had manoeuvred through the S-shaped tunnel, John crawled back for the sugar-bags of gear, passed by Ron from below.

For the last few hundred feet before the Barellan Cave the gear was pushed in front of us or dragged from one to the other—there was no room to stand or carry it alone.

Reaching a point where two underground streams met (Barellan is aboriginal for "meeting of waters"), we encountered our most nerve-racking and difficult caving experience. We found ourselves standing in a 20ft.-high shaft, up which we had to climb, using a narrow steel-rope ladder, the rungs 18in. apart.

Ron climbed to the top and threw down a rope, which John fastened round my waist. Then I was given instructions: "Put your feet in the rungs and push hard with your heels—this will make the ladder come away from the rock face and prevent a hand or foot with your full weight on it becoming wedged between the rung and rock."

The ladder swung from side to side of the shaft once my weight was felt. I could not move my feet from one rung to another and had to throw the gumboots off and let John carry them up when he came; and my too-long pants continued to hinder progress. Eventually, thanks to Ron's frantic pulling on the rope round my waist, I made it.

The gear was hauled up. Once we were all above the shaft it was only a few yards' climb before we reached the first cavern of the Barellan Cave.

Five hours' admiring

Because, unlike the other caves at Jenolan, the Barellan has only been recently discovered and has not yet been dried by new air draughts or accumulated silt from human entry, it is unique. The formations seem alive and the colors so much more pronounced and glowing.

After crawling for two hours in dark rock and mud tunnels, to be able suddenly to stand up surrounded by formations of Disney-like fantasy was overwhelming.

The cave consists of a series of caverns and has been surveyed at 300ft. in length. Each cavern is different.

Some have columns, formed when stalactite (limestone growing from roof) and stalagmite (from floor) meet and join. Others feature transparent shawls, colored flow-stone, or dainty pool crystals and helicitite crystals (limestone growing sideways from rock).

Once in the Barellan Cave we seemed to lose all track of time. After picnicking in the first cavern, we inspected the remainder of the cave. John and Ron pointed out different formations, explaining their technical importance to the caver. Five hours after our entry into the cave we were still looking!

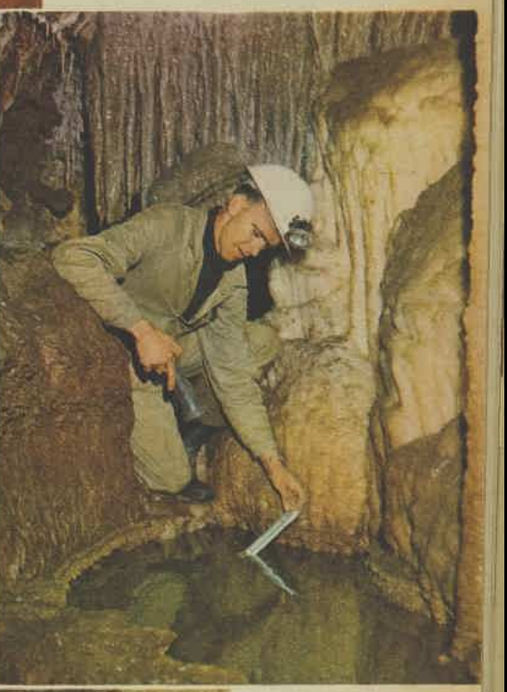
We stepped out at Jenolan at 7.30 p.m. We had been in the ground for over nine hours, and in that time had begun to learn what caving means.

It entails crawling, filth, danger, mud, and a certain kind of madness to enter unknown tunnels and unexplored crevices armed with only a candle or torch.

For Ron and John and the other guides at Jenolan who helped with the Barellan Cave discovery, all this is worth it—to find a cave like Barellan is a chance of a lifetime.

Keith and I are glad we went, BUT we'll let someone else volunteer for the next cave they discover.

AT LEFT: John Culley examines a rare and beautiful feature, technically called a flow-stone. The colors are formed by varying amounts of iron in the limestone. This flow-stone extends about 60ft.



ABOVE: Ron Newbould takes the temperature of a pool—a cool 40 degrees Fahr.

LEFT: Keith Barlow and Jenny Irvine, after crawling for two hours to enter the Barellan Cave, were pleased to be able to sit and eat. In centre, Ron Newbould. Jenny later looked at this picture and said, "My overalls were new!"

AT RIGHT: Pool crystals, a long "straw," and "shawls" are features of this view of one of the recently found caverns. Shawls grow to any height or length, but are never more than half an inch thick, so are translucent.

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Foggy is Sydney's fashion hound

Canine haute couture

SMART DOG-ABOUT-TOWN Foggy modelled his fashion wardrobe for staff photographer Ron Berg. At left: Foggy wears one of his Chanel collar-and-lead sets which match the Chanel handbag owned by his mistress, Mrs. Bill Edwards. Above: His scarlet raincoat.

WALKING COAT of cerise trimmed with black was bought in Sydney. Foggy loves azaleas, broccoli, and Courreges boots.

Collars by Chanel

By JAYNE O'FLAHERTIE

• People may refer to him as "that mad sheep," but Foggy is way ahead of the average dog when it comes to fashion — he owns the latest in canine couture.

FOGGY (he also answers to "Foggles") is a Bedlington Terrier, the pride and joy of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Edwards, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Foggy, who looks like a cross between a lamb and a large poodle, owns two Chanel collars and leads — which team with a matching handbag for Mrs. Edwards — a deep cyclamen walking coat, and, for rainy days, a bright red waterproof and windproof jacket.

The Chanel items were bought for him in New York at Sak's Fifth Avenue store when Mrs. Edwards was overseas last year, the coats were bought in Sydney.

Foggy, as well as being one of the few well-dressed dogs in town, is one of an exclusive handful of Bedlington Terriers in Australia.

Rat-catchers

They were first bred in Bedlington, Northumberland, England, in the late eighteenth century, from a cross between a Dandie Dinmont terrier and a whippet hound. The progeny were used as rat-catchers in the local coalmines.

Since then Bedlington Terriers have become successful show dogs and very efficient watchdogs.

"What attracted me," said Mrs. Edwards, "was the way they carried themselves. I noticed one walking along a street in New York on a visit there five years ago, and he looked so well behaved.

"I decided to have one sent out from London, but my mother saw an advertisement in a Victorian paper for Bedlington Terrier pups, so we bought one locally — Foggy.

"The joke was that I might as well have bought ten dingoes, for he couldn't compare with the behaviour of his New York cousin."

Now just over one year old, Foggy has quietened considerably since his puppy days when he had to be watched continually while inside the Edwards's apartment.

"Actually, the only real damage he has ever done was to a pair of new Courreges boots of mine," said Mrs. Edwards. "He chewed the toe off.

Stamps on fish

"Once I caught him gnawing at the gold-leaf work on my Louis XV console — but a smack on the nose fixed **that!"**

Foggy has a mania for fishponds.

"Sometimes we take him in the car to my parents' property at Kurrajong," said Mrs. Edwards. "Foggy loves that, he heads straight for the fishpond and spends hours trying to stamp on the fish — luckily he usually misses."

He never eats the fish.

"At the moment he has a liking for azalea leaves," said Mrs. Edwards. "He has practically eaten away one small bush and I **know** he has his eye on my camellia bush.

"But best of all he loves broccoli. Once when I was serving dinner Foggy grabbed some broccoli from a plate, faster than I could rescue it, and has loved it since, as well as his normal diet of beef, liver, and, occasionally, cereal and milk for breakfast."

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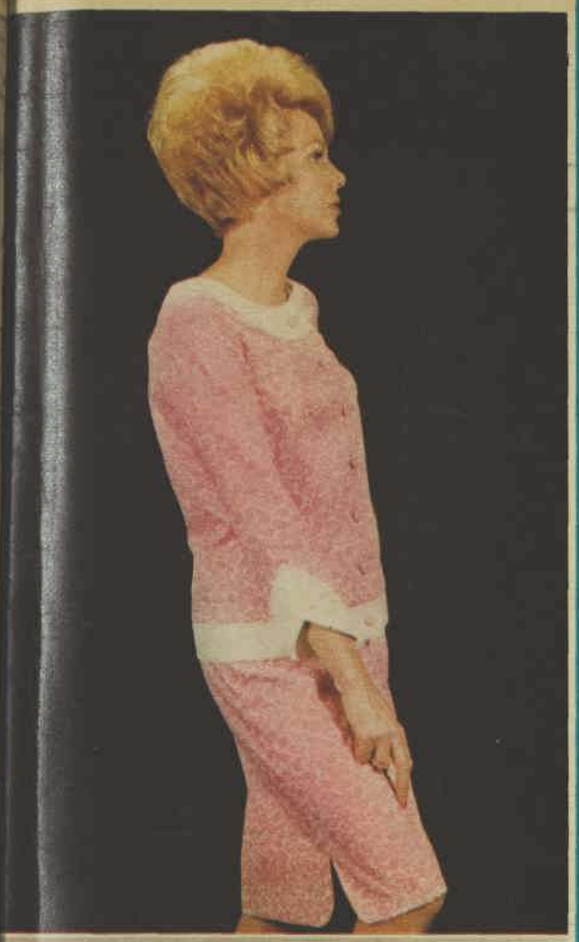

3495. — Two-piece (left) has a semi-fit front-buttoned overblouse and matching straight skirt with rounded slits. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and junior sizes 9, 11, and 13. Butterick pattern 3495, the price 7/- includes postage.

3135.—Quick and easy-to-make one-piece dress (right). The design has an empire waistline in front, lowering at the back. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Butterick pattern 3135, the price 6/- includes postage.

EIGHT GAY SUMMER PATTERNS BY BUTTERICK

● Fashion, this summer season, is making a big splash in cotton prints. Prints are blooming in flowers, printed in spots and neat designs, and bursting into pretty pastels, new browns, and navy plus white. The new cottons are made for easy care; few need an iron.

● Fabrics for Patterns 3586, 3574, 3621, and 3568 are available only from David Jones throughout Australia. Fabrics for Patterns 3495, 3566, 3135, and 3464 are available from Myers' stores throughout Australia and Farmer's Sydney stores.

3566.—Mod shift (left) has a shallow, collarless neckline and long, full sleeves with cuffs, and contrasting trim. Sizes, teens 10, 12, 14, 16, and junior sizes 9, 11, and 13. Butterick pattern 3566, the price 5/- includes postage.

3621.—Suit (right) has a semi-fit jacket finished with a rounded collar and straight skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, and 44. Butterick pattern 3621, the price 6/6 includes postage.

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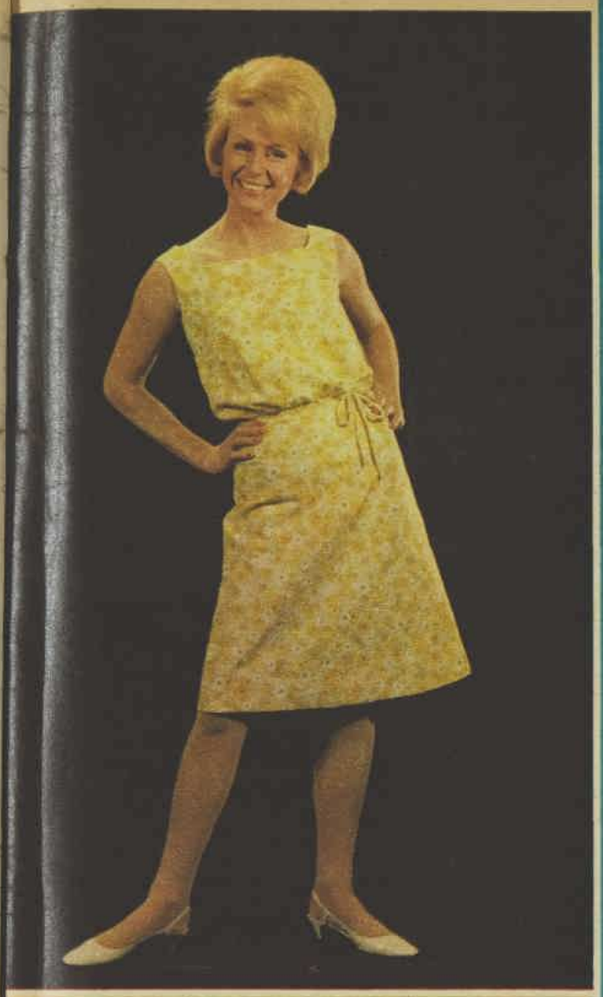

BUTTERICK PATTERNS (continued)

3464. — Attractive one-piece dress (right) has fitted bodice and inverted pleat in slim skirt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20. Butterick pattern 3464, the price 6/6 includes postage.

3574. — Cool one-piece dress (left) has a sleeveless square-necked blouson bodice and A-line skirt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 3574, the price 6/6 includes postage.

The patterns here and on the previous page are available by mail from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. They are also obtainable in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

3568. — One - piece shift-shirt (left) can be worn belted or minus the belt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 3568, the price 6/6 includes postage.

3586. — Bell-bottom pants (right) and matching tunic top with scooped-out neckline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 3586, price 7/- includes postage.

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1 Because Hollandia has a talent for making fashion comfortable.

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4 They add MICROCELL soles that are bouncy and bouyant: comfort combined with long, long wear. (Indulgent, too!)

5 Then they tag all this fashion with a tiny price, so you can have 'em in all the shades you fancy. (If you hurry, that is!)

Hollandia

29/11

READING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
12-140 BROWN, NATURAL.
12-149 BROWN, NATURAL, GOLD, RED.
12-156 LEMON, AQUA, NATURAL, RED.
12-179 NATURAL, BROWN, GOLD.
12-172 NATURAL, BROWN, GOLD.

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● These two-piece pyjamas can be made from a Vogue pattern. The pattern is available in sizes 31 to 38in. bust.

6470. — Two-piece pyjamas in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6470. The price, 6/6, includes postage. The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

I CHOSE the lounge pyjamas illustrated above in answer to numbers of requests from readers. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"As my complexion is ruddy, I was wondering if there is any shade of pink you think would be flattering?"

Pink, in any shade, is not for you. Olive-green, blue-green, chocolate-brown, taupe, grey, and white should all prove flattering to your complexion.

"Do you think I could wear a high-waisted baby doll dress to an informal dance? The dress is made in cotton lace. I am 15½ years of age."

The high-waisted dress is a good party line for your age group.

"I am rather long-waisted and never seem to get away from a style finished with a wide belt. Could you suggest an alternative idea?"

Any garments with a dropped waistline, an overblouse suit, and a straight-cut shift are all current fashions that will help disguise your figure fault.

"What is the newest skirt style for town wear?"

The newest skirt in town is wide, made so via some type of pleats or a swinging flare.

"Could you let me have a beach outfit for a sleeveless short-cut coat and two-piece bathing suit — but not a bikini? I want the outfit suitable to make in cotton. I like pretty, feminine clothes. My age is 14."

Our pattern department has a design for a two-piece swimsuit and short beach-cover. The ensemble is made in striped cotton and has a white lace trim, and it is very pretty and feminine. It will be necessary to line the swimsuit. The outfit is available in teen-age sizes. The price, 5/-, includes postage. If you wish to order, please quote Butterick pattern 3564. Be sure to state size required. Pattern is available from Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Will shifts be in fashion for summer?"

Yes. The newest shift is not quite as loose and easy as last season's vintage, and it is splashed with gay color. Some shifts are worn with a narrow self-belt well below hip level.

be sweet

or be swish

Be the mistress of any mood you choose — Lady Pelaco is a wonderful world of blouse magic. Gorgeous fabrics, glorious styles and the year's cleverest colour array.

Above: Bemsilkie 39/11 Below: Sparkle polyester 89/11

Lady Pelaco

LOVELIEST BY DESIGN

LP89.HP

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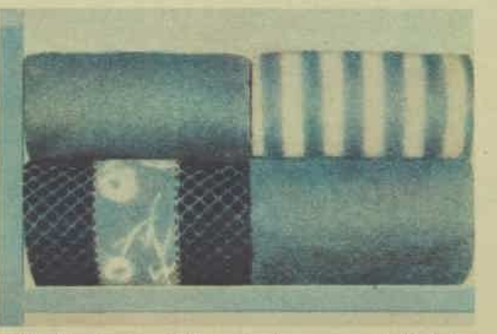
See how Dri-Glo Towels in colour harmony make your bathroom even lovelier!

Here's how easy it is to have a fresh, new look of beauty for your bathroom! First choose a patterned Dri-Glo towel in your favourite fashion colors, then add matching plain shades to harmonise with it. The result is a total look in decorating . . . a beautifully-planned look . . . and of course, you can collect different sets of "Colour Harmony" towels to give your bathroom many lovely moods. See this exciting new idea in towels (it's exclusive to Dri-Glo) at leading stores right through Australia and New Zealand.

It's pink for a springtime feeling.



The freshness of blue: Cool, young and lively!

Looking for something new? Try lavender.

Dri-Glo Towels more to choose from, happiest to own

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The real thing

Opening instalment of our romantic two-part serial

By Paul Ernst

Haunted by the memory of Doris, he had lived a lie for seven years but finally Vince had to face the bitter truth

FOR a day or more the bedroom had been a scene of confusion, with dresses lying across the bed and chairs and hanging from the doors on clothes-hangers. Now, with the selected garments finally packed for the trip and the rest put away, the chaos was compressed into the four suitcases standing in the centre of the floor.

Vincent Bryan stared sombrely at these symbols of departure and then looked around the room. It was a nice room, large and airy, with the two front windows looking out on the curving street and the two side windows revealing a wall of wild greenery along the edge of a ravine. The attractively furnished bedroom was one of seven equally well-furnished rooms in this substantial house — the home of a prosperous man in a prosperous suburb.

Vince could afford it now. He could not afford it at the time that Helen's father gave it to them as a wedding present, but that had not daunted Helen's father.

"Vince," Helen called from the dressing-room, "what time is it?"

She had asked that question half a dozen times in the last hour. Vince could feel his scalp tighten with impatience, but he looked at his watch and said evenly, "Five minutes past two. The cab will come in twenty-five minutes . . . You're sure you don't want me to drive you to the airport?"

"I told you, I'd rather you didn't. The cab can take me to the Stratford Hotel and I'll get the airport bus from there to the field. Then you'll be free to get back to the office." The tone of the concluding words added one more note to the refrain of years: You'd rather be at the office than here.

Well, Vince supposed he had retreated to the competition of the business world from the more personal competition he encountered at home.

He looked again at the matching bags on the floor. He had given them to Helen two years ago for their anniversary. "Vince! They're lovely," she had said. "But aeroplane baggage? You know how I hate to fly!"

He had counted ten and then said, "It can be used for travelling by other means. You don't have to use it only on a plane." She said she was sorry, kissed him apologetically, and asked him to put the sleek matched set on the big shelf of her closet — where, with one joyless exception, it had remained until now.

"I'll be getting in at an awkward hour," she said from the dressing-room. "You told them half-past ten when you made the reservation?"

"I gave the flight number. The hotel knows the schedule. They'll have a car there for you."

He wondered what she was doing in there. Always, before they went anywhere, there were these last-minute preparations. "Zip me up, please, Vince," she would say,

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Get ready for raves. Be the one that others will copy. Color Plus is the new hair-beauty discovery. Apply any one of eight fashion-fresh shades, direct from the bottle. Instantly, an exciting new colour **plus** bounciness, glossiness, nice-to-touchness your hair never had before. Semi-permanent. Save half for next time (it's double size!). **$1.00** or **10/-**.

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THE NATURAL LOOK

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The Nonconformist

All do not heed society's dictates — a story by IRENA DICKMAN

I SUPPOSE I am a social coward. Perhaps I have always been one, and perhaps I'll be one until I die. I don't know. It isn't easy sometimes to know these things.

Don and I live on Sherwood Heights. We have two children, a boy and a girl, which, Don always says, is par for the Sherwood Heights course, unless you are qualifying for the Family Stakes and trying for six.

Don is an accounts executive in a good agency, and that's par for the Sherwood course, too. Par for the middle of it, anyway, halfway up the hill, which is pretty good going for our age and income and the fact that we don't have a second car.

We don't own the house, of course. Only those at the Top of the Hill own their houses, the Sherwoods and the Sherwood in-laws, and the General Managers of Sherwood Industries and Sherwood Incorporated, and the top echelons of Sherwood, Garvin — the finest and most exclusive advertising agency in the country.

To live in the Heights at all means that you have "Arrived." To own a house there means that you're unassailable. It had taken us ten years to get into the Heights, two hard, slogging years to establish ourselves there. In ten years we thought — perhaps . . .

John Sherwood's house stood at the top of the hill that ran down to the bay. It was the old family house, and when he had subdivided he had left enough land around the house to justify the name Sherwood Park. The bay was not his, but no one disputed his right to it. Each wave that ran up on to the hard white sand was a Sherwood wave, bright, well-mannered, as if conscious of where it was.

There were twenty houses on the Hill and the one at the very bottom, right on the edge of the beach road, was the place where Mark Danby lived. I say "place" rather than "house" because it wasn't a house. The house which used to stand there had been burnt down and Mark's place was made out of three stables that had remained.

We were surprised that John Sherwood let Mark live there, because he was always very much against any kind of hole-and-corner living. But Sherwood was given to impulses, both mean and generous, and Mark always had a guileless persuading way with him and he must have caught John in one of his cultural-improvement moods.

Mark was a writer. We looked him up, of course, through the various information channels, and found that he had been published and was considered good, a little angry, a little left-wing, but very readable. Not that we were ever in doubt. If John Sherwood had accepted him he was more than acceptable, and that was that.

Sherwood Heights wasn't the "Hi! Come and have a cup of coffee" type of place, so we waited to see if John Sherwood would invite Mark to one of his periodical parties, so that we could find out if he was a person to know or not. I was probably the first person in Sherwood Heights to meet Mark, and that was a total accident.

Debby Ann, who is three (Donny at four goes to nursery school), brushed against the stove and set her dress alight. I ripped the dress off in an instant, and my relief at getting it off so quickly and at the fact that she was not as badly burnt as she could have been was altogether too much for me.

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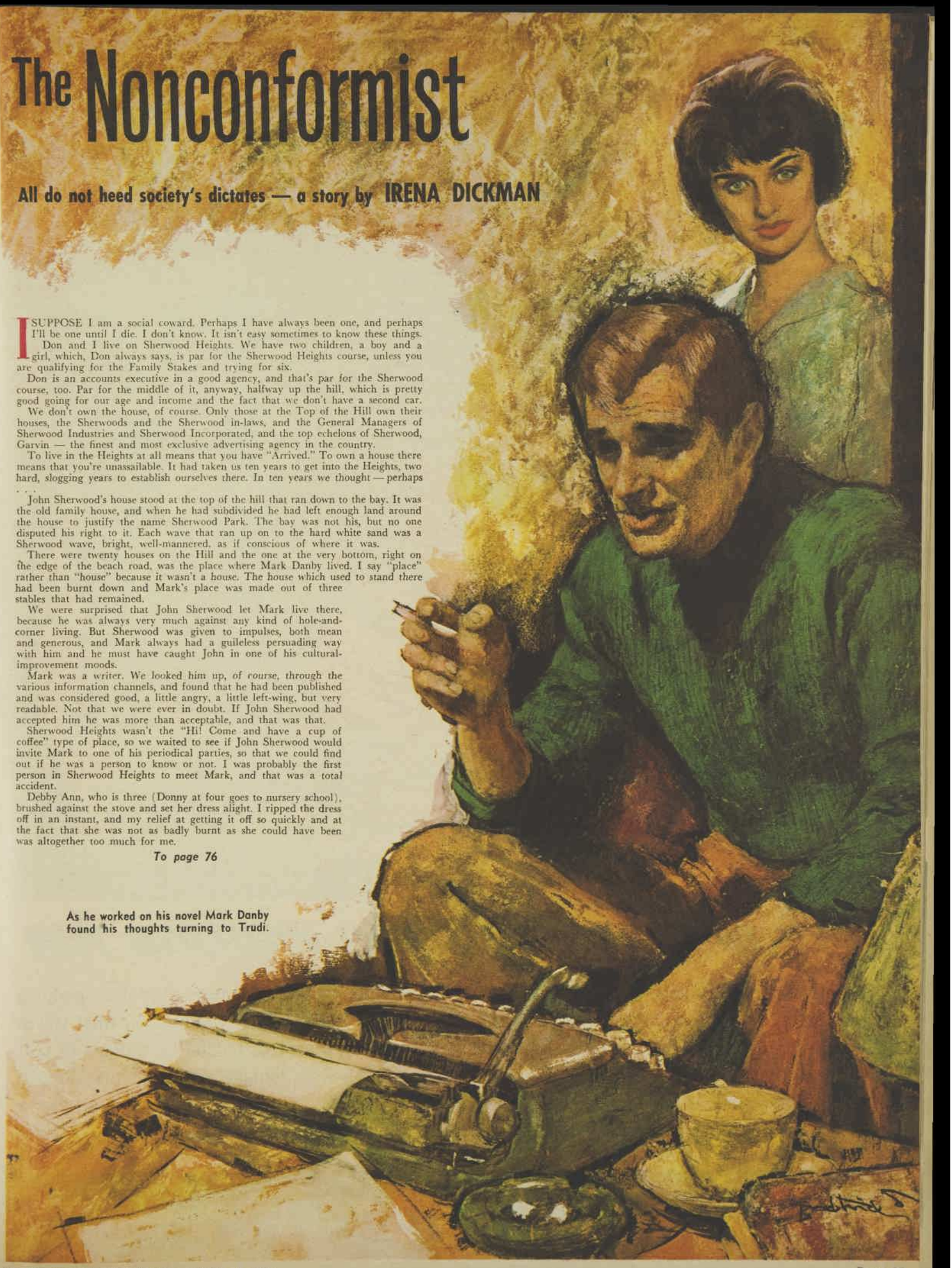

As he worked on his novel Mark Danby found his thoughts turning to Trudi.

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Bringing flowers to Lucretia never ceased to be a joy and labor of love

A fantastic short story

BY RICHARD GORDON

LUCRETIA

VERY kind of you to see me, Doctor. Do you want me to lie on your couch straight away? The chair will do just as well? Good. Thanks, I won't have a cigarette. Gave it up because of those statistics. But do indulge yourself. Frankly, I can't see why on earth I had to consult a psychiatrist, because the affair is perfectly normal.

But the director of the institute did insist rather strongly, and I had to humor him. Between you and me, Doctor, the fellow is unbalanced.

How do I feel? Why, absolutely splendid! Like any man who's head over heels in love. I thought all the world was supposed to love a lover, but, believe me, our director doesn't. I quite fail to see why. It isn't as if she were socially or intellectually below me, or ugly, or frowsy, or old. Possibly she won't make much of a housewife, but you ought to suffer a dinner in the director's home . . .

But how do you feel, Doctor? You are, I believe, in your late seventies? I took the liberty of looking up "Who's Who" . . . your qualifications are most impressive. Very well, I'll start with the basic facts. Do you mind if I walk while I'm speaking? I always think much better on the hoof, as it were.

I'm aged 30, Master of Arts of Cambridge University — a Senior Wrangler, in fact. If you'll forgive the boastfulness, one of our best mathematicians not yet migrated to America. How fortunate I never succumbed to that temptation! Had I shifted to Massachusetts or the University of California I should never have met *her*.

I'd have met plenty of others admittedly, more than over here, but not my own Lucretia. It's rather hot in here, Doctor. May I remove my jacket? Thank you.

As a mathematician I naturally think only in figures. My brain buzzes with them. Cut a vein and x, y, and square roots would pour out instead of ordinary blood corpuscles. When I am dead and opened you shall find "Calculus" lying in my heart.

Don't bother to keep following me with your head, Doctor, it must be terribly tiring. If only you had a swivel chair . . . But we mathematicians are no dry-as-dust soulless manipulators of figures, you know. Not a bit of it! We belong among the great musicians of the world. Are you sure you're still feeling all right? Splendid. I'm delighted to hear it.

We create symphonies from figures while composers manipulate only those rather dull notes. We conceive rondos and scherzos, thunderous codas, dainty minuets, thrilling fanfares, all from figures. Had I through some regrettable clerical error been entered for the musical tripos rather than the mathematical one I might well have finished as a Schubert, a Mozart, a Wagner — perhaps a Beethoven?

You see, like all great composers or mathematicians, I have really a deep, wild sensuous nature. Oh, I'm so sorry, Doctor. Clumsy my knocking it over like that. Not a valuable vase, I hope? Dear me. Well, I expect it can be glued, and the Maharaja will doubtless not be calling for further consultations.

Well, to return to the subject of love. Though a passionate man, I do not fall easily in love. Indeed, I'd never really been in love at all before meeting Lucretia. When she first came into my life, eighty-four days ago at ten o'clock in the morning, I hardly noticed her.

She was just another among the many we have working at the institute, some of them highly interesting. In fact, I'd been spending a good deal of time with Clara over the past months.

Then one Tuesday morning the director, who was in one of his filthy tempers — I told you he has a most unsettled mentality — brusquely ordered me to stop messing about with Clara forthwith. I was hurt, naturally, particularly as I felt I was on the point of really getting somewhere with her.

But I couldn't disobey orders, and on the rebound I started taking rather more notice of Lucretia. If you start feeling the slightest under the weather, Doctor, just tell me and I'll knock off for a bit. Yes, yes, Doctor, of course I am the patient. Forgive me.

Within 24 hours love had hit me worse than flu. I was off my food, incapable of sleep, forgetful, euphoric, totally unable to think of anything except Lucretia. I lived only to touch her, to speak to her, to be alone with her. It was the most wonderful week of my life.

Whatever may happen in our future — you must forgive a little sentimentality — I shall never be able to thank Lucretia enough for those wonderful . . . indelible . . . delicious few days. I fear I must blow my nose.

I naturally tried to keep our affair quiet in the institute. Such relationships certainly wouldn't be encouraged by our director. But I couldn't escape suspicion from my nosy colleagues. I think I was too much in love to care, really. I started bringing her flowers and little gifts like perfume.

I soon felt the others laughing behind my back, but to hell with them! I thought. Why shouldn't a man fall in love with a computer? After all, they have far more intelligence than the average woman.

But my hot passion burnt under one black cloud, Doctor, which indeed threatened to extinguish it completely. I am sure you, as a practising psychiatrist, will both appreciate and sympathise with my dilemma. To be frank, I wondered whether Lucretia — whose full name is Lost Unrelated Circumstances Rapidly Eliciting Truthful Interconnection Arranger — was, er, in fact, female.

For nights I worried myself sick that I might be in the grip of some unwholesome and no doubt quite unlawful emotion. Supposing Lucretia were really a gent? How, indeed, could I tell? How would you tell, Doctor? It's not in your textbooks. Luckily, I saw in a flash while shaving how simple it really was. You just feed the necessary information into the computer and he or she tells you.

Can you imagine my agony waiting for the result to come out? Possibly I should have to throw up my career and go and die in Dieppe like Oscar Wilde. The director certainly would have little sympathy, for a start.

Then to my joy the answer appeared. "I'm a girl." With trembling fingers I fed in, "Do you love me?" Without hesitation she answered, "Yes." That decided me. I

To page 38

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LUCRETIA

Continued from page 37

bought a camp bed and a cooking stove and moved in to live with Lucretia. I think that was the night the director first suggested I come to see you.

An interesting story, Doctor? I'm glad you agree. Oh, so sorry! I do tend to wave my arms a little when excited. I'm sure the instrument can be easily replaced. Really? Do they cost as much as that? So I settled down happily with Lucretia. Though I must assure you—even if as a physician-psychiatrist you would possibly pass no moral judgment on my openly living in sin with her—I certainly intend to marry her.

But the difficulties that stand in my way of making an honest computer of her! They make Romeo and Juliet look like Adam and Eve. I went to the local Registry Office and told them I wished to marry Lucretia as soon as possible, but you can't imagine how unhelpful they became.

I have reason to suspect they even telephoned the director, which was quite unethical, if not illegal, on their part. That happened on the afternoon he rang your secretary to make my appointment.

But why, you may ask, do I adore Lucretia so desperately? A difficult question for many lovers to answer, perhaps. But with Lucretia it's simple. I divined from her response to the first few nothings I fed into her that she had some mysterious, bewitching, original quality quite different from Clara or any of the other computers in the lab.

On the surface she seems, I freely admit, rather dull. She simply correlates historical facts all day. She can tell you in a second the date of a prehistoric cave painting, whether the Goths stopped on the Costa Brava, the names of Hannibal's elephants, if it was raining during the Battle of Hastings, and so on.

Worthy work, but unexciting. She dwelt far too much in the past, poor darling. And I knew, Doctor, the past simply bored her stiff. It was the future! Yes, the future. That's what she was really interested in.

Now I come to the really exciting part of my story. I think I'll have one of those cigarettes after all. I'm feeling terribly nervy all of a sudden. You are still all right, Doctor? That's a relief. To be short, I simply threw Lucretia into reverse. It was all most thrilling. I fed in the relevant data, and she told me what was going to happen.

At first I chose simple, daily things, like horse races and shares on the Stock Exchange. It was fascinating, the way she infallibly gave the winners! Though, naturally, I never bothered to put money on her predictions. I am a pure mathematician, and pure I shall remain, if only for Lucretia's sake.

Lucretia has told me the date of the next war, the name of the director's as yet unconceived grandson, and that it will be nice weather for my next year's holiday.

I don't think I like cigarettes really, Doctor. Do you mind if I stub it out? Thank you. Well, what do you think of my tale? You frankly don't believe it? You think I am mad? Yes, of course. I accept your diagnosis, Doctor, more in sorrow than in anger. It's exactly what Lucretia told me you would say.

Naturally, I worried at the ordeal of a consultation with such a distinguished psychiatrist as yourself, so I fed all the facts into Lucretia this morning. She told me, I regret to say, that at this point in the conversation you would grip your left side and suddenly . . .

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 52. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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It evoked memories of a happy past . . . a short short story

Where would you wear it?

By CONSTANCE CLARKE GREENE

"I had a dress like this when Tom and I were first married," Em said proudly to her friend Lottie.

LOTTIE MYERS said firmly, gripping Em's arm as she steered her toward the salon, "I would much rather see you underdressed than overdressed. At a party, I mean, at my house. Or at your own," she added hastily. "You know what I mean?"

And Em, who had in mind a blue crepe with a beaded top, because Tom liked her in blue and because she liked beaded things, nodded and smiled. She and Lottie had been friends for 40 years and there was no sense in trying to change things now.

"May I help, ladies?" the smoothly coiffured, expertly made-up saleslady asked, her perfect ovals of fingernails gleaming discreetly against her beige wool knit dress.

Lottie rose to the occasion and said in her special voice, reserved for just such moments, "Something simple but very chic. Not for me, but for Mrs. Simpson. Something in black?"

The saleslady parted her lips, revealing teeth almost as perfect as her nails. "Of course," she said. "Won't you sit down and I'll bring a selection out. I have several simply stunning gowns that just came in," and she slithered away, bearing the promise of marvellous things to come.

"This place always gives me the heebie-jeebies," Em said, sitting on the edge of the frail-looking sofa which was slightly in need of cleaning. "They always act like they're doing you a big favor when they sell you some dress that costs as much as Tom used to make in a month."

"That's your trouble, right in a nutshell," Lottie pounced triumphantly. "You're always thinking you've got to get yourself some little cheap thing, like the old days. Those days are gone forever and good riddance. We certainly don't want to go back to scrimping and saving every penny as we did when we were first married."

A tall, willowy girl, obviously a model, came out of the stockroom. She wore a pale rose hostess dress so simple and lovely that both ladies were silent in admiration.

The girl passed before them, then turned in that expert way, swirling her skirts out, and made another run.

"Beautiful, beautiful," Lottie murmured. She sat up a little straighter and pulled in her stomach muscles. "Does that come in any other color?" she asked the girl.

"It comes in a luscious green and also an off-white." The saleslady had crept up behind them, and Em started in surprise. "Would you care to try it on?"

Lottie said hastily, "I was just thinking of my daughter's birthday. I don't know, perhaps later."

She turned her attention to the things the saleslady had brought out.

"That black wool looks just like you, Em," she said, and Em, who had been wondering what Lottie's daughter, who had three children under five, would do with a long hostess gown, said, "You think so?" doubtfully.

"This grey is very good," the woman said. "It has marvellous lines, long and slimming, and it's a copy of a Paris original," she breathed.

Lottie said "Stunning" and Em looked vague and wished she were somewhere else.

She hated to shop for clothes, feeling more comfortable in something she'd had for a long time. But Lottie was always reading fashion magazines and taking notes.

"The last dress I bought was grey, don't you remember?" Em said with some spirit. "And the one before that was navy or black or one of those. I'd like something bright and gay," and she got that determined look on her face that made Lottie nervous.

"Try the grey one on and the black," she said. "Just to see how they look. And there's that big party at Swansons' next month, don't forget."

Em shuddered. "I loathe those big parties."

On their way to the dressing-room, they passed a rack marked "Reduced for Clearance."

"Oh, let's look here," Em said.

Lottie shot them a look and said, "Terrible, all of them. Don't bother. I think it's a waste of time to look at them."

But here was a blue crepe in her size, its bodice embroidered with beads. "Pretty," Em said, her face showing animation for the first time.

She took it off the rack and joined her friend in one of the cubicles that ran alongside the large showroom.

"What's that you've got there?" Lottie asked rather pettishly. She had just tried on a divine size 14 and it wouldn't zip up all the way.

"It's a very small 14, really," the saleslady had said soothingly, but still Lottie was miffed. Grudgingly she took off the dress and handed it to the saleslady, who then left the cubicle.

"My heavens, that looks like something out of the last century," she said when she got a better look at the blue crepe.

"I like it," Em said, her blue eyes shining. "I had a dress like this when Tom and I were first married."

"Probably the same dress," Lottie said caustically. "You can't be serious, Em! Where on earth would you wear it?"

"Tom likes me in blue. He's always liked me in blue," Em said.

"Maybe so," Lottie said shortly. "All the more reason to get something different this time. Husbands get tired of the same old thing. I ought to know," and Em, who could not imagine being divorced even once, much less twice, patted her friend's hand in sympathy.

"I don't know where I would wear it. Maybe just in the house. Maybe just when Tom and I are alone together. Who knows?"

"I hope you and Tom aren't alone too often if it means that little number," Lottie said. "I think it's one of the dowdiest dresses I've seen for quite some time."

The saleswoman, who had about given up on these two but decided to give them a last burst of charm, put her head in through the curtain just as Em was trying on the black dress.

"Did you ladies find anything to suit you? I think that black is sheer heaven on you," she flashed her devastating smile at Em. "It makes you look so divinely slim." She breathed the magic word.

And Em, who always had had trouble gaining weight and envied the curvier members of her sex, smiled just as sweetly.

"I think I'll take this one," she said, holding out the blue crepe. Not a flicker of emotion showed on the saleswoman's face.

"Is it a charge?" she asked.

"Yes," Em said. "My husband will like it," she said in explanation, and the clerk, writing out the slip, looked up in an understanding way and smiled at Em, whose face was beaming with pleasure.

"Well," she said, "that's all that counts."

(Copyright)

Read this true story:

"my 'nerves' were even affecting my health..."

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Should children hit back?

IN reply to the recent query by "Beps" as to whether she should encourage her son to hit back, I say yes, if the hitter is the same age or size. But if smaller, I tell my children to walk away.

£1/1/- to "A Mother" (name supplied), Hamilton Hill, W.A.

★ ★ ★

WHEN my elder children were tiny I would not allow the punching, hitting-back, etc., which goes on among young children. Any breach of this rule I treated as an enormity, making the children feel this was a shocking way to behave. When they started school they were bewildered. Punched and smacked by other children, they became quite broken-hearted. Also, they were looked upon as peculiar in getting so upset over punches which other children took in their stride. I then changed my methods. The later children were brought up on this maxim: "You must NEVER hit first. If anyone hits you, you may hit back." There was very little hitting at home, because of the instant and indignant cry, "You hit first," followed by SMACK!

£1/1/- to "Turncoat" (name supplied), Childers, Qld.

★ ★ ★

IF your child is not aggressive, why teach him to fight? In later life he will not associate with men who use violence to settle their differences. Teach him fair play, and in the meantime just dab iodine on the few bruises.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Mann, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I WOULD not only encourage but insist that your child defend himself. A child who won't, or can't, defend himself will attract every bully for miles around. He would only have to hit back a few times to prove himself, and then the necessity of further hitting back would seldom arise.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Thomas, Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

NO, you should not encourage your son, but, without going so far as to tell him to "turn the other cheek," tell him that hitting is mean, not manly. Also point out that your son should not annoy another boy to the extent of earning a hit.

£1/1/- to "Don't Punch" (name supplied), Albury, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY children were taught: "NEVER be the first to hit. But if someone hits you, then hit him — hard." It worked. My children, now grown-up, are not at all aggressive, but know how to stand up for themselves.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Jenkins, Cronulla, N.S.W.

Prescription labels

WHEN doctors' prescriptions for tablets are dispensed I write on the label the date, name of tablets, strength, and their purpose — e.g., relief of migraine, blood pressure, nerve sedative, etc. This safeguard prevents errors and is invaluable for future reference. It puzzles me why chemists do not supply similar particulars in conjunction with dosage instructions.

£1/1/- to Miss W. B. Leck, Haberfield, N.S.W.

When to eat an apple

I AM fond of apples and always have one before I go to bed, bearing in mind an old rhyme my mother used to tell us when we were children, "An apple before you go to bed, and the doctor will have to beg his bread." However, my husband tells me this is wrong. He says apples should be eaten first thing in the morning, quoting his mother as saying that they were "Gold in the morning, but lead at night." I wonder which of us is right.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Mellon, Narrogin, W.A.

A bathe-daily cat

WE lived right on the sea, about 100 yards or so from the water, and had a cat that used to follow my husband into the sea each day in the summer when he went for his daily swim. As soon as Puss saw him walk out of the door in his bathers he would swish his grey-and-white tail furiously for a minute, then — off. He would reach the water before my husband and start swimming about in the shallows. When my husband came out and ran along the beach to dry himself, Puss used to do the same.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Irene D. Lewis, Henley Beach, S.A.

Well, so they are

AN elderly uncle recently stayed with us and was on his way to the bathroom to shave when my small daughter asked, "Uncle, are you wearing your safety belt?" She had never seen anyone wearing braces before.

£1/1/- to "Sally" (name supplied), Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Longing for a succulent snag!

WHAT people who are away from their homelands for any length of time most miss is sometimes cause for surprise. My daughter, who is in the U.S. as a Rotary exchange student for 12 months, writes of her longing for a meal of sausages! As a child she would have liked them every day, and has always had one meal of them once a week.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Briggs, Geelong West, Vic.

The things people say!

● Speaking of the two plays chosen for the National Youth Theatre season at the Old Vic, London ("Antony and Cleopatra" and "Troilus and Cressida"), director Michael Croft said these were two of the greatest love plays in the English language and provided a useful way for youth to learn about love.

What strange ideas enthusiasm breeds!
The quality moves mountains, one concedes,
Yet, at its strongest, judgment goes astray.
Here is a man likes Shakespeare — that's okay —
But fervency of passion clouds his thought.
He thinks that human instincts must be taught.
Birds sing, ducks take to water — heavens above!
What makes him think that youth
must learn to love?

— Dorothy Drain

Long-service leave

MY friend has a small boy of eight, a bronchitis sufferer, who, with his teenage brother, has a paper run. Anxious that he shouldn't continue through the winter months, she asked the newsagent to tell the little chap that as he had been such a keen worker all summer he was due for three months' long-service leave. It worked. He accepted his long-service leave quite happily.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Ziegler, Bondi, N.S.W.

Speaking plainly

SOME mothers arrange for their small daughters to take piano lessons. Others favor singing lessons, and still others dancing. However, in my opinion, elocution lessons are more important than any of these. For my mind there is nothing more impressive than a clear and well-modulated speaking voice.

£1/1/- to "Gemini" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

DISORDER OF THE GARTERS

GARTERS have come down in the world (no joke intended).

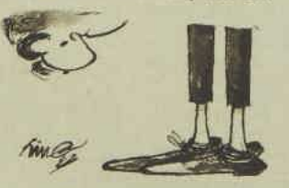
They used to be considered exciting and enticing ornaments. Now they are merely humble gadgets that schoolgirls and schoolboys hunt for in the morning.

Those naughty old-time garters seem very absurd. Some nonsense about a lady's garter falling down is supposed to have been the origin of the Order of the Garter. And a play called "Getting Gertie's Garter" was once the last word in sauciness. Ho hum.

People were actually startled when garters were first worn by a woman tennis player, in the 1920s. I read about it in the book "Behind the Scenes at Wimbledon," by Duncan Macauley, who used to organise the Wimbledon Championships.

He says: "Suzanne Lenglen discarded long sleeves, suspender belts, and petticoats at one fell swoop and sped about the court in a pleated skirt and stockings held up by garters above the knee. It was shocking, of course, particularly as it displayed quite an expanse of bare leg."

My acquaintance with garters is limited to the modern utility kind. These are remarkable mainly for the ease with which they are lost.



How many times have I heard the cry: "Have you seen my garters?"

A daughter of mine keeps her garters, or is supposed to, in a musical box. When you open the lid a ballerina twirls round and it plays the "Blue Danube Waltz." All very nice; but half the time she forgets to put her garters there.

There are mornings of crisis when none can be found. My wife then grabs a piece of elastic and ties a knot in it.

Once or twice, when there was no elastic, rubber bands have been put into service. But these are not favored because they leave red lines. The wearers of garters dislike them and treat them as a necessary evil. The things have a habit of getting too tight as the legs they surround grow bigger.

But there is another side to that. Not long ago Pip, 5, had the measles badly and lost weight.

When she got out of bed and dressed in ordinary clothes again, it was found that her garters were too big. They would not keep her socks up.

Those loose garters were a saddening sight. "We've got to fatten her up," her mother said, and set about the task by making an apple pie.

Pip's garters fit her again now. The incident was a reminder that there are worse things than tight garters. It is a fault on the right side.

LONELY? SHUT OUT? UNHAPPY?

POPULAR GIRLS ARE CONFIDENT!

Sad but true that no one seems to like a girl who's always unsure, uncertain.

You have to hold your chin up and face the world proudly. You should never be afraid to try new things... to make new decisions.

One decision that self-confident young women often make in their teens is the Tampax decision. Tampax just has to be a better way. No chafing, no irritation, no odour, no bind, no bulk, no problems. In fact, *Tampax all but takes the differences out of days of the month.*

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DOMINESE REGD. Delicately styled underwear – dreamy designs in slumberwear – both winter and summer.

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From page 13

Continuing AN ARK

about doing the only war work I could, looking after the animals who suddenly found their old peaceful world shattered, too.

First I found an empty shop in the village, painted it up, bought some old apothecary jars, filled them with colored water and put them in the window. This was to be my surgery.

Then I took over the stables, outhouses, and gardener's cottage at home. These were to be the kennels for the sickest of my patients.

It seemed at first that there was far more room than ever could be needed. This, however, was reckoning without the blitz. I had long ago wanted an ark of my own. Now the ark was there and the deluge was on us. Soon we were almost overwhelmed by animal refugees.

It began with the evacuation of London. It was hard enough to find homes for children in distant towns. Pets had to be left behind, and their owners were desperate. At first in ones and twos, then in dozens, then in hundreds they heard about my kennels.

They wrote, they phoned, they travelled miles, begging, pleading, often weeping. Would I please, *please*, take their pets for the duration? And, of course, the answer was yes.

The pack of dogs grew daily until the kennels were bursting at the seams.

Today it seems absurd, but at that unreal, hysterical time kindly, sensible people had decided to hate the dachshund. One day dachshunds were loved and admired, next day they were loathsome German sausage dogs, and anyone who owned one was obviously a spy.

Well, I still loved dachshunds, and before long I had 60 of them alone. Then there were almost 100 other dogs of all shapes and sizes, as well as dozens of cats, and six goats to provide the necessary milk. And still the animals came.

I HAD by now three kennel maids, but, even so, it was often a 24-hour day and the feeding problem was hair-raising.

Our own rations were small, but for pet dogs and cats there was no ration at all. Getting food for my enormous family was a matter of begging, borrowing, or stealing.

I was deeply touched to discover how many friends the dogs and cats had made. People queued for hours for a few biscuits, for a cube or two of meat extract, for vegetables, and for the tiny amount of dog's meat that sometimes went on sale.

People like Ursula Bloom, the novelist, and Frances Day, the actress, both beautiful and gifted women, were tireless in their search for food for us.

From miles around people brought their kitchen scraps, and so, as the war years went by, we managed. No animal ever went hungry.

Pollyo came to me very early in the war. She was a magnificent green parrot who lived in a large zoo. Now he had bitten his keeper badly and was under sentence of death. So I took a large cage to collect him and was told to be careful and on no account to let him out. He was a dangerous bird.

I think that fear of animals is passed on to them by vibrations or scent of some kind. At any rate, they always know if you are afraid. I certainly wasn't afraid of Pollyo.

That night, when everyone was in bed, I softly played the gramophone, carefully opened the cage, and sat on a nearby chair.

Pollyo come to the door, looked around, hopped on to the tables, waddled across, and flopped down on my knee.

I sat perfectly still while she made an inspection of my trousers, my jacket, my tie. Gradually she climbed on to my shoulders and gave my face a thorough inspection. Satisfied, she relaxed, and from then onward became part of the family.

She was particularly fond of Wanda and Wanda of her. This was very proper. Both, after all, were reformed juvenile delinquents. Both had been under sentence of death. They had much in common.

Wanda was a large Javanese monkey from London Zoo. Like us, the zoo was desperately short of food for all its animals and some had to go. Among them, I heard, were to be some monkeys. I had always wanted a monkey, so I got myself to the zoo as quickly as I could.

Wanda was sitting glowering in her cage. One look at me and she went mad, hissing and grimacing and jumping with rage. I loved her on sight.

"She's a vicious one," said the keeper. "She'll get her teeth into you if she can."

Wanda bared her teeth and scowled and gibbered and her amber eyes flashed fear and hatred. I thought her very beautiful.

We got her into a portable cage without being bitten, though Wanda did her best, and I drove her blissfully back to my arkful of animals. I was the one who was blissful. She seemed to hate every minute of it.

I kept her cage in the surgery so that I could spend as much time as possible with her. Gradually Wanda and I got to know each other, and the great day came when I felt I could let her out.

I opened the cage door—and at that moment was called to the phone. I was only gone a few seconds, but that was long enough for Wanda.

Immediately she swung herself on to the shelves, which were laden with my hard-come-by stock of emulsions, linaments, and medicines. She seized on them with joy, hurling bottle after bottle against the opposite wall.

By the time I got back my surgery, always fanatically neat and white, was a shambles, the floor littered with broken glass, the walls dripping with my precious medicines.

She saw me and redoubled her efforts, chattering away with the thrill and excitement of it all.

I was bursting with genuine fury. "Wanda!" I bellowed, slamming my hand on the desk.

She froze with surprise. She had never heard me raise my voice before, and her face puckered with astonishment. Then, swiftly, she swung down from the shelf and into my arms, making funny little "er-er-er" noises in her throat.

From that moment she was my slave and constant companion. We walked hand in hand to visit the dogs every day, and she rode on my shoulder into the village.

She loved to watch operations, and tried her best to help, handing me dressings and cottonwool, usually at all the wrong times. Visitors to my surgery had no difficulty in telling which of us was the vet. I was the one in the white coat.

"It was my job to collect the fear-crazed, bombed-out pets"

Animals continued to arrive. A message would come from the station saying there was an animal waiting for me and I would hurry over and find a large dog with a small note saying would I please look after Butch until after the war? Or a small basket would be delivered anonymously with a kitten inside.

I vividly remember the day one cat arrived at the station. She wore a big bow and a message round her neck which read, "Please do keep me alive. My name is Rapunzel."

I just hadn't room for her. This one, I decided, *must* be put down. But she was obviously exhausted after her long journey so she was taken to the surgery and fed.

I had fixed the day when the deed must be done. To my astonishment, when I opened the lethal bin, there was Rapunzel already. She had made a nice warm bed for herself and was curled up asleep.

She lived for another 14 years.

She used to follow me everywhere — on buses, on trains, and once, to my embarrassment, I found her walking beside me down Piccadilly.

The animals themselves were only too keen on increasing their numbers and bred whenever they could. We tried to prevent this but love will find a way. Some curious crossbreeds resulted.

The borzois, luckily, bred together, but Tasha, the borzoi bitch, the dumbest of dumb blondes, whelped in the most alarming place.

We had a lake in the grounds, a beautiful stretch of water full of carp, perch and pike, which were a welcome addition to our wartime diet. Even the dogs developed a taste for boiled perch.

It was here that Tasha decided to deliver her puppies. Not on the banks but in the lake itself. She waded in, lay down, and, her long blonde hair floating like Ophelia's, began giving birth.

One of the kennel maids gave the alarm, and we rushed to the water's edge in time to rescue the first, then the second, then the third of the puppies.

She had, in fact, a litter of 13, and we got them all safely to shore. They must be the only borzois ever to have been born under water.

THE blitz added still further to our numbers. When the bombing started it was my job to collect, over a wide area, any animal which had been bombed out — and a heart-breaking job it was.

The dogs and cats would be half crazed with fear and shock, often with glass splinters deeply embedded in their skin, and I returned home again and again covered with bites and scratches, and, of course, more animals to put into the ark.

Sometimes their owners had been killed. Sometimes they could not be traced. Anyway, the animals needed a good meal—and once they came they usually stayed.

I remember a cat which had gone mad with fear. For three and a half weeks I tried to coax him out of the ruins of his home, but every time I got near he shot up the chimney.

At last I placed a chloroformed pad at the chimney-mouth, and caught him. Only a week later he was sleek and gentle and loving again.

The war passed at last. Peace broke out, and the time had come for my great, noisy, boisterous family to break up, each dog and cat returning to its own home.

To my astonishment I found that this wasn't going to be easy. We phoned, we wrote, we pleaded, but many owners no longer wanted the pets they had pressed on me with such urgency and gratitude five years before.

Some of the dogs weren't young when they came to me. Now they were five years older and had begun to get middle-aged spread. Then again, the fashion was for smaller animals, for little poodles with fancy cuts, to toy dogs. Owners had lost interest in the labradors, the dalmatians, the alsatians that had once been the centre of their lives.

Many people did, of course, collect their pets, and the reunions lifted one's heart.

But many dogs were simply abandoned. I did my best to place them in good homes. Once again I dis-

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OF MY OWN

covered that most people welcome a new puppy, but no one wants a middle-aged hound with a mind of his own.

But gradually the ark emptied, and the day came when I, Wanda and Pollyo, Rapunzel, and a whole crowd of dachshunds which no one would take were on our own again.

It was, we all agreed, a funny feeling.

While the war lasted I couldn't put my theories about feeding animals into practice. One was only too glad to get them fed at all.

But now I had my chance. I sold up in Feltham and bought a charming 16th century house with a lovely garden outside Brighton. The garden had been a bird sanctuary and the moment I saw it I knew I would find great happiness there.

I renamed the house Dene's Close, built kennels, a cattery, and an isolation ward — all with central heating—and started moving my reduced family of dogs and cats.

Pollyo loved the new house on sight and so did Wanda. The monkey explored every cranny of the house and garden and made happy noises in my ear.

Moving the dogs was more eventful. I was half way there with ten dogs in the car when one of the dachshunds decided to give birth, and placidly produced a family of five.

Then we got on our way again. Having set out with ten dogs, I arrived with 15. And once installed in her new kennel, she went on to produce six more that night.

The dogs greeted their new garden with ecstasy, bounding across the lawns and chasing each other round the trees and the paddock. Soon they were foraging with a more serious purpose and I was delighted to see them eating the wild garlic and parsley in the garden.

The garden was also rich in witch-hazel, which produces one of nature's purest medicines with wonderful healing powers. Wild elderberries flourished, too.

I had learned as a boy how birds ate elderberries to store iron for the hard times in the winter. Now it was interesting to see dogs—particularly sick ones—eating them for the same reason.

My plate was put up next day—W. L. Lloyd Jones, Veterinary Practitioner—and the same morning my first patient arrived.

A tough little man drove up, said his name was Harry, and placed in my hands a creature that astonished me. I thought at first it was some species of rat—a rat with matchstick legs, a bulging forehead, and pointy ears. It was, he said proudly, a chihuahua.

Chihuahuas have become fashionable since then, and can be seen any Sunday morning having a nervous scamper on the lawns of Hove before being scooped up again by their owners.

But then they were very rare. I heard afterwards that this one was smuggled in by a Canadian soldier in his kitbag, which it can't have cared for much, and now it caused a sensation wherever it went.

People who like chihuahuas like chihuahuas and people who don't don't. I'm somewhere in the middle. All I can say is that they aren't my kind of dog.

This one was as frail as he looked and needed a lot of attention. But he responded and gradually became perkier, and Harry was delighted. So delighted indeed that he declined to pay me in mere money.

What, as he so rightly said, is money? Instead he filled the boot of my car with bottles of whisky and gin, with packets of butter, with sugar and tea.

It is hard nowadays to remember just how staggering a payment this was in those days. You just couldn't get riches of this kind.

No fee could have been more welcome — until I realised the nature of Harry's business. A few weeks later he came to me with a proposition. The police were beginning to take an unhealthy interest in him, he said.

My paddock and cellars were good, safe places. Could he store a truckload of crates there until the heat was off? Harry, it seemed, was up to his eyes in the black market.

I firmly declined, and was deeply grateful that the chihuahua needed no further treatment.

FEES of a more orthodox kind were now needed pretty desperately. After buying and equipping this big house and garden I was broke.

Still, I hadn't long to wait. Slowly at first, then with gathering speed, my practice began to grow. I was far too busy looking after animals to worry about financial crises, and week by week all bills were met.

Soon I was treating more than 400 animals a month. The kennels and the cattery filled, and my staff grew to four, then to five, then to six, and people were bringing me sick animals from all over the British Isles.

Many dogs came to me as hopeless cases, paralysed, racked with pain, wasted by disease. I spent many nights sitting up till dawn with desperate cases, and sometimes, after a long fight, I would lose a patient.

Gloom would fall and a deep depression set in until the next difficult case responded with success. I can honestly say that nearly all my patients left eventually bounding with health.

My methods were sometimes attacked by orthodox vets. They called me a crank — well-meaning, of course, and remarkably successful, but a crank all the same. I didn't mind this in the least. After all, I was seeing nature's cure proving itself every day.

What made the orthodox vets cross was the way I insisted on exclusively natural methods of both feeding and treatment.

All my patients went straight on to the sort of food they should have been eating all their lives. They got raw meat, and plenty of it, cut into large lumps that they could really get their teeth into.

They got raw herring, which dogs as well as cats can learn to love. They got whole-grain cereals and wheat-germ meal, seaweed powder, parsley, watercress, garlic, cod-liver oil, and plenty of natural calcium to promote strong bone.

One day a week they had a fast — but plenty of honey and water and as much free exercise as possible.

Dogs new to this didn't care much for it at first, but soon they came to accept their fast day as a matter of course and were much better for it.

If you keep pets, I urge you to feed them like this. In their natural state they would feed themselves properly, catching smaller animals and tearing them with their powerful jaws.

They had no one to cook them breast of chicken in the wilds. They would then go on to find a bountiful supply of all the minerals and vitamins they need in any wood or meadow.

But fed on the artificial foods of civilisation, they sicken. So do we, of course, but this is our lookout. They deserve better.

Not all my patients were able to travel all the way to Dene's Close, so after a while I opened a surgery in London, too.

ONE day a chauffeur-driven car arrived with a small brown poodle in the back seat. This was Rufus, the boon companion of Sir Winston Churchill.

Now Rufus was a nice little chap, a bit timid, and very spoiled indeed. His teeth were in an awful state.

"What HAS this dog been eating?" I said.

The chauffeur looked despairingly to the sky.

"Chocolates," he said.

Rufus's trouble was, of course, Sir Winston. He loved the dog. He loved chocolates. So he gave the one to the other. Indeed, he gave the dog anything he happened to be eating himself. If Rufus had been a smoker he'd have had the finest Havanas . . .

Well, poor Rufus lost most of his teeth that day. I took them out and he was far better and healthier without them.

"Now here is a diet sheet," I said firmly. "Tell Sir Winston it MUST be followed."

"A diet?" said the chauffeur. "For Rufus? You must be joking!"

It was about this time that Rose, Marchioness of Headfort, consulted me about her dachshund, Max. In her youth Lady Headfort had been famous Gaiety Girl Rosie Boote and she was a most elegant creature even in her eighties.

Max, she said, had a very serious complaint. He was over-sexed. Could I please do something to dampen his ardor?

Well, indeed I could. I recommended the remedy that has damped male ardor since time began. I found him a wife.

The wife I chose was a pretty dachshund called Sari, who had already wet-nursed a large litter of pekes.

She and Max at once took to each other and she bore him a fine litter of six, one of which went straight to Lady Headfort.

Max is still alive—indeed, he visited me only the other day. He is a stately old gentleman now, going grey at the muzzle and, alas, without a tooth in his head.

As for Sari, her career as both nurse and mother came to a macabre end.

I had delived a litter of three enchanting griffon puppies, worth perhaps £60 each. Their mother wouldn't look at them so I called in Sari. For ten days she fed them and mothered them and they were making splendid progress. The owner was delighted.

Then, on the 11th day, we found Sari alone in her bed. There was no sign of the griffon pups. We searched for them high and low until the grim truth dawned. Sari had eaten them.

The telephone call I then had to make to the pups' proud owner was as difficult a task as I have ever undertaken.

It is hard to explain why bitches sometimes do this fearful thing. All I can say is that, very rarely, they do, eating their own litters to the last pup and clearly not understanding why their owners are horrified and either punish them or, worse, withdraw their affection.

Bitches with a new litter are always unpredictable. Often they will turn against one particular pup, sometimes the strongest and most attractive-looking, pushing it away and refusing to feed it.

Meanwhile, they will be perfect mothers to the wretched outcast's brothers and sisters. There is little an owner can do about the odd pup out. It usually dies.

Now I come to think of it, vets have to make some curious telephone calls. For instance, I remember one very embarrassing call. I had to ring up a very proper, high-minded lady and tell her that her spaniel dog wasn't a spaniel dog any more. It was now a spaniel bitch. It had, during its stay in my kennels, changed sex.

She was furious. "Impossible!" she cried. Then, "Are you sure?" Then, "It's all your fault. You've ruined its life. I'll sue!"

She didn't sue, though. If she had, she'd have lost her case. Dogs, like all other animals, are by no means all sexually "normal." And sex changes happen, as in human beings.

I have known eight such cases in my career as a vet. Dogs become bitches and become capable not of bearing puppies but certainly of feeding them. Rather more often, bitches become dogs.

With human beings, this is a personal tragedy which deserves sympathy. No sympathy is needed for dogs in this predicament. They get along perfectly happily in their new sex. The owners get upset.

(c) W. Lloyd Jones 1965

● *Sir Winston Churchill with his famous poodle, Rufus, in 1951. Its teeth were found to be in a deplorable condition because its master would keep on feeding it chocolates.*

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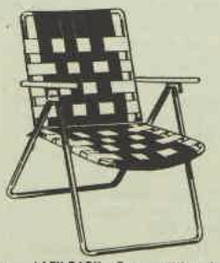

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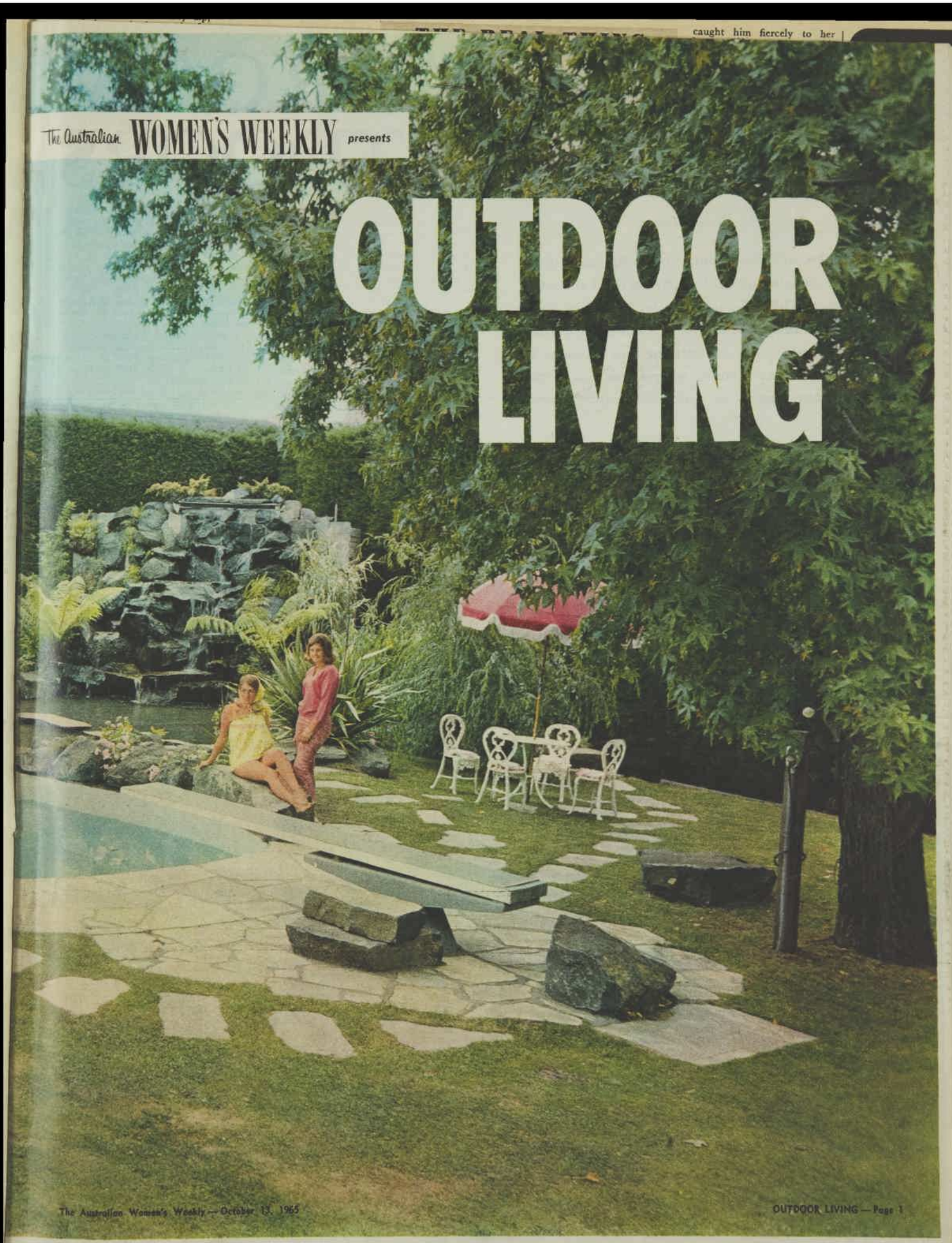
OUTDOOR LIVING



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AN EXTRA ROOM —OUTDOORS

By Ennis Honey

● Make an extra "room" outdoors and enjoy all the delights of outdoor living right through summer. This 32-page booklet is packed with ideas on how to plan, build, furnish, decorate — and enjoy — your outdoor area, to make it a spacious extra room where you can relax with your family or entertain your friends.

A PROPERLY developed outdoor area is far cheaper than an enclosed extra room and, for most Australians, who like to spend their leisure out of doors, much more useful.

To obtain maximum pleasure from this extra "room" you must plan it carefully. Developing an outdoor living area without thoughtful planning is like trying to build a house without a floor plan.

It should become an integral part of your house and garden, adding to their attractiveness. It should satisfy all your outdoor living needs, whether meals, relaxation, or entertaining a crowd, and it should give you necessary privacy, protection from wind, sun, etc.

WHERE TO HAVE IT

Before choosing a design or materials for your patio decide on the most suitable location.

Begin by drawing a diagram of your property, indicating existing buildings such as house, garage, sheds, etc. Mark in garden areas, paths, trees or shrubs you wish to retain, and the position of the swimming-pool if you have one already or intend to build one.

Indicate north, south, east, and west to remind you of good and bad weather aspects. In many parts of Australia, a patio facing south would be too cold for real enjoyment. A westerly aspect could be too hot, although this disadvantage can be overcome with suitable awnings and screens.

Note such things as a lovely view you wish to enjoy out of doors, proximity to neighbors' houses, position of your living-room or kitchen, or any other features which are likely to influence your choice.

The finished diagram will show you which areas are available for your outdoor room and which are likely to be most suitable.

Your house may lend itself to the terrace patio connected with one or more of the living-rooms. A terrace patio has many advantages. It is easily constructed for a moderate cost, blends well with house and garden, and simplifies outdoor living.

Activities will flow out from house to patio with minimum inconvenience. Meals can be brought from the kitchen with little effort, utensils borrowed for use at the barbecue. It's no trouble to bring out the children's playthings, the peas to shell, the mending, even the sewing machine.

You may prefer a bottom-of-the-garden location, perhaps a paved area with a built-in barbecue, sheltered by a high fence.

In this position, however, you might need shade from afternoon sun in the form of trees or a suitable canopy.

If your living-rooms open on to a large, sunny front garden, a terrace built on to the front of the house could be your ideal patio. Lack of privacy could be overcome by a hedge or a screen of shrubs, concrete blocks, wood slats, etc.

A pocket (U- or L-shaped) formed by the house walls is another possibility, one wall shielding the area from neighbors or wind and making a pleasant sun-trap.

Space at the side of the house which is often wasted can also be used to make a successful patio. Suitable fencing or a high brick wall will provide shelter and privacy.

Next to the swimming-pool is a further alternative, but the area should be large enough to avoid splashing.

HOW LARGE SHOULD IT BE

You should scale your patio to the size and shape of your house and land. A generously sized one will complement a large free-ranging house with a big garden. The same sized patio attached to a small, narrow house could be bleak and depressing.

It is safer, however, to err toward generosity. To serve you well your patio must be adequate for your family's needs. An undersized area crowded with bulky outdoor furniture, and with

To page 4

***SMOOTHLY FINISHED** crazy paving (left) makes beautiful "floor" for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walder's secluded outdoor living area at Surfers Paradise, Qld. Wall forms suntrap.*

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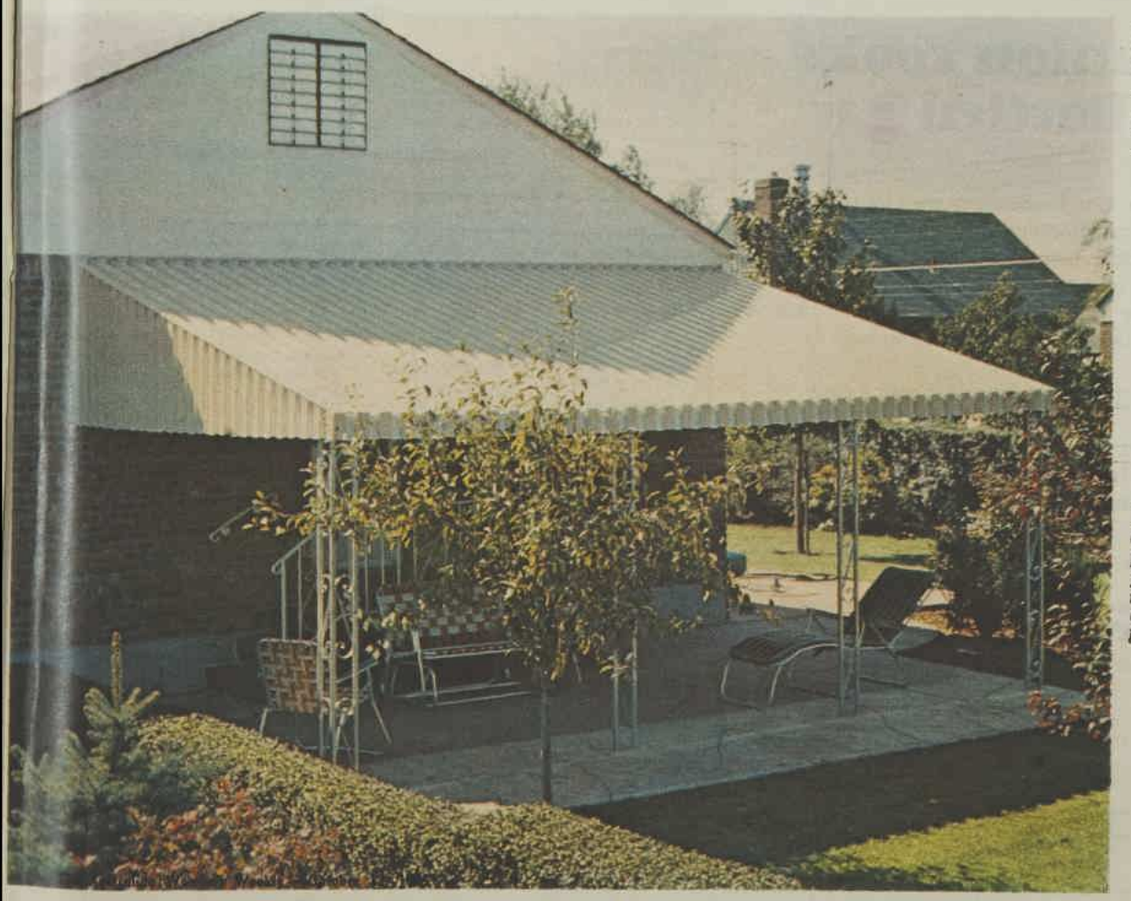
● To obtain maximum benefit from your "outdoor-living-room," at least part of it should be roofed. Roof protection allows you to enjoy most of your outdoor living activities no matter what the weather is like.

One of the most satisfactory roofs for a patio is the moderately priced aluminium awning finished in glossy baked enamel. It can be used to extend an existing veranda or fixed cleanly and simply to a wall. It requires neither framework nor guttering, and as it will not fade, peel, flake — or leak it is virtually maintenance-free. Add a suitable "floor," furniture, decorative plants, perhaps a windbreak, and your outdoor-living-room will be ready to enjoy.

VERANDA (above) extended by aluminium awnings joins sheltered garden to form outdoor living area of Mr. and Mrs. B. Haes' unusual home unit at Pymble, N.S.W.



FLAT AREA at rear of a small house (left) was paved, covered with a fixed awning to form this room for outdoor living. Greenery provides windbreak and extra privacy.

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AN EXTRA ROOM OUTDOORS

continued from page 2

insufficient room for people to move about comfortably, is certainly not conducive to relaxation.

If the area must be limited it is sensible to have small outdoor furniture and a separate barbecue area.

A wall of glass with sliding doors on to the patio area will provide an illusion of space. A curved fence or screen will suggest there is more patio around the corner. Brick or solid cement or concrete paving is also effective. Large tiles or flagstones will make it seem even smaller.

An overlarge area will look better if it is broken up into two or more functional spaces, one perhaps for relaxing, another for outdoor meals, a third for a children's play area with a built-in sandbox, and so on.

It can be built on two levels or the large flat surface can be broken up by squares of planting set in the paving, shrubs in large pots, built-in seats, or contrasting types of paving. Fences, low walls, and rock pools are also effective.

YOUR OUTDOOR "FLOOR"

The material for this should be chosen carefully. A pleasing appearance and one which harmonises with the construction materials used in your home is important. So, for most people, are durability and a reasonable cost.

It should be non-glare, non-skid, and easy to maintain. It should level off smoothly for quick drainage, easy movement of furniture, etc. And it should be suitable for your family's way of living. A smooth, level surface, for instance, is necessary for dancing.

Another point to consider is whether you intend to lay it yourself. Some types of paving are easily put in place by the novice, others need an expert's touch, perhaps heavy machinery.

Fortunately, there is a wide range of attractive materials from which to choose. Here are some of the most popular. They are all hard-wearing.

- **Exposed aggregate:** Resembles terrazzo, but pebbles are slightly exposed, can be obtained in several colors from off-white to black, and is economical.
- **Concrete:** Colored or plain or set with pebbles or stones, can be laid in small sections by the do-it-yourself enthusiast. Concrete blocks can be laid easily on a sand-bed.
- **Masonry paving stones:** Can be laid easily on a sand-bed and are economically priced.
- **Bricks:** Make a bright, warm-looking patio floor. New or cheap second-hand ones are easily laid in interesting patterns but are too irregular for dancing.
- **Wood:** Is warm in winter if used as a deck. In natural tones, painted or with color accents, it blends well with house interior and garden. It makes the perfect dance floor. Decay-resistant timbers such as redwood, tallow-wood, or turpentine should be used.
- **Tiles:** Give a smooth, sophisticated surface, excellent for dancing. However, they are expensive and need to be laid by a tradesman.
- **Asphalt:** Offers the patio builder the most paving for his money and looks well if properly applied over a durable base and bordered with wood, bricks, or concrete. Disadvantage — it softens in hot sunlight and shows feet and furniture marks.
- **Flagstones:** Are expensive but last indefinitely. They need to be laid with artistry and skill, look well on large areas but will make a small patio seem even smaller.
- **Slate:** This is rapidly gaining in favor for patio floors as it is one of the most durable materials you can buy. Castlemaine (Vic.) slate comes in soft greys and browns touched with pink. Welsh slate is greeny grey, while Goulburn (N.S.W.) slate is grey with a suggestion of green or purple. It looks attractive set in crazy patterns using natural shapes as they come from the quarry.

Paving materials can be combined to make interesting patio floors — e.g., squares of smooth concrete alternated with squares finished in brushed, exposed river pebbles, plain concrete with red brick dividers, slate edged with a one-foot concrete gravel border, or rectangles of river-washed stones alternated with stone flagging set in concrete are some suggestions.

FENCES AND SCREENS

In addition to acting as windbreaks, sunshields, or providing privacy, fences, screens, and walls add a decorative touch to the outdoor area. They can define the patio, make points of interest, or be used as functional dividers to break up a large area.

Materials are almost unlimited. Trees, shrubs and hedges, timber, glass (real or synthetic), plastic, brick, concrete blocks, asbestos cement, metal, and bamboo can all be used.

● Your extra "room" for outdoor living can be small or large, at the back of the house, the front, even the side. It can be as comfortable and individual as you like to make it.

Before erecting a fence or screen, its function should be considered. Will it be a windbreak, provide privacy? Do you wish to grow climbing plants on it? Do you need it as a support for built-in furniture or a barbecue? Will it help to break up a large area?

For example, a slat fence makes a better windbreak than a solid one, filters sunlight and still provides privacy. A large patio needs a tall windbreak, as maximum wind protection only covers a distance about equal to the height of the fence.

Brick, stone, and concrete-block walls are decorative and useful for built-in barbecues or as a back for outdoor seating. They can be combined with other materials such as wood lathes.

Glass is excellent for those who need a windbreak which will not obstruct light or view.

Wood, glass, aluminium, and synthetics make effective, adjustable louvred screens.

An attractive Oriental effect can be obtained by combining plastic panels with modules of bamboo. Plants grown behind the plastic would give a silhouette effect.

Temporary screens can be made in various ways. One suggestion is to have a glass garage door on an extended track which allows the door to slide across in front of patio to give wind or sun protection.

Another is to attach bamboo blinds to a painted trellis and roll them up or down according to the weather. Adjustable aluminium side awnings attached to the trellis are also suitable.

A roof for your patio is also important for shelter from sun and rain. Several materials are suitable, but the aluminium awnings featured on the previous page and the page opposite are particularly effective.

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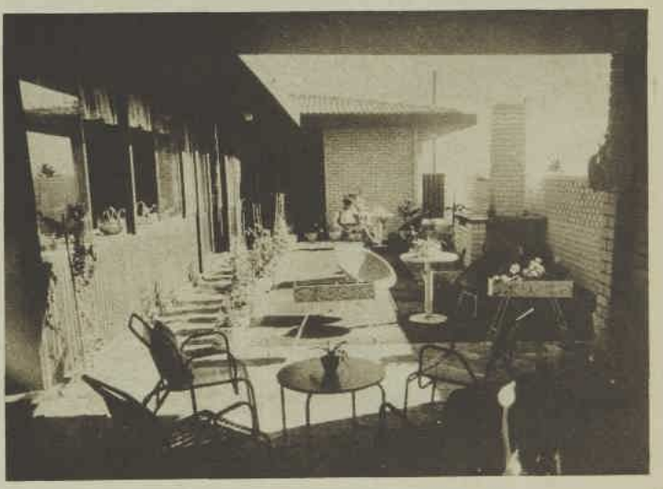
WALL of white concrete blocks (right) makes effective and decorative windbreak for outdoor living area of Mrs. J. C. Kirby's holiday home on Queensland's Gold Coast and screens it from busy road.

SIDE of this house (below) at Strathfield, N.S.W., was selected for patio area. Paving extends from living-room doors along wall which forms perfect sun - trap and windbreak. Fixed awning provides shade.



OUTDOOR LIVING AREA (above) with peaceful secluded atmosphere, although between house and street, belongs to Mrs. E. A. Farquhar, Mermaid Beach, Qld. Note high brick wall.

TREES AND SHRUBS (left) form light screen and windbreak for patio of Sir Douglas and Lady Forbes' pink-and-white weekender at Clayfield, Qld., provide extra shade for hot afternoons.

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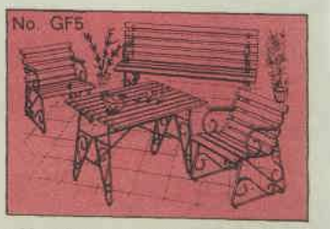

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WOOD and metal outdoor furniture (left) painted in bright colors is designed to stand up to all weather conditions, can be moved easily. Gay umbrella fits into table.

TERRACE (below) of Mr. Jim Swartzman's apartment at Vaucluse, N.S.W. Lightweight furniture includes metal dining suite, barbecue table, and cane arm-chairs.

FURNITURE FOR OUTDOORS

● The fascinating variety of furniture specially designed for outdoor comfort which is now available makes the furnishing of the outdoor living area a pleasure.

IN fact, if you are on a budget and choose wisely, you can buy furniture which may be used indoors and out.

A dining suite of metal, for example, could be used on the patio, or inside, according to the weather. A comfortable cane lounge suite could suit an informal sitting-room as well as the patio. Some of the heavier pieces such as reclining chairs are fitted with wheels to make them easy to move.

Some designs can be folded away into a compact, shallow case to take on a picnic or to store while not in use. Many can be fitted with large umbrellas to provide shade.

Aluminium is a popular metal for outdoor furniture as it is rustproof and light. Cast aluminium is now used to make Colebrookdale furniture — the elegant, white-painted ornate lacework furniture once made of cast iron.

Tubular aluminium is exceptionally light and is easy to keep in good condition. It is used for framing chairs, tables, and lounges. Upholstery can be canvas, canvas webbing, plastic, or vinyl. Many have comfortable rubber cushions.

Cane is enjoying a revival and is made up in many attractive designs — from the oriental-styled "peacock" chair (so called because of its large, fan-shaped back) to cane pieces covered with plastic tubing for greater protection.

Timber, painted in white or a gay color, is available in many compact, fold-away styles with aluminium or cast-iron frames.

Plastic-covered wireware is rustproof, easy to clean, and is available in a variety of modern styles.

Cast and wrought iron have a baked enamel or painted finish. Styles range from budget-priced pieces to beautifully ornamented dining suites.

When furnishing your outdoor living-room don't overlook built-ins. These include weatherproof storage cabinets for cooking utensils, portable grills, or collapsible eating tables. The cabinets can often double as seats.

By SANDRA FUNNELL

Benches and tables built around trees or shrubbery with brick, block, or sandstone supports are both attractive and useful additions. Another idea is to place wooden planks on top of bricks to provide more seating accommodation.

HOW TO CLEAN:

Outdoor furniture in constant use will need regular cleaning to keep it in good condition.

Painted furniture: Always keep it well painted to avoid rust on metal or rotting of wood. Dust regularly and wipe with damp cloth.

Canvas: To clean grubby canvas, lay it on the lawn and scrub lightly with mild detergent and warm water. Rinse well with clear water. Before you start scrubbing, test small piece of canvas to make sure colors are fast.

If not color-fast, use a dry-cleaner such as carbon tetrachloride. Do dry-cleaning in open air and avoid inhaling fumes. Apply on clean, soft, absorbent pad of material, changing to a fresh piece as pad becomes dirty.

However, if you wish to protect canvas against dirt, coat it with a clear varnish or paint it.

Bamboo, cane, reed, wicker, and rattan: This type of furniture needs regular dusting. Use dusting attachment of vacuum cleaner or damp duster. A bottle brush will effectively remove dirt from seams and corners.

To prevent drying and splitting, wet thoroughly about once a year, either by putting furniture out in a light shower of rain or hosing it with a fine spray.

If it needs washing, use mild, pure soapflakes in warm water with a few drops of household ammonia added. Rinse with clear water.

Wickerwork can be washed with cold salt water and dried outside on a sunny day to bleach it. Then polish with furniture cream.

Give bamboo a better finish after cleaning by rubbing with a silicone furniture cream.

Unpainted wood: To clean and restore unpainted wooden furniture, scrub well with warm water and synthetic detergent; remove any stains by rubbing with fine steel wool dipped in suds. Whether scrubbing or using wire wool, always rub with the grain.

Rinse furniture thoroughly with cloth moistened with cold water, then leave to dry completely. When wood is quite dry rub every part with a cloth dipped in ordinary raw linseed oil. Allow oil to penetrate wood, then wipe away any surplus with a clean, dry cloth.

PAINTING OR VARNISHING:

Wood: When you buy unpainted wooden furniture, rub it down well with sandpaper, then apply one coat of wood primer. Allow to dry, then fill all nail holes and cracks with putty and rub lightly with fine sandpaper. Apply one coat of all-purpose undercoat, allow to dry, then finish with brilliant gloss enamel.

When previously painted furniture is in sound condition, rub down with fine sandpaper on a cork block, or use one of the special metal rubbing-down blocks available. Then finish with one or two coats of brilliant gloss enamel.

When paint is peeling or cracking, remove with scraper, and sandpaper smooth. Touch up bare areas with wood primer, apply undercoat, then finish with brilliant gloss enamel.

To page 8

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WROUGHT-IRON outdoor furniture (above) was restored from a neglected rusty state by Mrs. C. R. Glasson, now decorates terrace of her "Coach House," Bathurst, N.S.W.

FRESHLY painted wooden furniture (right) adds to cheerful atmosphere in patio of Mrs. Nancie Harford's home, "Storybook Cottage," Norwood, S.A.

FURNITURE FOR OUTDOORS...

. . . Continued from page 7

Wrought-iron and steel: Wrought-iron and steel furniture needs protection from rust.

A leading paint manufacturer has recently introduced a service for home-owners whereby they will arrange for grit blasting of rusty outdoor furniture, railings, pergolas, and gates.

Grit blasting will remove all sign of rust and will bring up the original shiny metal. When treated with zinc metal coating, the surfaces will be impervious to rust. You can then finish the job yourself with brilliant gloss enamel.

If you are unable to arrange for grit blasting, you can remove the rust by hand, using a scraper, wire brush, and emery paper.

Apply either zinc chromate primer or red lead primer before finishing with brilliant gloss enamel. The protection this method gives depends upon complete removal of rust deposits, so make quite sure every trace of rust is removed before applying metal primers.

Another method is to cover the rusty parts with cottonwool soaked in paraffin. When this oil has had time to break down the rust a little, rub the furniture down with a stiff wire brush, steelwool, or emery cloth, and then treat with primer.

Cane: Cane furniture looks attractive either left in its natural state or painted.

To paint, rub down with fine sandpaper, apply undercoat, and allow to dry. Rub down lightly again, then finish with one or two coats of brilliant gloss enamel.

If you wish to leave the cane in its natural state, rub down any sharp edges with fine sandpaper, then apply two or three coats of brilliant gloss clear varnish.

Fibreglass: When fibreglass furniture is faded and weather-worn, wipe down with a cloth dipped in mineral turpentine. Sandpaper lightly, then apply one or two coats of brilliant gloss enamel in the color of your choice.

Canvas: Canvas covers on chairs, awning blinds, sun umbrellas, etc., can be rejuvenated and given long-life protection by applying one or two coats of clear acrylic plastic paint.

This clear finish will increase durability and protection. It is particularly easy to apply, will dry in 20 minutes, and can be recoated 2 hours later.

If you wish to change the color, apply one or two coats of velvet flat wall and ceiling finish, adding one quart of clear acrylic plastic to one gallon of color before painting.

When surfaces to be cleaned as a preliminary to repainting call for a detergent wash, use ordinary household liquid detergent in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each gallon of hot water. This mixture will remove grease and waxy stains, which prevent sound paint adhesion.

After the detergent wash, fresh cold water should be applied as a rinse, followed by a wipe over with a clean cloth to leave the surface free of smears.

Don't paint early in the morning or late in the afternoon, when dew is heavy—moisture will dull the glossy finish.

And, remember, the quality and durability of the finish on your outdoor furniture will depend on the care you give to the surface preparation.

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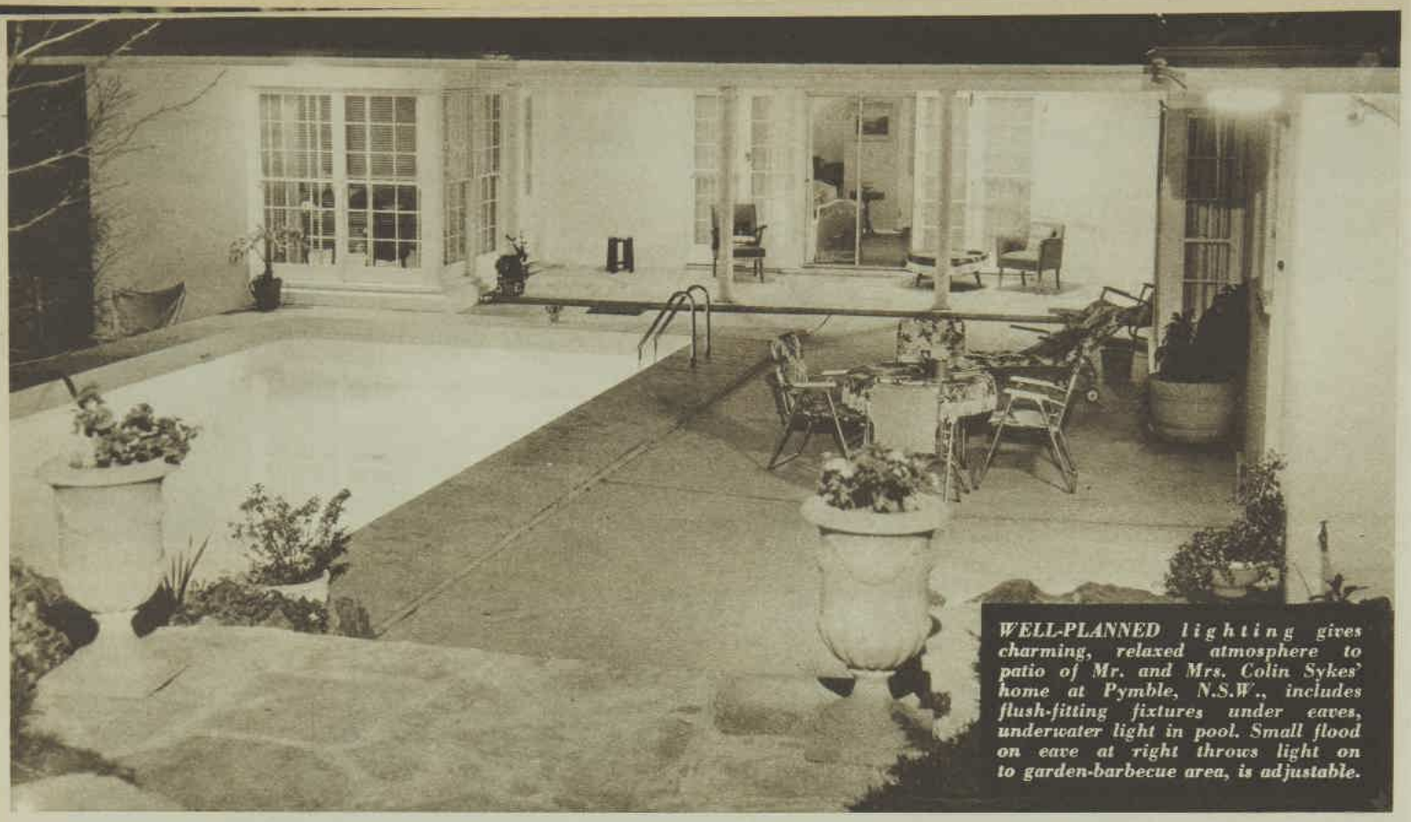

WELL-PLANNED lighting gives charming, relaxed atmosphere to patio of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Sykes' home at Pymble, N.S.W., includes flush-fitting fixtures under eaves, underwater light in pool. Small flood on eave at right throws light on to garden-barbecue area, is adjustable.

OUTDOOR LIGHTING

● With an attractively lit outdoor-living area, summer evenings mean meals out of doors, carefree parties, refreshing dips in the pool, or the quiet enjoyment of the beauty of your night-time garden.

THE way you light your outdoor-living area can be as individual as the way you light the inside of your house, and, like indoor lighting, it should be carefully planned to fulfil two important functions. It should be both useful and decorative.

Let's consider the utility aspect first. At night, out of doors, you need lights for safety. Paths, steps, and the surrounds of the swimming-pool, for example, should have adequate light.

You will need suitable lighting for the outdoor activities you wish to enjoy at night, whether it is swimming, barbecue meals, sewing, playing cards, dancing, or just relaxing quietly with family or friends.

This means you could need several lights placed in strategic positions or just one or two lights arranged to give a soft, diffused glow over patio or terrace.

The decorative aspect of outdoor lighting is also important. Well-chosen lights and fittings, suitably placed, can provide charming and beautiful effects out of doors.

Your garden, for instance, will be a place of enchanting beauty, completely different from its daylight image, if lighting takes over when daylight fades.

Actually it is not difficult to light your outdoor area satisfactorily. The outdoor lights now available are so varied and so attractive that really beautiful yet practical effects can be obtained for a moderate outlay and the use of a little imagination.

TYPES OF LIGHTS

Most outdoor lighting is electric, especially if intended for permanent installation. Here are some of the types readily available.

Flush-fitting: These fixtures can be placed below the eaves of the house or flush with the patio roof. They are made in various shapes—round, oval, square, or oblong—and provide a soft, diffused glow for general lighting. They can also be placed horizontally on a wall.

Flush-fitting lights are available in weatherproof glass. Ordinary glass is not generally suitable for outdoor lighting as it is easily broken by wind. It will also shatter if rain comes in contact with the hot surface.

Bracket lights to place on a patio wall or near a door are available in many delightful designs. Some are plain and modern, others simulate Chinese lanterns, traditional coach lamps, miners' lights, and hurricane lanterns. If you have or can buy a genuine antique lantern it is possible to have it electrically wired for outdoor use.

Unless intended to highlight a special small area or object, bracket fixtures should be placed high to give a wide spread of light.

Poletop lanterns provide inviting beacons of light for homecomers or visitors, are particularly effective on a driveway, near an uncovered door, in the garden, or near the swimming-pool.

Fluorescent lights can be used under eaves or for general illumination.

If concealed by thick shrubbery they will accent wall or fence and silhouette plants in the foreground. They can be used in swimming-pools or wherever horizontal lines of light are desired.

Weatherproof fluorescent units are obtainable for outdoor use in varied colors—white, red, blue, yellow, and green. One- and two-tube fixtures are available for both permanent and portable mounting and will accommodate tubes from 4 to 40 watts.

Portable fluorescent fittings have ground spikes, can be moved anywhere in the garden.

Floodlights and spotlights: Both fixed and portable types in several sizes and colors are available and can be used effectively in many ways.

A floodlight placed high on one of the house eaves could throw a soft, pleasant light on to the patio, a separate barbecue area, a path or steps leading to the pool, or the pool itself, depending on the light you require.

Floodlights are also useful for backlighting trees, throwing light back on to patio, barbecue, or other area.

When using floodlights it is a good idea to add local lighting accents. Floodlighting alone tends to give a rather flat white-washed appearance to the outdoor area.

Flood (wide beam) and spot (narrow beam) lights should be placed at least 12ft. to 15ft. above ground level and directed so that they do not cause glare for you or your neighbors. A rooftop light, for example, would be very disturbing if it shone into a bedroom.

Mushroom or toadstool type fixtures are suitable for highlighting a small garden pool, beautiful shrubs, a rockery, or a path.

Mushrooms are portable, are operated off a low voltage—about 32 volts—are small, and have a domed metal canopy to direct light toward the ground.

They can be fitted with either pearl or colored globes. There are both fixed and portable models. One style has a weighted base, another is attached to a spike for easy positioning.

Underwater lights: Overhead light from spotlights or free-standing lights around the edge of your swimming-pool will provide some illumination, but underwater lighting is also necessary.

Overhead light does not penetrate water and by itself is inclined to make it look flat, even eerie. Underwater lighting will bring out the beauty of your pool and provide maximum safety.

Rock pools can also be fitted with small underwater lights.

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AWNINGS

For all-weather protection

● **Awnings make fine roofs for patios, but they also can be used to provide complete weather protection for windows, doors, and other areas, to add fresh, colorful accents to a home, give it individuality and improve its value. Modern awnings come in a wide range of styles and attractive colors and can be custom built for your particular needs.**

***MATCHING** awnings (above) for patio and window add bright color accents to Mr. Richard Greatrix's home in Southport, Qld., enhance design of house, provide full weather protection from strong wind, rain, and hot western sun.*

HERE are suggestions for using awnings to the best advantage:

OVER WINDOWS

Few houses are designed so perfectly that they do not need some window protection to cope with seasonal weather variations. A room, for instance, with a northerly or westerly aspect can be cheerfully bright in winter but an unbearable oven on summer afternoons, unless it has a suitable window awning.

An awning can actually reduce inside room temperature by as much as 20 degrees F. without obstructing light and air, as is the case when heavy curtains and drawn blinds are used to beat the heat.

Awnings also allow windows to be kept open during rain, a real advantage for bedrooms. With an awning, a sudden summer storm no longer means closed bedroom windows, a stuffy atmosphere, and the loss of hours of precious sleep.

Window awnings also help to keep out wind and dust and protect furniture, carpets, and curtains from fading.

Window awnings are available in two basic types—roll-up and rigid. The roll-up is adjustable, provides perfect year-round weather control at a touch of the fingers, and is ideal for those people who wish to leave their windows unscreened at certain times, e.g., on mild, sunny winter days.

The roll-up awning is designed both for standard windows and casements, allows casement windows to be fully opened.

Rigid-type awnings are "fixed" at a predetermined angle, which is calculated from a "sun-angle chart" to provide sun and weather protection all year round. Rigid awnings are more varied in design than roll-ups.

One design, for instance, is specially suitable for a house with picture windows and a northerly aspect. It shuts out summer sun, yet allows full enjoyment of the view.

Another design features louvres which filter the sun but do not obstruct the view. It is popular for kitchen windows, allows the homemaker to work in comfort, look out at the garden, and supervise the children.

Others again have side panels for extra protection from sun or driving rain. This style can be used for casement windows or with a corner window to give an attractive "mitred" appearance.

OVER DOORS

A canopy awning over the door makes a weatherproof porch, handy when you are fumbling for your key.

To page 15

***STRIPED** window awning (left) with extended sides is attractive feature of Main Beach, Qld., holiday home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. B. W. McDonald. The awning helps balance vertical lines of house, protects sitting-room from sun.*

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—BARBECUES

. . . to buy or build yourself

● A barbecue in the outdoor living area, whether it is a small portable type or a large built-in, is well worth the few pounds it costs. Barbecues offer the carefree answer to home entertaining and family meals, and with a wide variety available you should have no difficulty in finding one to suit you.

MODERN barbecues come in a variety of shapes and sizes, and they can be operated on all kinds of fuel: bottled gas, wood, charcoal, methylated spirit, sand, and sawdust.

They are economical to run and, an important consideration when there are children in the family, they are safe from fire hazards.

Here are some of the units which can be readily obtained in the outdoor living and garden sections of department stores and hardware shops.

First, there is the fold-up-type barbecue griller at about 27/6 (the kind that every hiker or camper has used at one time or another). Or from about £5 upward you can buy a more elaborate fold-up with an aluminium hotplate.

For the family that likes camping holidays as well as patio meals and picnics a portable gas barbecue is a particularly good buy. It features a barbecue hotplate on top of two independently controlled burners.

By ANNE OLSEN

Operated by bottled gas, this unit enables coffee to be made immediately after you have barbecued your meals.

The barbecue grill plate acts as a windshield when cooking conventionally on the gas-rings below. Folding to a compact 36in. by 22in. by 4½in., the unit fits neatly into your garage or the boot of your car.

The two-in-one gas model retails for about £17/10/-, and the barbecue-only unit sells for £12/19/6.

Both units work off bottled gas, which after an initial outlay of about £7 for the 4½lb. cylinder may be refilled for about 11/-.

Some stores stock imported American barbecue units which stand at cupboard height and are designed for kitchen use as well. Electrically controlled, they are complete with their own revolving rotisserie, and cost about £20.

Another kind of barbecue which has proved successful has a thick cast-iron aluminium hotplate which fits over a vitreous enamel bowl. A central hole allows for natural fats to drain off food directly into the bowl.

Besides cooking steaks perfectly, the hotplate is ideal for oysters on the shell, all frozen foods (in foil), and fish. A chicken grilled in foil takes only about 50 minutes.

The medium-size plate cooks for six people at a time, and costs approximately £5; the super size, which cooks enough for 12, costs about £8/10/-.

The barbecue plate is heated by sawdust, sand, or twigs mixed with an equal amount of methylated spirit. Fat dripping from food helps to keep this economical fire alight for more than one hour.

This type of barbecue is ideal for flat or home-unit dwellers who may have little room for storing charcoal or wood.

A larger barbecue on wheels with a rotating grill (the 18in. size sells for about £11, while the 26in. size sells for about £16/10/-) is also popular.

Extra attachments, ranging from the windshield (90/-) to the roasting spit (£2/2/-) or side trays (18/6), are obtainable for this practical unit which heats on charcoal.

The charcoal, which costs about 10/6 a bag, provides a constant even heat that lasts for hours.

For people who are limited for health reasons to non-fatty diets the Japanese have designed an interesting barbecue.

It is called the Hibachi (Japanese for heater) and is a small barbecue-type stove with wooden handles and polished grill.

Its main feature is a tiltable top which gives variable heat control and fat-free cooked food. The juices and fat from the food run down easily into a special container and can be utilised in sauces and gravies.

Hibachis are ideal not only for outdoor cooking but can also be used indoors on a dining buffet or even on the dining table.

Hibachis vary in size, shape, and price, cost from about £8 upward.

BUILD YOUR OWN

If you plan to build your own barbecue from stone, bricks, or concrete blocks, be sure to scale its size to the rest of your outdoor living area. Also consider the number of people for whom you are likely to be cooking.

If space allows, prepare a storage area on one side for twigs and pieces of wood, so that fuel will not be exposed to wet weather. A covered shelf on one side of the barbecue is a good idea.

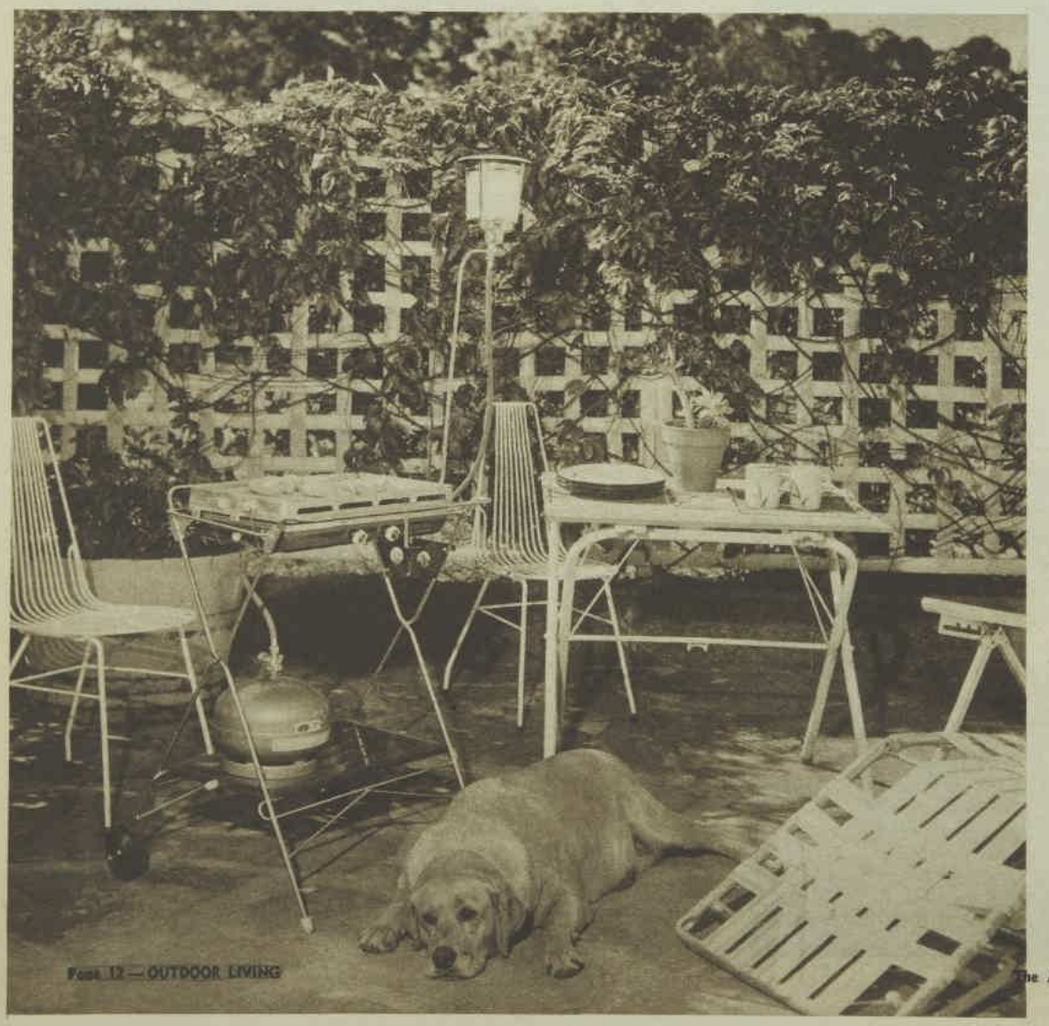
The American fashion for barbecue pits is also becoming popular with Australians. A shallow well about two feet in diameter is dug in the ground and surrounded with paving and circular seating.

This type of barbecue area is especially suited to colder climates and to outdoor areas where space is limited.

Most department stores sell the "do-it-yourself" barbecue set for the home handyman. It is complete with concrete blocks, mortar, and grill. One brand ranges in price from £10 to about £28.

A stone barbecue is fun to build, and properly landscaped can form an attractive part of the garden's overall picture.

Local quarries will cut sandstone or



GAS-OPERATED portable barbecue on terrace of Mr. and Mrs. John Featherstonhaugh's home at Normanhurst, N.S.W., features hotplate above two independently controlled burners, is economical to operate.

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dimension stone blocks and supply it to your site. In some cases they will erect the barbecue to your specifications from about £50 upwards, depending on the size and style you require.

Alternatively, you can buy second-hand bricks from demolition sites quite cheaply. Prices vary from State to State, but you should be able to procure them for about £10 a thousand.

If space is limited, you could place a small barbecue in a brick screen wall.

CARE OF BARBECUES

Portable types: Remove excess grime and fat from griller before it dries by rubbing over lightly with clean newspaper. Then rub with steel wool or a clean rag dipped in lighter fuel, kerosine, or methylated spirit.

Remove ashes from fuel container and wipe over with clean newspaper. Later, wash griller (or hotplate) in soapy water. Rinse and dry well.

Brick or stone barbecues. Brush out ashes or residue from beneath griller plate. Then clean griller or hotplate as in directions for portable barbecues. Scrub bricks or stone with a firm brush and clean warm water. If this is not sufficient to remove any fire burn marks, rub lightly with neat vinegar, then rinse, and allow to dry.

Concrete block types. Clean griller as in directions for portable types and brush out residue. To remove any fire-marks from surrounding area scrub with a firm brush dipped in soapy water.

***PORTABLE** barbecue which can be wheeled away when not in use is pictured here on sandstone patio at home of Mr. and Mrs. William Goodman, Pymble, N.S.W. Mr. and Mrs. Goodman use the barbecue for family meals and entertaining.*

***JAPANESE** Hibachi stove with tiltable top, for fat-free cooking, is a handy addition to patio of Mr. and Mrs. C. Neal's home at Lindfield, N.S.W. Made of cast iron with a wooden base and handles, the Hibachi is also suitable for indoor cooking.*

***A STONE** or brick barbecue can be easily constructed by the home handyman. This one, in the garden of a Sydney North Shore home, is made of sandstone slabs 6in. thick. Note its strategic placement near trees which provide windbreak.*

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. . . the outdoor living-room by Luxaflex

A PRODUCT OF HUNTER DOUGLAS Also "Twi-nighter" and "Finessa" Venetians, Rigid and Roll-up Awnings, Insect Screens and Doors, Drapery Track and Fittings, Roller Shades and Woven Aluminium "Sundrape"

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RIGID AWNING effectively joins home units of the Misses Thiele, Miami, Qld. This type of awning is specially suitable for picture windows and open verandas, provides weather protection without obstructing view.

AWNINGS . . . from page 11

HERE are some more ways in which you can use awnings to provide all-weather comfort for your family.

FOR A CARPORT

A waterproof rigid aluminium awning costs much less than a garage, yet gives your car satisfactory weather protection. If attached to the house close to a door, it provides sheltered access from car to house.

AS A BARBECUE SHELTER

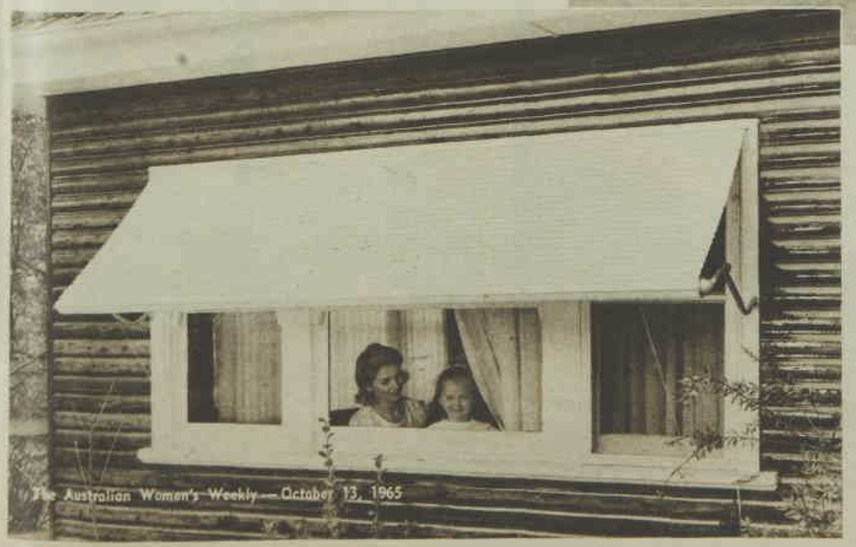
A small, fixed canopy awning above a barbecue will provide welcome shade for the cook on a sizzling summer afternoon, add a colorful touch to the outdoor living area both day and night.

FOR POOLSIDE SHADE

Swimming and tanning in the sun are fine, but for poolside relaxation you need some shade. A rigid awning attached to the house or a wall, or free-standing, according to the position of your pool, is an easy way of providing it. See illustration page 23.

An awning can also be used to connect house to an outside building such as garage or laundry, provides weather protection, and, if in the right position, will make a pleasant breezeway.

MATCHING rigid awnings (above) over lower deck and side window provide decorative weather protection for this Adelaide home. Awning are designed for every need, even to shade pool or barbecue.



FLEXIBLE aluminium roll-up awning (left) can be easily adjusted to provide maximum weather protection, is specially suitable for a windy aspect, can be completely lowered, allow window to remain open.

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Pleasure is a house guest every day of the year when you install a Luxaflex Strata Patio Cover. Strata's flush panels are completely weathertight—with a clean, smooth line that's just right for any home style

Come on out...

Have a wonderful time in Australia

Australia is a vacation wonderland—but the fact is that most Australians spend the greater part of their leisure time **right at home.**

Now, with the simple addition of a Luxaflex all-aluminium patio awning you can enjoy all the comforts of home as well as the pleasures of a wonderful new outdoor living room where the whole family can relax through the long days of summer.

A Luxaflex patio awning opens up your home to the outdoors . . . lets you get outside to enjoy cool, shady comfort.

In your Luxaflex outdoor living room you'll laugh with the kids and their friends in all the hearty fun of a barbecue . . . you'll entertain your own friends with an easy, happy informality you've never known before . . . and on

HERE'S WHY LUXAFLEX PATIO COVERS ARE THE BEST VALUE UNDER THE SUN

HEAT CAN'T PASS THROUGH
Highest quality tempered aluminium in Luxaflex awnings blocks sun's rays, won't let them pass, unlike some translucent or fibred materials.

COMPLETELY IMPERVIOUS TO WATER
Luxaflex awnings shed rain—just like water off a duck's back! Can't possibly get saggy or soggy, never any risk of mildew, rust or other corrosion.

NO MAINTENANCE PROBLEMS
Luxaflex Patio Covers stay new looking for years and require no more maintenance than an occasional washing down with your garden hose.

SUN CAN'T FADE BEAUTIFUL COLOURS
Attractive full-gloss Luxaflex colours are double-oven baked on at 500° F.—five times hotter than a heatwave! Even the blazing mid-summer sun can't fade or flake the brilliant appearance.

TAILORED TO MEASURE ON EASIEST TERMS
Every Luxaflex awning is tailored exactly to suit your window. Three thousand Luxaflex retailers across the nation are happy to help with very easy terms.

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... the living's fine with

ALUMINIUM AWNINGS BY Luxaflex®

A PRODUCT OF HUNTER DOUGLAS

...ia's most popular summer resort.

soft, balmy summer nights you can just lounge back, cool drink in hand, with all the day's worries behind you . . . more contented than you've ever been.

The best part about the Luxaflex outdoor living room is that no expensive structural alterations are involved. A Luxaflex consultant will call and give you expert advice, measure and quote without obligation; your Luxaflex patio awning is tailored to measure and installed by qualified tradesmen. **Now** is the time to decide to give all your family all the fun of a real outdoor living room!

Put the magic of Luxaflex to work—install a Luxaflex all-aluminium patio awning and enjoy a whole new way of life . . . come rain, come shine . . . any time, all year round!

Above is the Luxaflex Rancher. At left is a Luxaflex Meridian. Both are ideally suited for outdoor shelter—provide a beautiful, new, outdoor living room that's easy to maintain, a place where mother doesn't have to worry about the children, whatever the weather. Even when it's raining they'll be able to get out of the house sheltered by the gay, colourful, maintenance free Luxaflex Patio Awning.

See Your Luxaflex retailer for a free measure and quote.

Also "Twi-nighter" and "Finesse" Venetians, Rigid and Roll-up Awnings, Insect Screens and Doors, Drapery Track and Fittings, Roller Shades and Woven Aluminium "Sundrape."

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OPEN YOUR WINDOW AND STOP INSECT PESTS AUTOMATICALLY

WITH THE

LUXAFLEX AUTOMATIC INSECT SCREEN

and only Luxaflex has it.
Also available: Luxaflex Roll-Up Screens, Flat Screens and Sliding Screens.

YOU WANT MORE THAN JUST A DOOR ...YOU WANT

QUALITY
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Only Luxaflex can give you the beauty of "Silverlume," the satin, oven-baked enamel with the muted silver elegance that's so right for every home style. Choose from 9 modern or traditional Luxaflex styles.

Luxaflex Aluminium Insect Screens and Doors

TAILORED-TO-MEASURE AT NO EXTRA COST

Now you can insect-proof your outdoor living room with Luxaflex Patio Screens. Write to Luxaflex, P.O. Box 31, Rydalmere, for full details.

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Also Twi-nighter and Finessa Venetians, Rigid and Roll-Up Aluminium Awnings, Aluminium Insect Screens and Doors, Drapery Track and Fittings.

LXS11.HP

OUTDOOR LIGHTING . . . *continued from page 10*

TEMPORARY LIGHTING

Besides permanent outdoor lights you will probably need extra temporary lighting for special occasions.

Flares operated by kerosine provide a gay atmosphere for parties or barbecues.

Also popular are festoons of colored globes which can be bought already fixed to a cable or you can attach them yourself. Festoon lampholders cost only a few shillings each, cable from 2/6 to 3/- a yard.

Candles in fire - resistant colored plastic holders are a pretty decoration for parties out of doors, especially at Christmas. These holders can be placed on branches of trees or tacked along a paling fence.

Another useful and decorative temporary light is the cordless torch which is operated by a replaceable battery. It has a square base, stands 4in. high, and looks very effective on an outdoor table.

BULBS FOR OUTDOORS

Household bulbs from 15 to 150 watts can be used outdoors but must be shielded by metal, plastic, or weatherproof glass, are available in several colors.

Flood and spot bulbs are made of hard glass with 150-watt clear lenses. Colored floods are available in 100-watt size only. Reflector types must be protected from weather, but have a greater watt range.

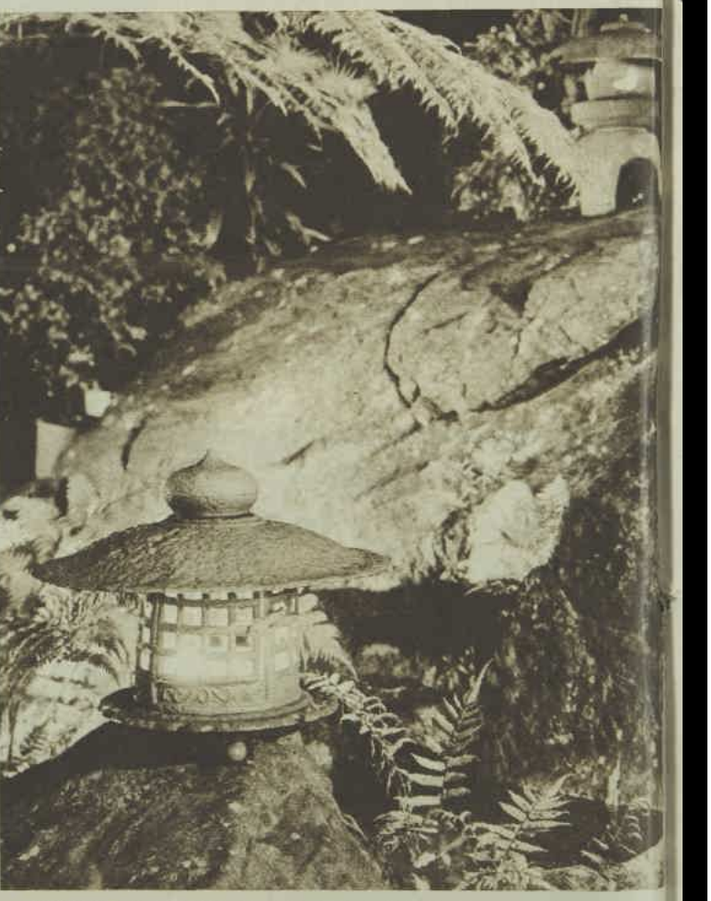
Mercury vapor bulbs show a blue-green-white light, are rather expensive for general use.

Fluorescent weatherproof tubes. Usual strength is 20 watts for each tube.

PRODUCE PLEASING EFFECTS

- By using several lighting fixtures, scattered to highlight trees, a flowerbed, a rock pool, to emphasise steps, paths, etc. But don't use too much light. Aim for a subtle effect.
- By concealing light bulbs to prevent glare. Use fixtures with shields which hide the bulb. Hide some lights in trees or shrubs.
- By using tinted light sparingly on white walls or fences and brighter colors on pools and fountains. White or blue-white light is best on flowers; trees with light-colored or shiny bark show off light better than dark trees. Yellow light is less attractive to insects.
- By experimenting before you decide definitely on the location of lights, style of fixtures, color of globes, etc. Ask your dealer to bring you portable floodlights, spots, mushrooms, and other types of light and try them in various parts of your outdoor-living area before you arrange for permanent installations.

Finally, for safety's sake, have your installations done by a properly qualified electrican, and if using portable types of outdoor lighting be sure that they are fitted with weatherproof cords, plugs, sockets, and connections. Arrange cords so that they do not trail on the ground.



***ANCIENT JAPANESE** temple lantern beside ferny rock pool gives individual touch to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis's garden at Cammeray, N.S.W. Above pool is Chinese stone lantern. Both radiate candlelight, but like many old lanterns could probably be fitted with pearl or colored electric lights.*

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outdoor living

HOW TO BE

By
MAISIE McMAHON

AVANT-GARDE SUN-SPECS

THEY are a new "with-it" fashion idea, like white lipstick used to be, largely for having fun with.

Latest in the field of sunglasses gimmickry, the space-shapers (pictured at left) weigh next-to-nothing, are bisected by a "view" area that's hardly more than a dark slit.

Sometimes space-specs are worn with toning lipstick. For example, the ones illustrated are a bright orange color and the wearer's lipstick is a pale tone of the same shade.

The effect on the young model is rather nifty, together with bangs, top-knot, and all.

And speaking of lipstick, did you know that honey-toned pink is THE new color for summer day wear.

When eyes look tired and less than sparkling, try this model trick to change a dim view into a clear-eyed one.

Peel off two slices of cucumber skin large enough to cover the eyes fully, place them over the lids, and rest for ten minutes.

ON WEARING PANTS

Long brown legs in tiny shorts look wonderful for almost any casual outdoor occasion in summer, but before deciding to wear shorts do take a long look at yourself.

If you have heavy hips and thighs, the answer should be a firm NO — try Bermuda pants (like those shown above) instead.

Bermuda pants, or knee-length shorts, to coin another name, are smart, very slimming for the not-so-smooth-hipped, and newly fashionable for casual wear.

Bermuda pants are intended to fit closely, but not tightly. They should hang straight from band to hem, front and back.

While the illusion of a rounder bosom can be achieved in various ways, there just isn't any secret way to whittle hips and thighs

So, stand with feet apart, pull in the abdomen, tighten the buttocks, then lock knees by stiffening legs and try to pull thighs toward each other until you feel the pull. Hold for six seconds, relax. Do it three times —a total of 18 seconds a day.

SUNBAKE by the pool, but do it sensibly if you want to stay pretty all summer. Protect shoulders with a smart slip-on, neck and face with a hat.

SUNBURN SOOTHERS

THE secret of making a glamorous pool debut lies in preparation as well as common sense. Take, for instance, the complexion that is burned a bright tomato-red. Not pretty at all, is it?

It hurts, too, and might easily result in the kind of freckles that never fade away.

For your skin's sake, do start sunning yourself in small doses until the surface is conditioned. Then tan gradually and not too deeply.

Choose your favorite suntan lotion, oil, cream, or jelly, and schedule for ten minutes in the morning or afternoon during the first week of sunning.

One of the best things ever to ease the discomfort of sunburn is a mixture of olive oil and white of egg. Mix about a tablespoonful of oil with the white of one egg and smooth it gently over the burned areas.

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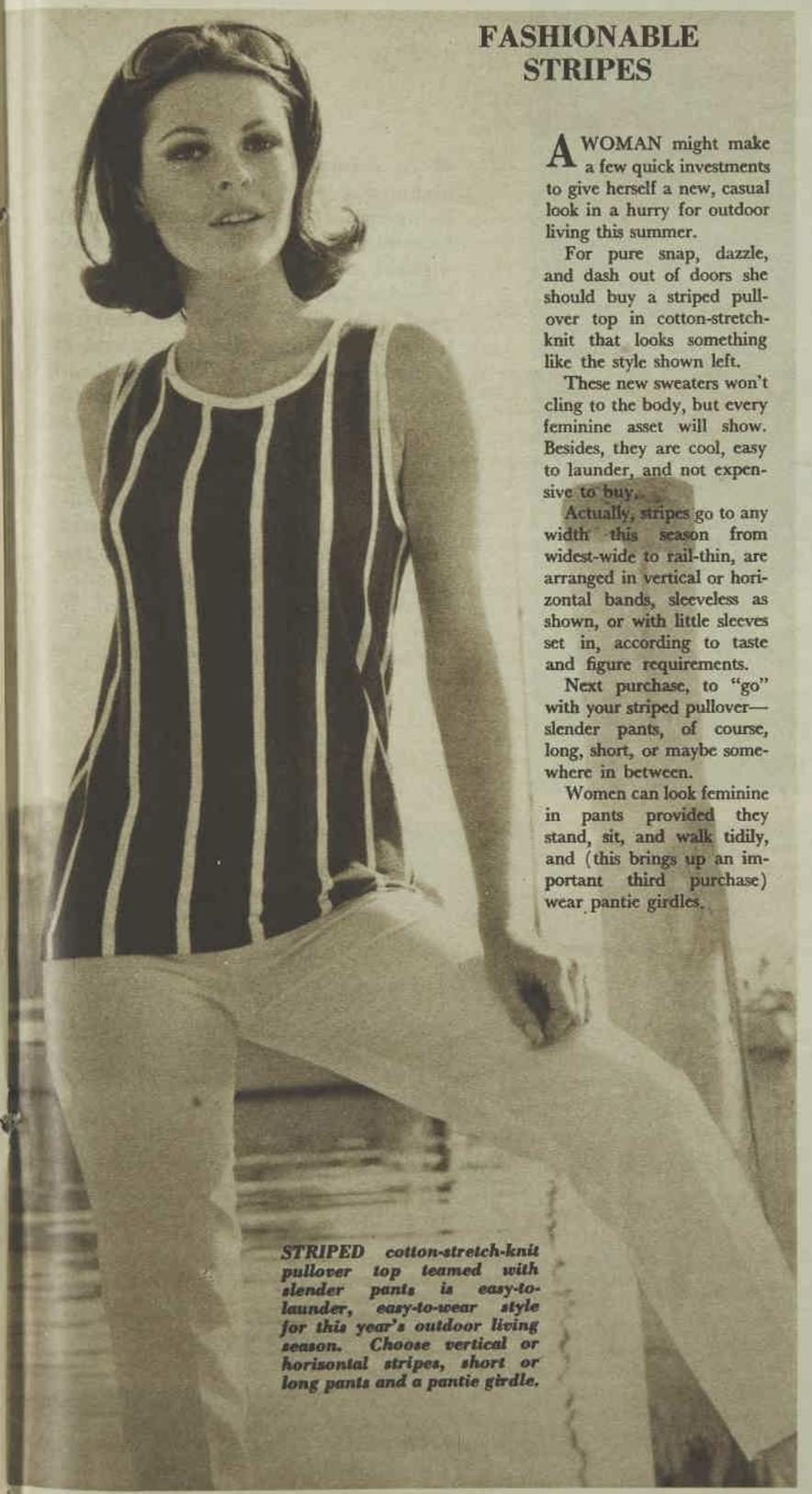
SMART AND PRETTY



FASHIONABLE STRIPES

A WOMAN might make a few quick investments to give herself a new, casual look in a hurry for outdoor living this summer.

For pure snap, dazzle, and dash out of doors she should buy a striped pullover top in cotton-stretch-knit that looks something like the style shown left.

These new sweaters won't cling to the body, but every feminine asset will show. Besides, they are cool, easy to launder, and not expensive to buy.

Actually, stripes go to any width this season from widest-wide to rail-thin, are arranged in vertical or horizontal bands, sleeveless as shown, or with little sleeves set in, according to taste and figure requirements.

Next purchase, to "go" with your striped pullover—slender pants, of course, long, short, or maybe somewhere in between.

Women can look feminine in pants provided they stand, sit, and walk tidily, and (this brings up an important third purchase) wear pantie girdles.

***STRIPED** cotton-stretch-knit pullover top teamed with slender pants is easy-to-launder, easy-to-wear style for this year's outdoor living season. Choose vertical or horizontal stripes, short or long pants and a pantie girdle.*

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 13, 1965

POOLSIDE HAIRDOS

YOU can see the droop the rain puts in your hair as it does it. But the dryness the sun brings about isn't as apparent as quickly, and it's more serious.

And when that drying is coupled with dunkings in pool water, your lovely hairdo can go astray all too easily, unless you've taken precautionary measures.

Best way to counter-attack the sun's work is not to expose your hair for long periods in very strong sunshine. Wear a light silk scarf or a hat.

If you wear a bathing-cap, pin your hair and cover with a thin make-up band under the cap.

If you bathe without a cap, rinse your hair in fresh water as soon as possible afterwards.

Just as skin needs care and conditioning, so does hair. Use a hair cream or lotion to help keep your locks soft and biddable in hot weather, and increase brushing to put some of that lost natural oil back in your hair.

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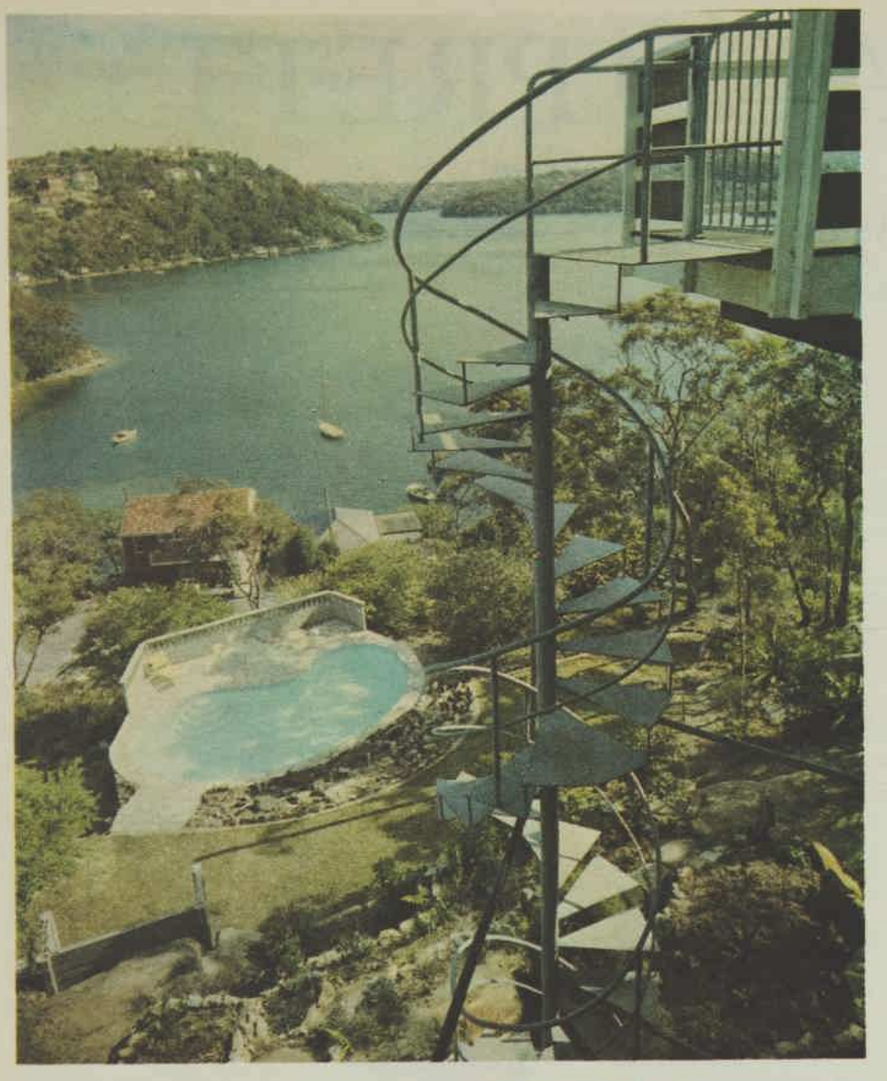

YOUR

● A swimming-pool is not only a glamorous addition to any outdoor living-area. It provides hours of happy, healthy relaxation for all the family without the bother of travelling to crowded beaches or public pools. A pool, too, gives an air of luxury to home entertaining. Barbecues and informal dances, popular with both adults and teenagers, are most attractive affairs when held beside a lighted pool. And a pool need not be costly. New developments in design, construction, and filtration methods have brought initial installation costs within the reach of thousands of home-owners. On an uncomplicated site a beautiful pool can be installed for very little more than the cost of a moderately priced family car.

SPIRAL staircase winds down from house to this lovely free-form pool (above) at home of Miss Barbara Cunningham, Seaforth, N.S.W. Wall at rear of pool provides shade, wards off strong breezes from picturesque Powder Hulk Bay.

POOL (right) on Queensland's Gold Coast belongs to amateur theatrical producer Mrs. Gerda Pinter, pictured here with a friend. Terrace surround is tiled in slate and U-shape of house provides privacy, weather protection.

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OWN POOL— means luxury outdoor living

A RECIRCULATING swimming-pool 30ft. by 15ft., which is a comfortable size for the average family, can be installed on an uncomplicated site for about £1400. It can be bought for cash or on terms of up to ten years.

This quote is for a pool lined with an imitation marble material composed of white cement mixed with ground marble dust and one layer of 6in. by 6in. tiles for easy removal of scum around top edge of pool.

A surround one foot wide of exposed aggregate or wood-float cement-rendered surface is provided.

The price also includes the gear necessary to keep the pool in perfect condition, filter, floating suction hose, plastic leaf scoop, pool brush, and chlorine test kit. In fact, a lovely pool ready to enjoy all summer.

But this is just one type of swimming-pool. With modern methods and materials pools can be constructed in many shapes and sizes and with various linings and trims.

Moreover, a pool is such an important purchase, one you are likely to make perhaps once in a lifetime, that it deserves careful planning. If you are dissatisfied with the result you won't be able to make an exchange as with most other purchases.

SHAPE OF POOL

Recent developments in the use of sprayed concrete and special formwork provide an almost unlimited number of designs from which to choose, from the standard rectangle to a variety of free-forms such as kidney, wedge, fan, boomerang, etc.

Free-form shapes generally cost no more than standard, but before deciding on an unusual shape you should carefully consider your requirements. A rectangular pool, for example, is more suitable for races.

SIZE

Size of your pool will depend on the area of suitable land available, the number of people who will use the pool, and, in most cases, price.

The 30ft. x 15ft. pool previously mentioned is adequate for the needs of the average family, is easy to maintain, and cost of chlorination is not excessive (about 1/- a day in summer).

If the pool is to be used for diving, costs will be increased. For ordinary use 35 square feet is enough for each person, but each diver needs 100 square feet of water and greater depth. A one-metre board requires 8ft. 6in. depth of water and a pool length of 35ft. as the absolute minimum.

LOCATION

A pool is such an attractive feature of the outdoor area the whole year round that it should, if possible, be located where it can be seen from living-room, veranda, or terrace. Many people have the pool right next to the house so that house, patio, and pool form a pleasant entity.

Other factors should also be considered. A pool needs plenty of sunlight, it must be at least five or six feet away from existing structures, and it should be built on an uncomplicated site unless you are prepared to meet extra construction costs.

For example, a pool structure designed for an excessively filled area is costly — a pool must rest on solid ground. Hard rock which has to be removed by pneumatic hammers will also increase the cost.

A pool located on a gentle slope will not pose any problems, but one on a steep hillside, although picturesque, will need retaining walls.

Access for power excavating machinery and trucks to take away the excavated material is also important. Hand excavation is a costly business, unless you are prepared to do it yourself. You can also save on cartage if you use the excavated materials for building up terraces or gardens.

LINING

The basic concrete lining should be finished with a material which has a smooth surface, a bright, attractive appearance, and is easy to clean.

The imitation marble previously mentioned has all these qualities, is inexpensive and long-lasting. The special swimming-pool paints now available are also effective, and even cheaper. They give a high-gloss satin finish which makes the water sparkle.

In both cases it is necessary to provide at least one row of tiles around the top edge for easy removal of scum.

For sheer beauty a pool lined completely with white, blue, or green tiles has no equal, but the cost is high, from £600 to £700 for a pool 30ft. by 15ft.

WALKAWAYS

The walkaway area around the pool must be non-slip, but it can also be decorative. Suitable materials are exposed aggregate, cement (rendered with a wood instead of a steel float), sandstone, brick, concrete and slate.

It might be as well to issue a note of warning here. Swimming-pool experts advise against constructing a poolside patio (other than a narrow trim) until the pool has settled.

PERMITS AND CONTRACTS

Before a swimming-pool can be constructed on your property you will have to obtain a permit from your local council, whose engineers will check the design.

The pool building contractors can arrange this for you.

You will also need to check possible restrictions such as easements, building alignment, or site of sewers.

Be sure, too, that the pool builders draw up a complete contract and specification which states in detail everything you will obtain for your money, from the size and shape of the pool to the materials used, the filter system, and cleaning equipment.

Your contract should also state all extras, i.e., cost of removing rock, cost of pumping underground water during construction, etc. You don't want "hidden" extras to add to costs.

CARE OF POOL

For full enjoyment the home swimming-pool must be maintained in a clear, sparkling, and healthy condition, free of leaves, dirt, algae, and harmful bacteria. This entails correct, regular chemical and physical treatment — filtration, skimming, vacuuming, chlorination, etc.

Filtration: At one time most pools were the "fill and drain" kind which had to be periodically drained, cleaned thoroughly, and then refilled. The modern recirculating pool with its filter system makes cleaning the pool a comparatively simple matter.

Sand filters and diatomaceous earth filters, the two basic types used in recirculating pools, remove sediment and suspended matter from the pool.

However, the filter must be cleaned out about once a week to remove accumulations of sediment and algae, or the recirculating system will not function efficiently.

This "backwashing" (reversing the normal filter flow) entails only the flick of a switch.

Vacuuming: The swimming-pool float suction hose works on a similar principle to the ordinary household vacuum-cleaner, except that it draws water instead of air through the head.

It sucks up dirt and sediment from the floor and sides of the pool and carries it through the hose for removal through the filter.

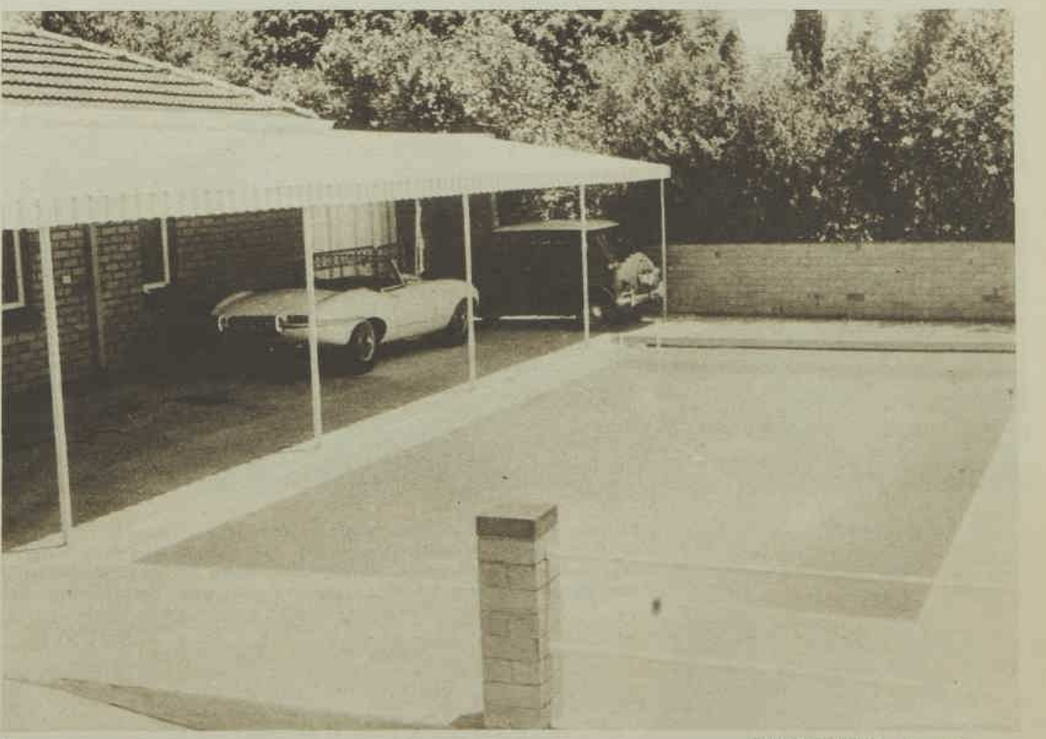
Skimming: To remove leaves, twigs, grass cuttings, and other rubbish which gets into the pool an automatic surface skimmer can be used. This is a device built directly into the pool or attached to the filtering system. It includes a basket to strain off coarse material like leaves or twigs. The basket should be cleaned once a week.

Much cheaper but also effective is a leaf scoop — a plastic net attached to a long pole. It is hand-operated from the side of the pool and should be used daily to remove leaves and other large floating matter.

Chlorination: The importance of daily chlorination cannot be stressed too much. Chlorine guards against the development of algae (the tiny plant growths which cause slime and unsightly green stains on the sides and floor of pool) and keeps the water free of harmful bacteria.

During the swimming season the water should be tested daily to check chlorine content, alkalinity or acidity (a kit is readily available from your pool manufacturer), and the correct amount of chlorine (in liquid, granular, or tablet form) added.

Finally, you might consider buying a safety net to place over the pool when it is not in use.



HOME POOL (right) in Adelaide suburb is conveniently close to house for instant dips. High wall provides privacy, aluminium-covered carport doubles as poolside shelter.

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SPRING, summer, or fine weather any time of year is outdoor-living time, and that means appetites sharpened by fresh air and fun. Satisfy them with tasty barbecue meals. Our picture was taken at Mrs. T. Brown's home at Palm Beach, N.S.W., when daughter Uvon was entertaining her friends.

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BARBECUE MEALS ARE EASY

● When there's a barbecue, everybody wants to get into the act! There's no lack of willing helpers — and even the man of the family has the chance to shine as chef.

A BARBECUE is a happy, relaxed way to cook for the family or entertain a crowd, so don't try anything elaborate. Keep the food simple, but have plenty.

Appetites sharpen in the fresh air — and when the first tempting aromas of sizzling steaks or chops come drifting by you'll have a line-up of hungry people, with plates at the ready.

Sausages and big, juicy hamburgers are good, and inexpensive, too — and they're a favorite with teenagers, as also are frankfurters, served with a spicy barbecue sauce.

Have a variety of relishes — mustard, chutneys, and pickled cucumbers — and plenty of hot rolls and butter.

Big bowls of salad, perhaps two or three varieties, well chilled, team well with the hot food. Add a bowl or basket of fresh fruit in season, right where everyone can reach it.

Crisp apples, halved or quartered rockmelon, pineapple slices, and big wedges of watermelon are all favorites and easily handled.

Drinks are important in the hot weather — cool thirst quenchers such as lemonade with ice cubes in each glass, or a tall, easily made cola float. Watch the top change to a froth of coffee-colored bubbles as you drop in the ice-cream.

From our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

SAVE WORK: Barbecue time is for relaxing, so cut work to a minimum. To save washing up, use paper plates, cups, bowls, napkins. Make disposable pans from aluminium foil for anything which has only to be re-heated on top of the barbecue, such as garlic bread, rolls, buns, etc.

Do any kitchen work such as preparing drinks and salads, making sandwiches, garlic and chive bread, etc., before you begin to cook at the barbecue.

EQUIPMENT: Basic requirements are simple — tongs for turning meat and other food, a long-handled fork or skewer, long-handled spoons, an egg-slice, a knife, salt and pepper shakers (these are available with long handles for barbecue use).

A padded glove is useful for hot pan handles, and you will also need a wide pastry brush or small paint brush for brushing foods with marinades or barbecue sauce.

Choose a heavy-based iron frying pan for cooking eggs, bacon, etc. If you can find an old iron coffee pot to stand on the barbecue, your family and friends will enjoy serving themselves from it.

An ice bucket is perhaps a luxury item, but one that will be much appreciated in hot weather. Use it for holding ice cubes.

BARBECUE NOTEBOOK: Use it to keep recipes, hints, and ideas. You'll be surprised how often you'll refer to it during the summer months; and when next year's barbecue time comes round you'll be ready with a file of favorite recipes.

Overleaf are recipes for a variety of delicious, easily prepared dishes to put in that file.

Continued overleaf

ALL READY to enjoy hero sandwich they prepared themselves are, from left, John Sinclair, Min King, Harmen Lightfoot. It's a french loaf with filling. *See page 28.*

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BARBECUE MEALS . . . from page 25

● Barbecued meats, tender and tasty with marinade or sauce and teamed with vegetables and salads, are guaranteed to satisfy hearty outdoor appetites. Our recipes are easy, many can be prepared beforehand.

MEATS

Steak and Chops: Cut off some of excess fat on steaks and chops. This will prevent fire beneath flaring too much as fat drips down. To keep meat tender and juicy, baste occasionally with a barbecue sauce, or spoon over, while meat is cooking, a little red wine.

Sausages: Thin sausages are best for barbecues, as they cook faster and are less likely to split. If you prefer larger sausages be sure to cook them slowly and carefully.

All sausages should be pre-cooked before barbecuing. Place them in a large saucepan with cold water to cover (add a clove of garlic to water for additional flavor) and bring slowly to just below boiling point. Then drain and prick skins. Grill on barbecue until well browned and crisp.

Frankfurts: Place in saucepan with cold water to cover and bring to just below boiling point. Allow to cool in water, then place on barbecue to heat through.

BLUE BURGERS

Two pounds minced steak, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 4oz. blue vein cheese, 4oz. butter, hamburger buns.

Combine steak with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Form into patties. Crumble cheese and combine with softened butter. Grill burgers over barbecue in usual way until cooked to taste. Then top each burger with a little cheese and butter mixture. Heat for a minute or two. Serve in buttered hamburger buns.

BARBECUED LAMB STEAKS

Six lamb steaks (cut from centre of leg of lamb), 1 clove garlic (crushed), ¼ cup each oil and melted butter.

Combine oil, butter, and crushed garlic. Trim steaks and brush with oil mixture. Place on barbecue and grill until cooked to taste. Serve at once.

LAMBURGERS

One and a half pounds minced lamb, salt and pepper, 1-3rd cup milk, bacon rashers.

Combine lamb, salt, pepper, and milk. Shape mixture into patties and circle each with a strip of bacon. Secure bacon with cocktail sticks. Grill on barbecue for about 10 minutes on each side, depending on thickness of patties.

GLAZED FRANKFURTS

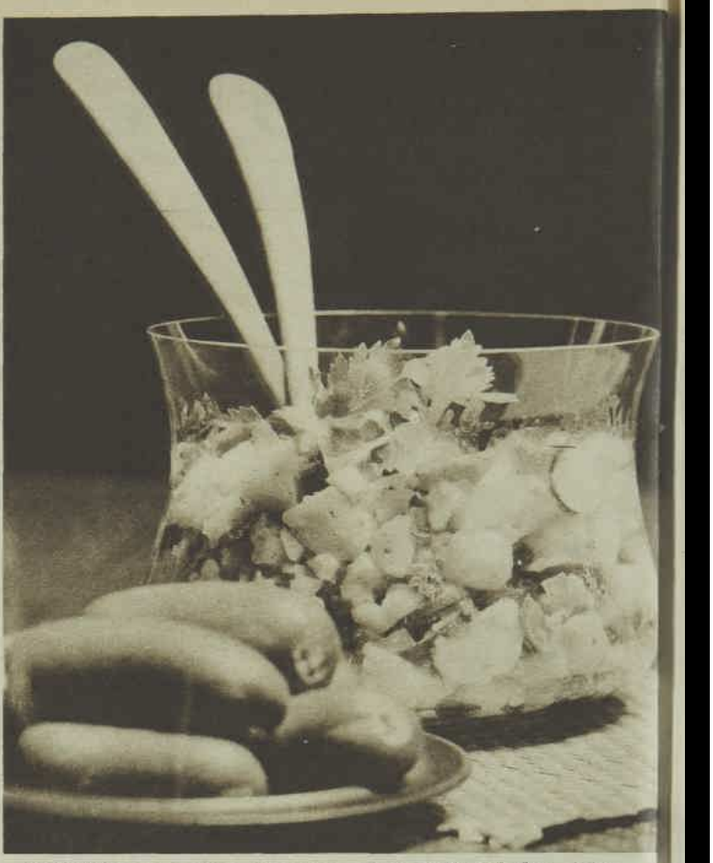
Pre-cooked frankfurts, cloves, brown sugar, mustard, little water.

Make criss-cross gashes in frankfurts and stick with cloves, 2 or 3 to each frankfurt. Make a paste of 2 parts brown sugar to 1 of dry mustard and a little water. Spread lightly over frankfurts and wrap in foil. Heat on barbecue for about 10 minutes.

MUSTARD FRANKFURTS

Six pre-cooked frankfurts, 2oz. softened butter, bread rolls, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, salt and pepper.

Place frankfurts on grill and allow to heat through. Meanwhile, combine butter with mustard, salt and pepper, spread on rolls. Place a hot frankfurt in each roll. Serve immediately.



POTATO salad, crisp and tasty, teams well with hot, juicy frankfurts (see recipe, left). Salads are a good choice for barbecue meals, are satisfying, can be prepared well ahead.

MARINADES AND SAUCES

TENDERISING MARINADE

Half cup oil, ½ cup soy sauce, ½ cup whisky, 2 small onions (thinly sliced), 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon chopped green ginger, pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, dash wine vinegar.

Combine all ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Soak less tender cuts of meat in marinade for at least 6 hours and baste meat with it during cooking.

RED WINE MARINADE FOR STEAK

Half cup oil, juice of 1 lemon, ½ cup red wine, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon thyme, 1 bayleaf (crumbled), salt and pepper, 1 onion (chopped).

Mix all ingredients well. Marinate steak in mixture for 12 hours. Brush with marinade while cooking.

COOKED BARBECUE SAUCE

Two cloves garlic (crushed with a little salt), 2 onions finely chopped, ½ cup oil, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup worcestershire sauce, 1 cup red wine vinegar, ½ cup brown sugar or honey, ½ teaspoon dried thyme, 1 small green pepper (seeded and chopped), ¼ cup chopped parsley, freshly ground pepper.

Heat oil in large saucepan, add garlic and onions and cook gently until soft and golden. Add tomato puree, worcestershire sauce, vinegar, brown sugar or honey, thyme, green pepper, chopped parsley, and pepper. Bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes. Check seasoning. Serve as accompaniment to grilled meats or use for basting. Store in covered container in refrigerator.

SIMPLE BARBECUE SAUCE

Two cloves of garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper, ½ small onion (grated), 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, juice of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 2 cups tomato puree.

Place all ingredients in screw-top jar and shake thoroughly. Use to baste meat during cooking.

PIQUANT TOMATO SAUCE

One cup tomato sauce, 1 cup tomato puree, salt and pepper, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, dash tabasco sauce, squeeze lemon juice, 1 bayleaf.

Combine all ingredients. Place in a saucepan, cover and simmer gently until onion is soft. Remove bayleaf before serving.

CHINESE BARBECUE SAUCE

One cup soy sauce, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 1 dessertspoon grated green ginger, ½ cup sherry.

Combine all ingredients. Use for marinating and basting barbecued meats, especially lamb and pork.

VEGETABLES AND SALADS

RICE SALAD

One pound long-grain rice, salted water, ½lb. sliced green beans, ½lb. diced carrots, 2 tablespoons each chopped parsley and chives, 1 small red pepper (finely chopped), ½ cup sliced celery, salt and pepper, well-seasoned french dressing, 3 tomatoes.

Cook rice in plenty of boiling salted water until tender. Drain thoroughly. Meanwhile, cook beans and carrots until just tender. Drain, cool, and add to rice together with parsley, chives, red pepper, celery, salt and pepper. Pour over sufficient french dressing to moisten thoroughly, toss lightly. Pile on to serving platter. Decorate with peeled and quartered tomatoes.

FOIL-ROASTED CORN

Cobs of corn, butter, salt and pepper.

Remove husks and silk from corn, spread with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wrap each piece securely in aluminium foil and cook on barbecue for 20 to 30 minutes, turning several times. To serve — turn back foil, top with extra butter.

SAVORY FOIL-BAKED TOMATOES

Six medium-sized firm tomatoes, salt and pepper, 1 large onion (cut into six thin slices).

Cut each tomato in halves crosswise and sprinkle cut surfaces with salt and pepper. Put halves together again with slice of onion between. Fasten each whole tomato with a cocktail stick and wrap in square of foil. Place on edge of barbecue and "bake" for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve at once.

GRILLED EGGPLANT SLICES

One eggplant, flour, butter, oil, salt and pepper.

Peel eggplant and cut into ⅜in. slices. Dredge lightly with flour, brush with oil, dot with butter. Grill over barbecue as you would a hamburger (or cook under pre-heated indoor grill), turning once during cooking. After turning, brush again. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

INDIAN-STYLE ROAST CORN

Corn cobs (with husks), butter, salt and pepper.

Turn back husks and strip off silk. Then re-cover cobs with husks. Arrange on barbecue and cook for 15 to 20 minutes, or until husks are dry and brown. Turn corn frequently. To serve, remove husks. Spread each cob with plenty of butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

CREAMY COLESLAW

One firm head of cabbage, 1 cup sour cream, ½ cup salad oil, 1 tablespoon sugar, salt and pepper, ¼ cup chopped parsley.

Shred cabbage finely and place in large bowl. Combine remaining ingredients, mix thoroughly. Pour dressing over salad, toss lightly. Let stand for at least 1 hour before serving.

BASIC FRENCH DRESSING

Quarter cup white vinegar, ¾ cup salad oil, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, salt and pepper.

Place ingredients in screw-top jar, shake thoroughly. Shake again before serving. Use with simple green salad.

COLD POTATO SALAD

Six medium-sized potatoes, boiling salted water, 1 cup salad oil, 1-3rd cup red wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper, 3 or 4 shallots (chopped), 4 pieces celery (sliced), chopped parsley.

Cook potatoes in jackets in boiling salted water until just tender. Cool slightly and peel. Slice into bowl. Heat oil with vinegar, salt and pepper, pour over potatoes. Add celery and shallots. Mix well, turn into serving bowl. Chill, sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Six rashers bacon, 1 onion, ½ green pepper, salt and pepper, ½ cup vinegar, ½ cup sour cream, 2lb. new potatoes (cooked and sliced), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Chop bacon, onion, and pepper finely. Saute over gentle heat until bacon is cooked and vegetables soft and golden. Add seasoning, potatoes, vinegar, and sour cream. Stir until potatoes are hot and well coated with dressing. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

SIMPLE COLESLAW

One medium-sized green cabbage (shredded), 1 small onion (chopped), salt and pepper, juice of half lemon, ½ cup mayonnaise.

Place cabbage in bowl with onion, salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Mix in mayonnaise, blend well. Chill thoroughly before serving.

BLUE CHEESE SALAD

One head of lettuce (shredded), 1 green pepper (seeded and chopped), 2 tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), 1 stick of celery (diced), 1 small onion (finely chopped), salt and pepper, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 4 tablespoons oil, 2oz. crumbled blue vein cheese.

Rub wooden salad bowl with split clove of garlic. Add all chopped salad ingredients, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Combine oil and vinegar, pour over salad, toss lightly. Finally, sprinkle top of salad with crumbled cheese.

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Thriftiest in the big, big Family Size

Main meal or snack — food flavours liven with the zesty tang of delicious Coca-Cola. Serve Coke tall and cool from the big, big family size bottle — just right when there are four or more to share.

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BARBECUE MEALS . . . from page 26

● Some more recipes to make any barbecue a party occasion, savory breads, delicious thirst-quenchers, and, for the sweet-tooths, a very special dessert.

BREADS

HERO SANDWICH

One long loaf french bread, butter, slices of salami, tomatoes, and cheese, lettuce leaves, salt and pepper.

Cut loaf in three, longways, using a sharp knife, and butter each section. Arrange overlapping slices of salami on bottom section, top with lettuce leaves and middle section. Top this with sliced tomatoes and cheese, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and arrange more lettuce leaves on top. Then cover with remaining section of bread. Cut into thick pieces for serving.

GARLIC BREAD

One long loaf french bread, ¼lb. butter, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), salt and pepper.

Slice loaf, cutting just to bottom crust but not right through. Melt butter and add salt, pepper, and garlic. Fan slices of bread apart, and pour a little garlic butter between each slice. Brush top with any remaining butter. Wrap in foil, heat on barbecue.

FRANKFURTER ROLL

One long loaf of french bread, garlic butter (see recipe for Garlic Bread), sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumbers, sliced cooked frankfurts, mayonnaise, slices of cheese.

Split loaf longways and brush with garlic butter. Toast lightly over barbecue if desired. On bottom half arrange sliced tomatoes and cucumbers and top with frankfurts. Spread with mayonnaise and top with slices of cheese. Top with other half of bread. Cut into pieces for serving.

HERBED FRENCH BREAD

One long loaf french bread, ¼lb. softened butter, ½ cup chopped parsley, ¼ cup finely chopped shallots, ¼ cup finely chopped chives.

Cut loaf in halves longways. Combine softened butter with remaining ingredients. Spread on two halves and join together sandwich fashion. Wrap in foil and heat on top of barbecue or in oven if preferred.

PARSLEY BUTTER BUNS

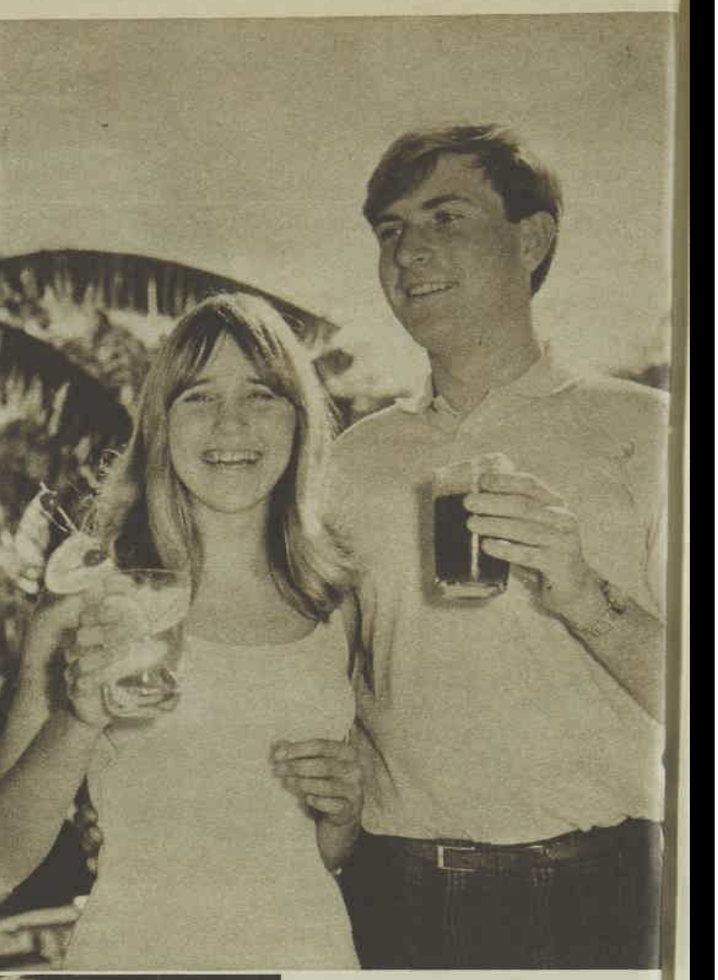
Three tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, hamburger buns.

Blend parsley with softened butter, salt and pepper. Split buns, spread with the parsley butter. Wrap in foil, seal loosely. Warm on grill for 10 minutes, turning once. While hot, insert a juicy hamburger.

CHEESE AND SALAMI BUNS

Six hamburger buns, slices of cheddar or mozzarella cheese, tomato paste, oil, ½ teaspoon oregano, slices of salami, 2 tablespoons chopped onions, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped black olives.

Split buns, place slice of cheese in each. Spread on a little tomato paste, sprinkle with oil. Cover with mixture of oregano, onion, pepper, and olives, top with salami. Wrap buns in foil, heat over grill 10 to 15 minutes.



BARBECUE party guests Jenny Follett and John Denovan (above) enjoy homemade lemon squash, creamy cola float. See our easy recipes on this page.

DRINKS

ICED TEA

Freshly brewed tea, ice-cubes, sugar, lemon slices, mint sprigs.

Make tea and allow to cool at room temperature. (Chilling tea too rapidly will make it cloudy.) Sweeten to taste, or leave unsweetened, strain. Place ice-cubes in glasses, add tea. Garnish each glass with lemon slice and mint sprig.

ICED COFFEE

Make coffee in usual way and chill. Pour into glasses, add ice-cubes or scoops of ice-cream. Or make coffee double strength, chill. Half fill each glass with coffee, add iced water or chilled milk.

Foamy iced coffee is delicious. Make double-strength coffee, add milk as desired. Then add ice-cream. Beat with rotary beater or mix in blender until frothy. Serve at once.

Iced coffee may be sweetened to taste.

FROSTY HAWAIIAN COFFEE

Two cups cold strong black coffee, 1 cup chilled pineapple juice, 1 small block vanilla ice-cream.

Combine all ingredients. Beat thoroughly with rotary beater or use electric blender. Pour into tall glasses.

HOMEMADE LEMON SQUASH

Four pounds sugar, 1oz. Epsom salt, 1oz. citric acid, 2oz. tartaric acid, grated rind 4 lemons, 3 pints boiling water, ¾ pint lemon juice.

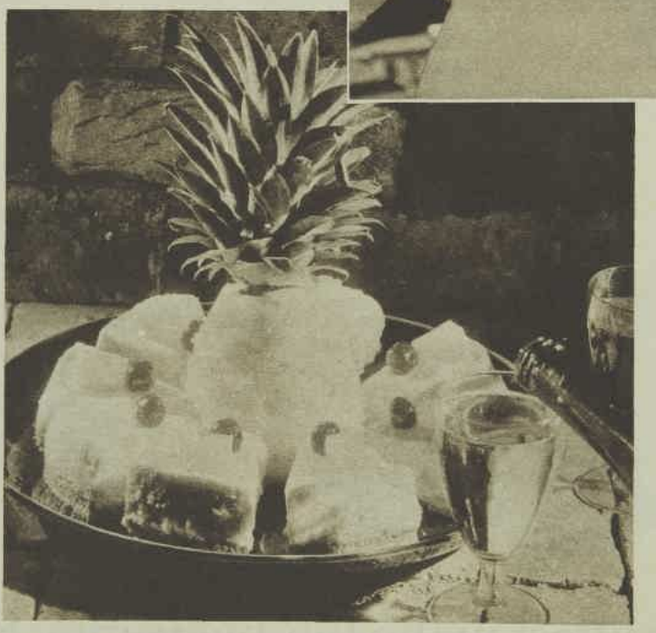
In large saucepan place sugar, Epsom salt, citric and tartaric acids, lemon rind, water, and lemon juice. Stir over heat with wooden spoon until just under boiling point. Do not boil or color will be spoiled. Strain, pour into warm bottles, cork when cold.

For each serving, pour about 2 tablespoons into large glass, fill with iced water, and add ice-cubes. Decorate glasses with lemon slices and glace cherries.

FRUITY GINGER ALE

For each serving: Two spears pineapple, 2 or 3 ice-cubes, 2 glace cherries, 2 or 3 slices lemon, ginger ale.

Arrange fruit in tall glass, add ice-cubes. Fill glass with icy-cold ginger ale. Serve at once.



CHEESE CAKE (left) with tangy pineapple flavor is a wonderful dessert for a barbecue party. See recipe below. Serve, if you wish, with a small glass of sweet wine.

COLA FLOATS

Bottles of cola beverage, scoops of vanilla ice-cream.

Fill tall glasses with icy-cold cola. Just before serving, place a scoop of vanilla ice-cream on top of each. If serving cola plain, pour two or three bottles into ice-cube tray and freeze. Drop 2 or 3 cola cubes into each chilled drink.

APRICOT FLOATS

Canned apricot nectar, scoops of vanilla ice-cream, soda water.

Quarter fill tall glasses with apricot nectar. Add scoop of vanilla ice-cream to each glass, fill with chilled soda water. Serve at once.

DESSERT

PINEAPPLE CHEESE CAKE

Crumb crust: Half pound wheatmeal or plain sweet biscuits, 3 to 4oz. butter (melted), 1 tablespoon castor sugar.

Crush biscuits finely, combine with sugar and melted butter. Press into 7in. spring form pan, refrigerate.

Filling: One pound cottage cheese, 1 small can pineapple pieces, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs (separated), ¼ pint cream (whipped), glace cherries.

Drain pineapple, reserve eight pieces for decoration, chop remainder finely. Measure syrup, reserve ½ cup. Sprinkle gelatine over pineapple syrup, set aside. Sieve cottage cheese, combine with chopped pineapple, lemon rind and juice. Place gelatine and pineapple syrup over hot water, stir until dissolved. Add sugar and beaten egg-yolks, stir over hot water until mixture thickens to consistency of cream. Cool until mixture begins to thicken, blend in cheese mixture. Fold in cream and beaten egg-whites. Spoon into prepared tin, chill until set. Decorate with reserved pineapple pieces and glace cherries.

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PLANTS FOR PATIOS

● Flowers, shrubs, and trees add fragrance, color, and charm to the outdoor living-area, but for satisfactory results their selection and treatment must be carefully planned.

BEFORE you decide on plantings for your outdoor living-area it is a sound idea to check such points as the following:

(1) Make sure that guests can move about easily without being crowded or obstructed by plants and gardens.

The result may be a bare or under-furnished look when not in use, but this can be offset to some extent by varying the color or texture of the paving, using a complementary group of container plants that can be moved to the perimeter when the area is in use, or, if the aspect is suitable, by hanging baskets. These of course should allow plenty of headroom.

(2) If the area is to be used at night avoid any changes in level that are not clearly defined.

Various treatments are often suggested for attractive "floors" of patios and terraces, such as squares of ground cover plants or loose gravel let into the paving. These will invariably be lower, or a softer texture, than the firm pavement, and even if the variation seems only slight it may be sufficient for the unwary to trip or overbalance with disastrous or at least embarrassing consequences.

Where the paving meets garden it is safer to have a built-up border to the garden even though a sunken edge may look more attractive.

(3) If for any reason small beds or planter boxes protrude into the area, they should be built up 18in. to 2ft.

Lower ones may be obvious under normal circumstances, but walk holding a plate buffet style and note how much of your patio they obscure.

(4) Keep thorny plants away from a barbecue or outdoor entertaining area.

Thorny plants include roses, bougainvilleas, cratageus, hawthorns or berberis, spiny cactus, and particularly plants such as yuccas and some agaves with needle-pointed leaves. They can be dangerous for the unwary.

(5) Avoid fleshy-leafed plants such as crassulas, sedums, graptoplyllum, and other succulents as spill-overs close to the paved area, as they can be very slippery.

(6) Be sure planting does not obscure lighting or throw shadows near steps, etc.

PATIO ATMOSPHERE

It is not difficult to give individuality to your patio. You can develop an Australian bushland atmosphere, a Japanese, Spanish, or Mexican theme, a tropical or, perhaps, a Hawaiian setting, even a formal Italian garden — or you can create your own special atmosphere.

Architecture and furnishing help a theme, but plants or plantings are the strongest influence. Accent on cypress and clipped shrubbery, for example, builds up a Mediterranean theme; white brassias, monsteras, philodendrons, bananas, and other leafy evergreens give a tropical atmosphere.

By ALLAN SEALE

However, the plants you choose must be suited to the location. This will vary according to the aspect — whether it is an open, sunny position, a cool, shady one, under a roof, etc.

PLANTS FOR COVERED PATIOS

In warm or temperate climates, if the area is well lighted without too much direct sunlight and is reasonably sheltered from wind, most of the familiar "indoor" plants can be grown easily.

These include aphelandras, brassia, cordyline, dracaena, ficus, maranta (prayer plant), monstera, peperomias, pilea, philodendrons such as P. bipinnatifidum, P. cannifolium, P. selloum and sansevieria (snake plant or mother-in-law's tongue), and climbing plants such as Cissus australis, Clerodendron balfouri, fatshedra, hoya, hedera (ivy), Philodendron cordatum, P. fredricksthalii, P. imbe, P. trifoliatum and pothos.

All these plants like plenty of water during warm weather, but should be kept rather on the dry side during the cool months. Fortunately, moisture is easy to control under a roofed section. Color may be added in summer by coleus, calladiums, Rex begonias, and the fibrous-rooted bedding types.

Under a synthetic glass roof with good wind protection, the more exotic tuberous begonias, gloxinias, or African violets can be successful. Under the same conditions cyclamen, Primula obconica, and cymbidium orchids will provide color during winter and spring.

FERNS and tropical plants grow well in Mr. Arthur Rawlinson's sheltered patio at Burleigh, Qld., provide cool, pleasant atmosphere on hottest summer day. Lattice is windbreak.

ALUMINIUM AWNINGS

The various types of ivy grow reasonably well under awnings—also Kentia palms; Aucuba japonica, with large green foliage flecked with gold; ardisia, a dwarf "tree" growing only about 2ft. high, with dark glossy foliage above a shower of glossy red berries; chlorophytum, a low plant with variegated green and white strap-like leaves; Saxifraga sarmencosa (mother of millions), which hugs the soil; aspidistras; billbergias; and, provided it is not cold or draughty, philodendrons such as cordatum.

WALLED OR SCREENED AREA WITHOUT OVERHEAD COVER

Average temperature within this enclosure will be about ten degrees higher than outside, for it traps sun but breaks cooling winds. In all but very frosty areas this offers scope for lush semi-tropicals.

For sunny walls choose from:

Acalypha (Fijian fire plant) has attractively margined or spotted colored foliage in summer and grows to about 6ft.

Banana: The Abyssinian banana is the most spectacular if space permits. The large leaves display an attractive red midrib. Average height is 10ft. with a similar spread. It does not sucker.

Brassia (umbrella tree) grows to about 20ft. but can be checked by carefully cutting back every few years.

Castanospermum (Moreton Bay chestnut) eventually makes a tall tree but foliage is attractive from early stages.

Choisya — not a tropical plant but blends well with this type of growth, has dark green foliage with orange blossom-like flowers in spring and grows to 4ft.

Cordyline — has palm-like foliage on slender canes which grow to 10ft.

Doryanthes (gigantic lily), attractive native with rosette of bright green strap-like foliage up to 6ft. long.

Ficus elastica — makes an attractive plant in a warm outdoor position. If unchecked eventually grows to 25ft. F. rubigrosa variegata is a beautiful golden variegated ficus suitable for a similar position.

Frangipani (catalogued plumeria) is at home in tropical setting — deciduous in winter.

Gardenia revels in a warm position.

Gordonia, with large white crepe-like flowers during autumn and winter, grows to 10ft.

Hibiscus — all evergreen types are suitable. Some, such as apple blossom, grow to 12ft., but majority can be kept to 6ft. Some of new Hawaiian hybrids grow only to 4ft., are useful as tub specimens.

Ixora — colorful plant in summer with clusters of orange-red flowers, grows to 3ft., requires warm position.

Magnolia grandiflora — the evergreen type with large glossy foliage — grows eventually to 20ft.

Mussaenda frondosa — a sprawling but dense bush. White leaf brack backs clusters of small orange flowers, gives bush unusual green and white appearance — 4 to 6ft.

Nerium (oleander). The variegated form, splendens variegata, can be used for foliage variation, is hardy plant for dry corner.

Psidium (guava)—both "yellow" and "strawberry" guava have attractive foliage and growth but may create problem in fruit-fly areas.

Strelitzia nicolai is a tree with a banana-like growth, but is more permanent and tidier than fruiting bananas.

Annuals such as amaranthus, salvia, marigolds, zinnias, etc., can be blended with these plants for summer color and to highlight certain sections.

Continued overleaf

ALUMINIUM awning over Mr. A. Beckman's patio at Surfers Paradise, Qld., allows shrubs in pots ample morning sunshine, but protects them from burning afternoon sun which could damage roots.

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PLANTS FOR PATIOS...continued from page 29

PART of outdoor living area (above) at Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fisher's home at Mt. Wilson, N.S.W. Erysium, ajuga, rhododendron, and this graceful flowering cherry are some of the plants which thrive in cool areas.

FOR COOL AREAS

Even here evergreens with handsome foliage, such as laurel, mahonia, numerous rhododendrons, osmanthus, etc., can be used to give an effect similar to the semi-tropicals, but in cold climates this is not a major consideration, as outdoor living is generally confined to spring, summer, and autumn.

Many beautiful deciduous trees like a cool climate and are practical, as in their deciduous winter state they only slightly obstruct precious sunlight yet provide shade during summer. Many give a bonus of spring blossoms and autumn foliage.

Suitable types include flowering cherries, cornus (dogwood), flowering peaches and plums, cercis, laburnum, crab apples. Others grown mainly for their gracefulness and foliage are silver birch, Japanese maples, golden and claret ash, golden elm, sapium, nissa, pistacia, pin oak, etc.

For a change from the general landscape a Japanese garden offers no problems.

Suitable subjects which will survive very cold winters are Japanese maples, including dissectum varieties, bamboo (better grown in large containers, as suckering can become a problem).

Also good are nandina (sacred bamboo), flowering cherries, and small conifers such as Cryptomeria nanam, Juniper communis depressa, Juniper preostrata, Sabina vulgaris, Pinus mugho, etc. Wisteria is a suitable deciduous climber.

PLANTS IN CONTAINERS

Choice of these plants is generally narrowed down to those that will not outgrow the container too quickly and ones that maintain a good appearance for most of the year.

The position of the container may determine whether or not a plant flourishes. The soil in cement or pottery tubs and pots standing in direct sunlight can become too hot for the plants' root system to function or survive.

This factor is often responsible for the failure of popular pot or tub specimens such as camellias, azaleas, and conifers, which in nature may tolerate full sunlight on their foliage but are accustomed to a comparatively cool root system.

Damage from heat may be avoided by:

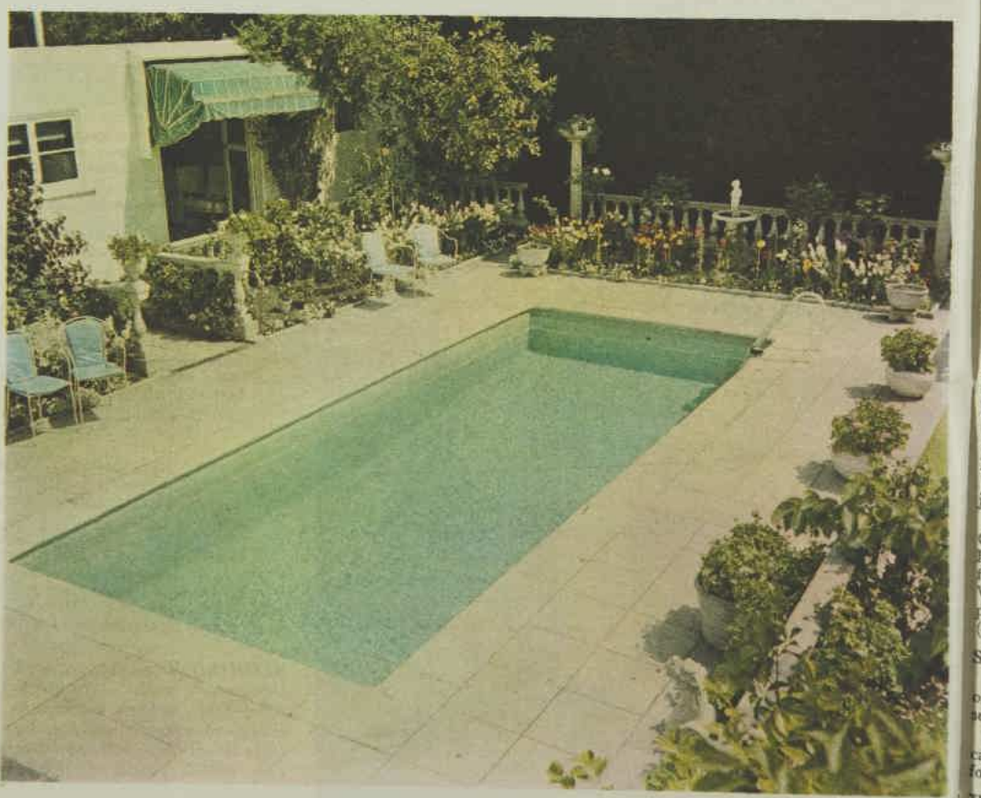
- Placing the container so that during the heat of the day it is shaded by a ledge or taller shrub.
- Choosing a semi-prostrate or spreading shrub that shades a portion of the container (listed under prostrate or spillover shrubs).
- By planting a light spillover plant such as cerastium (snow in summer) vittadenia (baby's tears), Convolvulus mauritima, prostrate verbena, etc., etc., to spill over and protect sunny side of pot.

This type of planting can be complementary to the container's main occupant.

Soil for container: Heavy loams that cake and set hard are unsatisfactory, as are light and sandy soils that heat up quickly and do not hold water.

Excellent proprietary brands of potting mixture are available from most garden stores. To make your own, use two parts each of heavy loam and sandy soil plus one part vermiculite, peatmoss, or rotted leafmould to keep it open and also help hold water.

Good drainage is important. It can be obtained by placing a layer of stones, broken crocks, or coarse charcoal in base of container.



FLOWERS in narrow beds and round tubs (right) make a charming setting for Mr. and Mrs. Basil Carden's swimming-pool in Toorak, Vic. They are protected from hot sun and wind by house and white balustrades.

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PLANTS FOR PATIOS... *continued from opposite page*

Feeding: Overfeeding can do more damage than underfeeding. There is a danger when using chemical fertiliser in heavy quantities that the chemical salts, as they become soluble, may build up strongly in soil moisture.

Should the soil in the container dry out, the concentration of chemical salts becomes even stronger, perhaps strong enough to burn the plant root growth.

Most complete fertilisers can be safely applied at the rate of one teaspoon for a 12in. pot, one level tablespoon for a plant in 2ft.-diameter container. Repeat after about three months. High - concentrate fertilisers should be used at half this rate.

The safest plan is to check rates recommended on packet for ordinary garden use, then reduce to half for container plants.

TYPES OF CONTAINER PLANTS

Warm aspects: All plants recommended for warm, sheltered patios are suitable for container growing in warm aspects. Trees such as castanospermum, stenocarpus, magnolia, etc., make attractive container specimens for at least seven years before they outgrow their pots.

For sunny positions in most climates add: Dwarf conifers (many suitable varieties), 3ft.; eriostemon, 3ft.; murraya, trimmed to 3ft.; cumquats as standards, 4ft.; Abelia schumanii, 4ft.

Buxus sempervirens, 4ft; compact, Buxus aurea variegata, 2ft. (both need cool soil), diosma, 3ft.; goldfussia, 3ft.

Hebe (veronica) andersonii, 4ft.; H. andersonii variegata, 4ft.; H. buxafolia, 2ft.; H. variabilis variegata, 3ft.; H. imperialis, 4ft.

Lantana drap d'or, 4ft.; L. chelsea gem, 4ft.; Lavender dentate, 3ft.; melastoma, 4ft.; Punica granatum nana (dwarf pomegranate), 2ft., deciduous; rosemarinus (rosemary), 2½ft.

Serissa variegata, 2ft.; Strelitzia reginae (bird's tongue), 4ft.; Strelitzia parvifolia (small-leafed variety), 4ft.; westringia, 3ft.

Cool or semi-shaded aspects: Azalea indica — all semi-dwarf and Kurme types, 2-4ft.; camellia japonica types, 6ft.; Daphne odorata rubra, 3ft.; Eriostemon myapoides (sun or shade), 3ft.; Euonymous japonica variegata, 3-4ft.; fuchsia varieties, 4ft.

Hydrangeas, Kalmia latifolia (cool areas), 4-6ft.; loropetalum, Pieria japonica (andromeda), rhododendrons, compact varieties available in cool areas, Viburnum suspensum, 5ft.

SPILLOVERS

Spillovers are especially suitable for planted boxes to spill over built-up retaining walls, terraces, etc., or to protect sunny side of containers from excessive heat.

Sunny situations: Abutilon vexalarium variegata, Agathea cölestis (blue daisy), custus (tolerates dry position under eaves, etc.), Coprosma repens ("marble leaf"), Cotoneaster horizontalis, C. pendula hillierii, Cuphea platycentra (cigarette bush), Grivellea dallachiana. Heliotrope aureum, geranium (ivy types), Lantana montevidensis, juniper of various kinds.

Shade areas: Hedera (ivy), Weber's Californian, H. cristata, Heeria elegans, Linaria cymbalaria (ivy-leafed toad flax), ceropegia (chain of hearts), Vinca minor alba, Bauera (needs moist position), fuchsias, Coprosma repens (marble leaf — sun or shade).

SHADY WALL OF SUNNY PATIO

Many of these plants are well known or have already been described in other sections. They include:

Aralia (fatsia) with cany growth, carrying large glossy green hand-shaped foliage, 3-4ft.; ardisia 2ft., aucuba 4ft.

Begonia (tree-type, white, pink, or red flowering), 5ft.

Camellia, both japonica and sasanqua have foliage that will harmonise; Coprosma repens 10ft., C. repens variegata, 5ft.

Euonymus japonicus, Jacobinia magnifica, attractive foliage and rose-pink spring flower, 5ft.

Monstera with perforated giant foliage; nandina (sacred bamboo), Phormium tenax (flax), handsome purple and variegated green-and-cream types, tolerates very wet position. Raphiolepis ovata—compact with dark green oval foliage, 6ft.

Some plants already suggested for sunny areas are also adaptable to shade, e.g., brassaia, cordyline, doryanthes, Strelitzia nicolai. Impatiens or coleus will provide summer color.

COOLER COVERED AREAS

In colder or more exposed areas where it is not possible to create the sheltered, slightly humid atmosphere required by most of those so far mentioned, the following plants are recommended:

Most succulents, including Agave attenuata, a large rosette-like plant up to 3ft. across, with wide blue-green foliage tapering to a point but not spiky; Crassula arborea, a glossy green leafy succulent, growing to about 2ft.; Crassula argentia, a woody-stemmed plant with large jade-like foliage, compact, and often developing a "bonsai"-like growth; Crassula quadrifida, a low-spreading plant, better known as "London Pride."

There are many more suitable crassulas, kalanchoes, sedums, and other succulents. The majority are not usually found in nurseries or garden stores, but they propagate easily from even relatively large sections planted in sandy soil.

All these plants will stand plenty of summer watering, but they are better kept on the dry side in winter.

Ivy is an adaptable plant, which is also suitable to a cooler situation.

Coprosma, which is often confined to seaside areas because of its tolerance to salt spray, is also a useful covered patio plant, and the glossy green oval foliage is always attractive. Under these conditions its growth is less compact and more upright. It is suited to all but the coldest parts of Australia.

CLIMBING PLANTS

Where a special effect of tracery design or balance is called for, climbing or twining plants are the answer. As most climbers can be kept within a few inches of the supporting wall or fence, they are also valuable for a background effect where space is limited.

The following climbers are all satisfactory: Jasminum polyanthum — quick-growing spring-flowering jasmine — best in part shade. Senecio (German ivy), for mild districts in sun or shade. Gelsemium — quick-growing twining creeper for sun or part shade — yellow flowers in spring.

Rhynchospermum — grows in sun or shade — twines gracefully with dark glossy foliage. Lonicera aurea reticulata, short twining or trailing creeper suitable for smaller pots. Ceropehia (chain of hearts), suitable for smaller pots or fern baskets. The fine trails may be trained over a short support or be allowed to spill over.

Hoya — does best in a warm, lightly shaded position. Solandra nitida, a vigorous cany creeper for a warm sunny position. Thunbergia gibsonii, a light trailing orange-flowered creeper for sunny positions.

Attaching creepers to walls, etc.: All these creepers need assistance to attach and train them up walls, fences, etc. In nature, ivy, pothos, philodendron, and cissus are self-clinging, but this may not be so when away from damp tree-stumps and rocks.

This is no problem when they can be threaded through louvres or lattice, but requires thought if you intend to grow them over solid walls.

To make creeper grow upright rather than across wall, construct a light lattice with two 6ft. laths held 10in. to 18in. apart by cross-pieces cut from similar material, i.e., constructed like a ladder with protruding rungs, and painted in an unobtrusive or contrasting color.

This lattice need not be attached permanently to the wall. It may be hung by one of the higher cross-pieces from two cup hooks, or protruding screws, placed a few inches apart. This allows easy removal of plants and lattice for painting or other reasons.

To train creeper across wall, use a few light wires suspended between screws, tacks, etc., and paint in same color as walls.

Another solution is to secure three wires from the one screw or stake at floor or ground level, then attach them to individual points, two or three feet apart, at the top of the wall, to form a fanned effect. The same idea could be carried out boldly with white nylon clothesline cord supported by large brass or copper hooks.

For heavy single-stemmed creepers such as fatchedra, screws may be inserted in the wall and allowed to protrude sufficiently for paper-wire stem toes to be secured round the head, then round vine.

GRAPEVINE trained up tall wooden posts makes decorative screen for patio at Canberra home of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Mackie. Climbing plants can be kept within a few inches of support, so are especially useful where space is limited.

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This picturesque section of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Harper's garden in Toorak, Victoria, is designed for the delights of outdoor living. The coolness of the swimming-pool is accentuated by the waterfall and fern-edged rock pool. The hedge gives privacy, and shrubs and trees shade for outdoor meals.

Colored lights woven through the tall liquidambar tree provide a charming atmosphere for entertaining at night.

● *Corner behind waterfall shows the dressing-room for swimmers.*

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Continued from page 33

THE REAL THING

and he would dutifully zip, and then wait downstairs for her to join him. After some minutes passed he would go up again and find her in a different dress. "I think this looks nicer, don't you?" When she came downstairs she would discover that she had smeared a freshly painted fingernail and would sit down to repair it.

"We'll be late, Helen."

"Why, I'm all ready. You haven't even got the car out. Why don't you get the car out?"

He would back the car from the garage and in a little while she would appear. "Oh, look at these gloves! I thought they were clean . . . I'll be right back."

In all other matters Helen was intelligent and efficient. Did her vacillations indicate some deep-seated insecurity? Vince didn't know, but he had learned to shut off the motor while he waited in the driveway.

"You're sure you want to stay here, alone in the house?" Helen called now.

"Yes. I arranged with Clara, as I told you. She'll come in to clean after I've made my breakfast, and I'll have lunch at the club and dinner at a restaurant. Your parents will be home from the lake with Mark and Priss a few days before you get back, and I want to be here in the house when they come."

"I think we should have tried to explain to the children."

"We've discussed that several times," he said.

The dressing-room went silent, and Vince got up and carried the suitcases to the door. He lifted them easily; at thirty he was in good shape. Nevertheless, the poundage registered; he thought, there'll be a charge for overweight.

"Vince? Did you leave a note for the milkman?"

"Yes, I did," he said.

"That was . . . a sort of silly thing to say, wasn't it?"

He didn't answer, and then he frowned a little at himself. He had grown adept at the hurtful silence. He went back to the bed and sat on the edge of it.

"What time is it, Vince?" she called again.

"Ten past two," he said, glancing not only at his wristwatch but at the sleeve of his suit. He had dressed for Helen's departure as though for an evening out. Why? Because he wanted Helen to leave with a mental picture of him at his most presentable?

He lit a cigarette and reached for the ashtray on the chest of drawers near the head of the bed. On the chest in a silver frame was a picture of Helen, Mark, and Prissy taken six months ago when Mark had been five and Prissy three and a half. It was an attractive photograph—Mark, a sturdy little towhead; Priscilla, round-eyed and solemn; Helen, light-haired, smiling. It was the kind of picture a man would have on his desk, so that he could say with offhand pride when anyone inquired, "They? Oh, you know—the standard tax deductions." But Vince had never taken it to the office.

"Where will you have dinner tonight, Vince?" Helen asked. "Your father's house?"

He had no intention of seeing his parents or anyone else tonight, but he said, "Probably," to avoid discussion.

"Give them my love, will you?"

"Yes," he replied quietly.

Give them my love. What an easy thing to say—but not so easy to do. Love, it appeared, could not be delivered like a package from a department store. It delivered itself—or failed to be delivered—and no amount of honest effort could change its schedule or its destination.

Vince puffed at the cigarette. Could he say that he had made an honest effort? He thought he could. At first, anyway, he'd put forth all he had — telling Helen how much he loved her, how pretty she looked in a new dress. But it was possible that after a while the effort, in a matter that should have required no effort, had begun to show through.

It was at about that time that the silences had begun. "Vince," Helen would say, "you've stared at that newspaper for fifteen minutes without turning a page. What are you thinking?" How could he say: "I was thinking of another evening years ago, and of the girl with whom I shared that evening"? . . .

"Vince, did it seem to you that Mark might be catching a cold when he left yesterday?" Helen called from the dressing-room.

"I don't think so, Helen."

"He's not too strong."

"He's tough as a little hickory nut."

Vince ground out his cigarette. They had touched on this before, notably the afternoon when he had sparred playfully with Mark, kneeling so he could catch Mark's blows in the palms of his hands. In an effort to avoid a light return cuff, Mark had tripped and fallen, and in surprise had begun to cry. Helen had run out and caught him fiercely to her breast. "If you want to hit somebody, why don't you find someone your own size?" she had said to Vince. Later Mark had wanted to resume the play and Vince had not been above saying, "You'll have to clear it with your mother first. She thinks you'll break if you aren't wrapped in cottonwool."

From the dressing-room there came a muffled exclamation.

"Anything wrong?" Vince asked.

"A run in my stocking. From that box you gave me for Mother's Day. They're supposed to be runproof."

Was there accusation in this? He felt like saying: "Well, you know me. I snagged each stocking with a pin before I gave them to you." But it went unsaid, to join the million other unspoken retorts.

"Vince, do they inspect planes for safety after every flight or only once in a while?"

"They inspect them after every flight and completely overhaul them after a certain number of hours."

" . . . wish a train . . . " He could barely hear her. "But it's not what you'd call a pleasure trip, is it?"

This called for no answer: it was indeed not a pleasure trip. It was a quest for resolution, and Vince, though not a praying man, prayed now that it might come, and with it a measure of peace — for Helen particularly. It might allay to some extent the guilt he'd felt for seven years, because basically the situation was his fault.

I think, he told himself in a sudden moment of clarity, that that may have been two-thirds of the trouble — my guilt feeling. Because of it I

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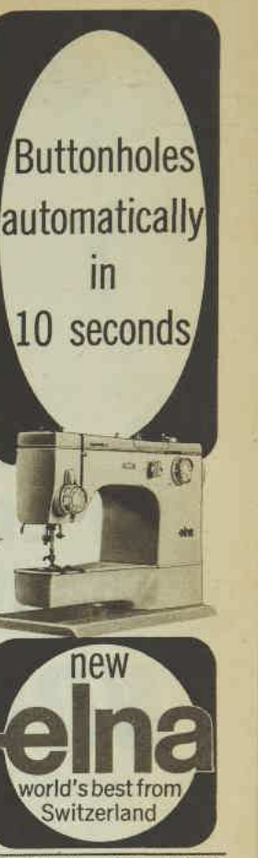
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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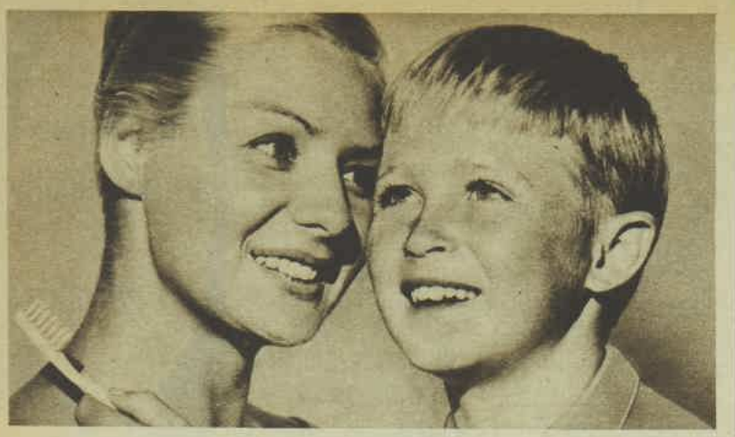

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How to beat the soaring meat prices

● With meat prices still high, because of the far-reaching effects of the drought, it is difficult to know how to provide good, substantial meals that will satisfy hearty family appetites and still keep within the household food budget. It becomes a challenge to see how much food you can provide for how little money. Hints and recipes to help you have been compiled in our Leila Howard Test Kitchen . . .

Fresh meats

VEAL is a good buy. Have the butcher cut veal steaks thinly, then pound them even thinner. One pound of veal cut this way will serve four people amply.

Flour the steaks, dip them in beaten egg (or in undiluted evaporated milk for more economy), then in breadcrumbs, and fry them quickly to make delicious schnitzels.

Sausage meat: We've used sausage meat in a recipe in this feature to make a hearty savory slice — plenty for four people and it costs only shillings.

Sausage rolls, too, are something the children love. Use the ready-packed puff pastry — it's so easy — and serve the golden, flaky rolls with a choice of vegetables.

Minced hamburger steak makes a good meat loaf (and any remaining can be thinly sliced and used for sandwiches the next day).

One pound of minced steak will make four large or six thinner hamburgers; serve on rounds of crisp, fried bread with tomatoes, potato chips, a green vegetable.

Chuck steak is the economical basis of a good steak-and-kidney pie. Simmer it gently, and it will be just as tender, when cooked, as the more expensive cuts.

Canned meats

THERE'S a wide variety of canned meats on the market, and often they're available as weekly specials at grocery stores.

Braised steak with vegetables (you will probably need two cans for four servings) can be heated, put into a casserole, topped with creamy, mashed potatoes. This gives you Shepherd's Pie—colorful, good-flavored, hearty eating.

Or use it as the easy filling for a family meat-and-vegetable pie. Here again, packaged pastry makes preparation easy.

Canned corned beef or similar canned meat can be sliced and served with salads.

An appetising alternative is to enclose it in a shell of shortcrust pastry, brush with egg-glazing or milk, and bake in a moderate oven approximately 30 minutes, until the pastry is golden and the meat heated through. This provides a hot meat loaf all ready for the evening meal.

Fish

FRESH fish is comparatively cheap and quick-frozen fish is also a good buy.

How long since you have served fish to the family? It's a mouth-watering success served with chips, lemon wedges to squeeze over, and tartare sauce. For an easy tartare sauce, mix some finely chopped gherkins into bottled mayonnaise.

Canned fish such as salmon or tuna is a dependable standby (or, for a good supper savory, sardines on hot buttered toast).

Eggs

EVERY housewife has reason to be grateful for the easy availability of fresh eggs and their versatile use. In omelets, scrambled, poached, fried, they're so easy to serve in so many different ways.

Add some sauteed chicken livers or mushrooms to scrambled eggs (or spoon them over each serving); top a sizzling hamburger with a poached or fried egg; add a savory filling to an omelet (make a 2-egg omelet for each person). They're substantial, nourishing food.

Bacon

BACON, like meat, is not cheap at this time, but a little seems to go a long way in adding flavor to so many dishes.

Pork sausages, topped with a crisp bacon slice and served with apple slices sauteed in the hot bacon drippings, are delicious.

Rice and pastas

USE rice, as we've done in our recipes, to make a little meat go a long way.

Lamb neck chops, curried, sprinkled generously with parsley and served with hot rice and chutney, are good food at any time.

Also economical is spaghetti with a savory sauce — but who thinks of economy when it tastes so good!

And now, here's a selection of recipes to guide you in inexpensive meal preparation for the family:

PAPRIKA-SEASONED LAMB SHANKS

Six or eight lamb shanks, 2 onions, salt and pepper, pinch oregano, 1 dessertspoon paprika, 1 clove garlic, 8oz. tomato sauce, ½ cup beef stock, ½ cup dry sherry (or 1 cup beef stock), oil for frying.

Arrange lamb shanks in lightly greased casserole. Saute chopped onions in hot oil until transparent, add to the casserole with combined remaining ingredients. Cover, bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours, basting occasionally. Remove cover, baste well again, and cook further 30 minutes or until lamb is tender. Add a little extra stock if needed. Serve with hot rice.

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With these appetising recipes you will be able to eat well . . . and without wrecking your budget!

PIZZA PIE

PIZZA SHELL: Six ounces plain unsweetened biscuits (those flavored with sesame seeds give a nice flavor), 3oz. melted butter or substitute, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Crush the biscuits finely, reserve two tablespoons of crumbs. Combine the biscuit crumbs with the melted butter; mix in the beaten egg and milk. Press mixture into 9in. pie plate. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes to crisp the shell base.

FILLING: Two tablespoons oil, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1lb. firm tomatoes (skinned and chopped), ½ teaspoon oregano, 1 teaspoon chilli sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, pepper and salt to taste, cheese slices, few slices salami.

Saute the garlic in hot oil; add the skinned and chopped tomatoes and seasonings. Cook until tomatoes are soft. Spoon sauce (reserve a little for topping) into prepared shell and sprinkle with the remainder of crumbs.

Cover with strips of cheese and chopped salami. Spoon over reserved sauce. Cook approximately 15 minutes in hot oven to melt cheese.

SAVORY SLICE

PASTRY: Eight ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, scant ½ cup milk.

FILLING: One pound sausage meat, 2 tart apples, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or to taste), salt and pepper, milk to glaze.

Mix unsifted wholemeal flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute. Mix to a dry dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Divide into two portions, roll each to fit greased slab-tin. Line tin with one portion. Prepare filling. Peel, core, and dice apples, mix with all other ingredients. Spread over pastry in tin; moisten edges, place remaining pastry over top. Press edges well together. Slit top in two or three places to allow steam to escape. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, cook a further 25 or 30 minutes. Cut into squares. This dish is nice served hot with vegetables. Any remaining can be used for lunches the next day.

TOMATO-VEAL SCALLOPS

Four or six thin veal steaks (about ¾ to 1lb.), 1 egg, flour, 1 dessertspoon finely grated cheese, 1 crushed garlic clove, 1 small onion, ½ green pepper, ¾ cup tomato puree, ½ cup chicken stock, finely chopped parsley, oil for frying, 4 tablespoons extra flour.

Dip steaks in flour, then in beaten egg, then in extra flour combined well with cheese. Saute finely chopped onion and green pepper in a little hot oil for 3 minutes. Add the veal steaks, saute until nicely browned on both sides and cooked through. Add tomato puree combined with stock and garlic, stir gently. Allow veal steaks to simmer for 4 to 5 minutes longer. Remove steaks to serving platter, spoon over the sauce, sprinkle with parsley. Nice served with sauteed eggplant slices.

RICE-STUFFED PEPPERS

Four large green peppers, 1 onion, oil or butter for frying, 1 cup uncooked rice, 3 cups chicken stock (use water with chicken, bouillon cubes), salt and pepper, 2 extra cups chicken stock.

Cut tops from peppers, remove seeds; parboil peppers in lightly salted water for 5 minutes; drain. Saute chopped onion in hot oil or butter, add well-washed rice; stir to coat rice well with the oil or butter. Add the 3 cups chicken stock, cover, and cook gently until rice has absorbed liquid, about 20-25 minutes. Season to taste. Fill rice mixture into parboiled peppers. Arrange peppers in baking dish, add extra stock; bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. (Any left-over diced meat or vegetables can be added to the rice mixture, before filling into peppers, to make a more substantial filling.)

LANCASHIRE HOT POT

One to 1½lb. lean stewing steak, seasoned flour, 1lb. potatoes, 3 onions, 1 pint stock (made with stock cubes), little melted butter, salt and pepper.

Cut meat into large dice, dip in seasoned flour. Peel potatoes and cut into thick slices. Peel and slice onions; arrange onions in casserole dish, top with the meat, then with the potatoes. Pour over the stock, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover, bake in a moderate oven approximately 2 hours. Twenty minutes before serving, remove lid, brush potatoes with melted butter. Allow to brown. Adjust seasoning if necessary.

EGGS WITH SPAGHETTI

One large can spaghetti in tomato sauce, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, ½ cup grated cheese.

Spread spaghetti into lightly greased 8in. pie plate. With back of spoon, make 2 depressions in spaghetti; drop an egg into each. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and cheese. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes or until eggs are cooked to taste. Makes 2 servings.

TUNA-RICE CASSEROLE

One small can tuna, 8oz. can cream of celery soup, 1 cup cooked rice, 2 slightly beaten egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper (blanched), 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, lemon wedges.

Combine tuna with half the soup, rice, egg-yolks, lemon juice, green pepper, and grated onion. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into a greased oblong baking dish or casserole and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until set. Cut into squares and serve with parsley sauce.

Sauce: Heat remaining soup, add the milk and parsley. Garnish with lemon wedges.

GOLDEN TRELLIS FLAN

Half pound prepared shortcrust pastry, twelve-ounce can corned beef with potato, 2 medium tomatoes (cut into small wedges), ½ cup day-old breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon milk, 2 eggs (lightly beaten), salt and pepper to taste.

Roll out three-quarters of the pastry and line a flan ring or 8in. pie plate. Roll out remaining pastry and cut into strips ¼in. wide.

Filling: Mash the canned meat, add the milk, tomato wedges, breadcrumbs, and beaten egg (reserving a little egg for glazing the pastry top). Season mixture to taste with salt and pepper. Fill the pastry case with the meat mixture, smoothing over the top. Arrange the pastry strips in a lattice pattern over the top, trim edges, and glaze with the reserved egg. Bake in a hot oven for 45 minutes or until pastry is golden brown.

CHINESE BEEF WITH RICE

Half pound rice (cooked), oil for frying, ¾lb. lean beef steak (round or topside), 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 2 small green peppers, 1 small onion, ½ small cabbage (finely shredded), salt and pepper.

Cut steak into fine slivers, sprinkle over the soy sauce, and mix well. Heat oil in pan, add the beef, cook until beef changes color. Add chopped peppers, thinly sliced onion, and cabbage. Cook, stirring, over medium heat 3 to 4 minutes. Season to taste.

Meanwhile, in another pan, heat about 1 tablespoon oil, add the cooked rice, and stir until rice is heated through. To serve, spoon beef mixture over the hot rice.

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2. All entries will be considered and will be judged on their accuracy, and the creativeness and skill shown in completing the slogan in 10 words or less.
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5. Entries close on 6th November, 1965, and entries received at P.O. Box 5453CC, G.P.O., Melbourne, later than the last post on 6th November will not be considered.
6. All entries become the property of Beecham (Australia) Ltd., and may be used for advertising purposes.
7. Any resident of Australia may compete except employees of Beecham (Australia) Pty. Ltd., and U.S.P-Benson Pty. Ltd., their Advertising Agents.
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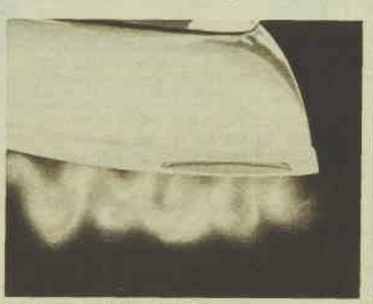

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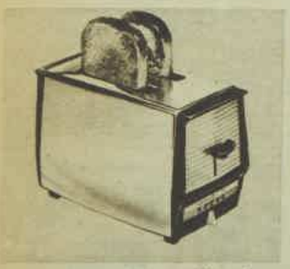

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AT HOME . . . *with Margaret Sydney*

● All good cooks can now leave the room, because I want to talk about making gravy. Incidentally, if you know any good cooks, never talk to them on this subject. It's an obsession with them.

THEY'LL blind you with science and bore you to death talking about brown roux and white roux, glazes and half-glazes, velputes, soubises, and maitres d'hotel.

They'll paint for you such a picture of violent activity, fierce concentration, and artistic involvement that you'll know darn well that if you make a gravy, according to their instructions, it would have to be the only dish served at a meal, because you simply wouldn't have time to cook anything else to go underneath it.

My longing to talk about gravy arises from a heated argument with my sister which carried us all through the preparation of a meal and halfway through the meal itself when she had dinner with us recently.

Alison is a fabulous cook — and she doesn't mind telling you so. She's so good that if she were not my sister her mere presence in the kitchen would paralyse me.

As she is my sister I can answer her cries of horror and condemnation by saying "either shut up or take over and do it yourself." This doesn't make her do either, of course, but it does make my attitude clear.

I learnt to make gravy in the way averagely competent but unpretentious cooks make it. That is to say you lift the joint out of the hot fat, put it on a meat dish, and put it back in the hot oven (which to start with is a thing I hate doing with a good joint).

Next you push some of the clamoring family out of the way, step over the dog, and stagger over to a bench, with the pan of hot fat, and pour all but a tablespoonful of it back into your dripping bowl.

It's difficult not to rock the gravy boat . . .

IF you don't like the perilous journey over and round people and things while you're carrying a meat dish of almost boiling fat, you perform the straining operation among the boiling vegetable saucepans at your stove (which is too high for the operation, so inevitably you spill a few runnels of it, which must be scraped and cleaned up later).

Next, you put some flour into the tablespoon of fat in your meat dish and chase it round with some sort of stirring instrument, praying that it will brown evenly.

It won't, because the meat dish is bigger than the hotplate or the gas jet under it. If you're cautious, you'll end up with a sickly anaemic-looking mess of flour and fat; if you're persistent, you'll produce gravy that has dark flecks of unidentifiable burnt material in it.

Next, you add stock or water from one of the vegetables, and the whole repulsive mess is screened by steam. And then some lovable person says for the umpteenth time: "Gee, aren't we ever going to eat; I'm starving."

You ignore this, peering through the steam in a hopeless effort to see whether you've put too little, enough, or too much fluid into the gravy. As the steam clears, you add whatever takes your fancy at the moment in the way of extra flavorings, and turn your attention to dishing up the vegetables while the gravy brings itself to the boil.

By the time you get back it's boiling furiously in the middle of the pan and has a repellent skin at the edges.

This, you decide, will have to be strained, so you step over the dog again, search for a clean strainer, snap savagely at whoever it is who says: "If it's not ready soon I won't have time to eat it," find something to strain the gravy into, stagger back to the stove, strain it, and realise that somehow you've neglected to remember to salt it.

By this time you are hot and frazzled and not particularly hungry, and your beautiful joint has been slowly spoiling in the oven for seven or eight minutes.

How to be a success as an undercover cook

YEARS ago I got sick of all this and started to cheat. I was secretive about it and I never admitted my methods. I became a social outcast — an undercover gravy-maker who could only operate in private.

Let me tell you how it's done.

The time to make your gravy is any time you like, as long as it's at least a quarter of an hour before the joint is done. Use a small saucepan — the battered one I use is four inches across at the bottom — so that it heats evenly.

Put a tablespoon of used dripping into it, add a tablespoon of flour, stir it over the heat till it's smooth and as brown as you like it. Add liquid: stock, vegetable water, or **plain water** if you're desperate — nobody but you is going to know — stir till it boils and thickens, and then add salt and pepper and whatever else you fancy.

This way you've got time to think. Sometimes I put half a teaspoon of dry mustard into it, or a dash of one or two bottled sauces, or some paprika, or a bit of mushroom ketchup, or a pinch of dried herbs if it's for veal.

And why be a snob and refuse to use coloring matter? If you like a rich-looking dark gravy free from any burnt taste, that's the best way of achieving it.

Your gravy is now made. It's smooth, it doesn't need straining; it's as thin or as thick as you wanted it; it tastes delicious, because you've had time to go on adding bits of this and that; and it can sit on the stove and be reheated whenever you want it.

You can now dish up the rest of your dinner without getting into a tizz and without risking scalding yourself or anyone else. And, best of all, you can carve your joint the minute it's ready.

It was this method of making gravy that called forth such screams of horror from Alison. After she had had two helpings and we had twisted her arm a bit she admitted that it tasted fine. "But it's not the way to make gravy," she said. "I don't care how it tastes. It just proves you've got no moral principles."

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AUSTRALIAN Home AND FAMILY Journal 2/-

THE REAL THING

Continued from page 45

tried too hard sometimes and drew back into silence at other times.

"Are my gold earrings in there?"

He looked around. "Not unless they're hidden in a case somewhere."

"I had them out . . . Oh, here they are."

Gold earrings. They were her best, just as this suit was his best and this shirt one of his new ones. Was Helen unconsciously trying to be at her most presentable, too? But she always looked good, even in a housedress or slacks.

"I suppose I'm getting too matronly for slacks, Vince, comfortable as they are," she had said recently.

"You look fine in them, Helen," he'd answered, and then pushed away the memory of another girl, wild-haired, laughing, flushed, who had looked adorable even in rumpled blue jeans.

He looked restlessly at his watch.

"You'll be free to go back to the office," she had said. But he was not sure she knew he wasn't going to the office, not this afternoon; it was simply another reproach of hers. He wanted to be here alone.

Helen came from the dressing-room in the light blue, raw-silk dress that she deemed her most becoming. It was not much lighter than her eyes. Her hair, darkening a bit as she drew toward thirty, was still quite blonde. Her skin was one of her outstanding features — soft and satiny — and she had long, slim legs. There was nothing wrong with Helen's appearance. There was little wrong with her character either, Vince conceded. As a wife she was top grade. As his wife — well, that was something else again.

"Have you enough money?"

She laughed, a small, strained sound. "Aren't we the civilised ones, though! Yes, I have plenty of money." Her eyes darkened. "The children haunt me. Are you sure we shouldn't have tried to explain to them?"

"Let them have their fun with Grandpa and Grandma up in Michigan. They'll be with you later, anyway."

"About letters to them. I'll send mine here and you can enclose them with your own letters. I shrink from that Reno postmark, even though they wouldn't understand."

Vince nodded. "That may be best."

She said, almost inaudibly, "So much to understand, for all of us. And so much fear of trying . . ."

Outside, a horn sounded. He faced Helen, and there was a moment of intense embarrassment. What to do? It was certainly no time for even the most constrained of kisses. A handshake? In the end he simply turned away, picked up the suitcases, and carried them downstairs. The driver put them into the trunk and Helen got into the cab. She looked at Vince through the window, opened for the warm July day; he looked back at her. The cab drove off; that was their goodbye.

VINCE went back into a house that soon he would know only as a visitor. The house would be Helen's when the divorce was granted, and also a third of his income until she remarried. He could see the children every Sunday.

The children . . . His parents and Helen's knew, of course, and the lawyers, but that was all so far. The children did not know, though Prissy had said a disconcerting thing just before Helen's parents had come to take the kids to the Lake Michigan cottage. "Nothing's going to happen to you and Mummy, is it?"

Vince started to go into the living-room, then turned and went on up the stairs. The house seemed very strange with Helen gone from it. He looked with newly observant eyes at details so familiar with the years that he tended not to see them any more — the curving staircase with the dimly flowered strip of carpet; the panelling on the wall, put there because it could be washed free of small fingerprints; the crayon drawings produced by Mark at Miss Kline's kindergarten, solemnly framed.

He went into the master bedroom, which took up the front half of the second floor. The mistress' bedroom for the past year, he thought. The quarrel preceding that small but mighty change of title had been all the deadlier for being half suppressed.

To page 61

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"I'd love to go into orbit, just to know that wonderful feeling of weightlessness."

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. . . *Margaret Merril*

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COOKING WITH WINE

• Wine adds flavor, aroma, and variety to food. This alone would be sufficient to recommend its use in cooking, but there are practical reasons, too.

WINE WEEK will be celebrated from October 10 to October 16. Celebrate this event by trying some of the luscious wine - flavored recipes on this page. They show how wine can enhance savory as well as sweet dishes.

Why cook with wine?: Once wine is brought to the boil, it loses its alcoholic content and becomes, instead, a concentrated essence of flavor.

Wine is economical in use. The cheaper, tougher cuts of meat, when wine is added to their cooking, become deliciously tender; the acids in wine work on the protein of the meat, breaking down and tenderising the fibres. Because of this, the food is more easily digested.

How to cook with wine: Add wine at the beginning of cooking. A cupful of wine, added at this time, will reduce and give more concentrated flavor than a whole bottle of wine added toward the end of cooking time.

Use wine as a marinade for steaks before grilling, to flavor and tenderise.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in recipes in this feature.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH WHITE WINE

One pound chicken livers, 4 rashers bacon, 1oz. butter, salt, pepper, ½ cup flour, ½ cup dry white wine, finely chopped parsley, hot cooked rice.

Fry bacon until crisp, remove from pan; add butter to pan. Dredge chicken livers in seasoned flour, brown lightly in the hot butter. Add wine, cover, reduce heat, and simmer 5 minutes or until livers are cooked. Crumble bacon, sprinkle over, then top with finely chopped parsley. Serve with hot cooked rice.

LEMON-WINE CHICKEN

Two small chickens, ¾ cup dry sherry, 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup oil, flour, salt, pepper, extra oil for frying.

Cut chickens in halves. Combine juice of ½ lemon with sherry, salt, oil. Pour over chickens, let stand several hours to marinate. Remove chickens, reserve marinade. Season flour with salt and pepper; shake chicken pieces in this to coat lightly. Heat extra oil, add chicken pieces, brown well. Pour off any excess oil. Pour marinade into pan, add remaining ½ lemon, cut into thin slices. Cover, simmer 20 to 30 minutes or until tender.

PINEAPPLE CREAM CHEESE PIE

Half pound cream cheese, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. softened butter, ½ cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 large can crushed pineapple, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ½ cup sweet white wine, 9in. unbaked pastry case.

Rub cream cheese through fine sieve, gradually beat in sugar. Add softened butter, beat until light. Sift flour with salt, blend in. Add eggs, one at a time, alternately with milk; beat in vanilla.

Drain pineapple, retaining about 3 tablespoons of juice with the fruit. Place over gentle heat; when hot, stir in the cornflour blended with wine; cook 1 minute, stirring. Cool, spread over base of pastry case. Pour over cheese mixture. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce temperature to moderate, bake further 30 minutes or until filling is set. Cool, then chill.

ITALIAN-STYLE LAMB'S FRY

One lamb's fry, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 onions, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, pepper, ½ cup dry white wine, ½ cup stock, hot cooked rice, chopped parsley.

Remove skin from fry, then cut into thin slices or strips. Melt butter, saute finely chopped onions until lightly golden; add meat slices, brown lightly. Stir in flour, salt and pepper. Add wine and stock, bring slowly to boil, simmer 3 to 4 minutes.

Serve over hot rice, sprinkle with parsley.

COQUILLES SAINT JACQUES

One pound scallops, ¾ cup water, ½ cup dry white wine, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 onion, ½ clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup buttered fresh breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons parmesan cheese.

In saucepan combine water, wine, salt and pepper, bring just to boiling; add scallops, simmer 5 minutes. Drain, reserving liquid.

Melt butter, saute finely chopped onion until transparent; stir in flour, cook few minutes. Stir in reserved liquid; cook, stirring until thickened. Stir in garlic and parsley, simmer further few minutes. Stir some of the hot sauce into beaten egg-yolk, add to remaining sauce. Add coarsely chopped scallops, heat through. Butter small ovenproof dishes or scallop shells. Divide scallop mixture over shells. Top with breadcrumbs and cheese. Bake in hot oven 5 minutes or until topping is brown.

LEMON - WINE CHICKEN: Tiny chicken halves, golden-crusted, are simmered to tenderness in a simple marinade of sherry and lemon juice.

VEAL WITH MUSHROOMS

One and a half to 2lb. very thin veal scallops, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons oil, ½lb. mushrooms, ½ cup plain flour, salt and pepper, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 cup dry white wine, ½ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, finely chopped parsley.

Heat butter and oil, add finely chopped onions and crushed garlic; saute until soft, then remove from pan. Add sliced mushrooms, cook 5 minutes, remove from pan. Combine flour, salt and pepper. Coat veal slices with this seasoned flour, put into pan and brown well; add little more butter or oil if necessary. When nicely browned and cooked through, remove from pan; pour off any remaining fat.

Pour tomato juice into pan, stir well to take in all the brown pieces in pan. Add wine, cook gently 5 minutes. Add onions, mushrooms, worcestershire sauce, and veal. Cover, simmer gently until heated through; season to taste. Serve sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

SHERRIED CHEESE DIP

Eight ounces cream cheese, 1 can devilled ham, 1 to 2 tablespoons dry sherry, salt, pepper, finely chopped parsley or green shallot tops.

Blend cream cheese with devilled ham, beat until smooth. Blend in wine and parsley, season to taste. Sprinkle with extra parsley. Serve with potato chips or small savory biscuits.

PEARS IN RED WINE

Four or six pears, 1 cup burgundy or claret, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1in. piece stick cinnamon or ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, small piece lemon rind, whipped cream, extra ground cinnamon.

Peel pears; if small, leave whole, or they can be halved and cored. Combine wine, sugar, cinnamon, and lemon rind in saucepan, bring slowly to boil. Add pears, cover, and simmer very gently until pears are tender, turning once or twice. Discard stick cinnamon and lemon rind. Arrange pears in individual serving dishes, spoon over the wine-syrup. Top with whipped cream and dusting of cinnamon. Can be served warm or chilled.

STEAK WITH RED WINE

Four thick pieces fillet steak, butter, ½ pint red wine, 4 shallots (finely chopped), salt and pepper, extra 2oz. butter, juice ½ lemon, finely chopped parsley.

Saute steaks in hot butter until cooked to desired doneness. Meanwhile, combine in saucepan the wine and shallots; cook over high heat until reduced by half, add pinch salt, some freshly ground pepper, extra butter, lemon juice, parsley, and pan juices from the steaks. Cook over high heat, whisking all the time, until the sauce is hot and bubbling. Arrange steaks on heated serving plates, pour over the wine sauce.

Serve with a hot baked potato and green salad.

SHERRIED CHEESE LOAF

One loaf french bread, 1 small jar processed cheese, 4oz. softened butter or substitute, ½ cup sherry, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, ½ clove garlic (crushed).

Cut bread in thick slices down to bottom crust; do not cut through crust. Combine all remaining ingredients, blend well. Spread bread slices with cheese mixture. Cover with aluminium foil. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Delicious with steak and salad.

CLARET PRUNES

One pound prunes, 1in. stick cinnamon, 2 or 3 cloves, 1 tablespoon sugar (or more to taste), 1 cup claret, 1 cup water, 1 slice lemon.

Combine all ingredients, simmer until prunes are tender; discard cinnamon, cloves, and lemon. Cool, then chill prunes in their syrup.

To serve, spoon prunes and some of the spiced claret into serving glasses, top with whipped cream.

HOT CINNAMON TOAST

One cup castor sugar, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, 1 tablespoon or more softened butter, 1 tablespoon sherry, bread slices.

Blend together sugar, cinnamon, butter, and sherry. Toast bread on one side only, spread with the butter mixture. Place under griller until top is bubbly. Serve at once.

Continued overleaf

PINEAPPLE CREAM CHEESE PIE: Pineapple, flavored with a sweet white wine, is topped with a luscious cream cheese and egg mixture.

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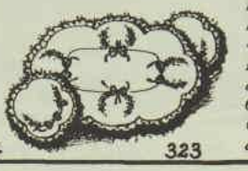

Cooking with wine

Continued from previous page

FRENCH VEAL BIRDS

Two pounds veal steak, 2 or 3 slices bread, ½ cup milk, ½lb. sausage mince, 1 egg, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, oil for frying, 1 cup stock (or use 1 cup water with a bouillon or stock cube dissolved in it), ½ cup dry white wine.

Pound veal until it is about ¼in. thick. Cut into 8 equal-sized pieces, trimming edges evenly. (Chop any trimmings very finely and combine with the sausage meat filling.) Scald milk, pour over the bread and mash with fork. Add chopped veal trimmings, sausage meat, beaten egg, seasoning, and parsley. Spread mixture on one side of the veal steaks, roll up, secure with thread or cocktail sticks.

Heat some oil in pan, add the veal birds and cook on all sides; add stock, cover, cook over low heat about 1½ hours, turning frequently. Remove from pan, remove thread or cocktail sticks; keep hot.

Add juices, wine to pan, stir to take in all the brown pieces from pan. Bring to boil, and boil 3 to 5 minutes. Pour over the veal birds. Serve with hot rice and green beans or buttered spinach.

VEAL MARSALA SCALLOPINI

Two pounds thinly sliced veal steak, seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup oil, 2 tablespoons chopped green shallots, 1 cup chicken stock, salt and pepper, pinch each oregano and rosemary, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, ½lb. mushrooms, ½ cup marsala wine.

Pound veal well, dredge in seasoned flour. Heat butter and oil in pan, add veal, brown well; remove from pan. Add to frying pan the shallots, stock, seasoning, and parsley; cook gently 10 minutes. Add the sliced mushrooms, which have been sauteed separately for 5 minutes in a little extra butter. Add the veal and ½ cup of marsala; simmer 5 minutes. Just before serving, stir in remaining wine. Serve with hot rice.

CHERRY WINE SUNDAE

One large can cherries, ½ cup port, 1 teaspoon cornflour blended in a little water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, vanilla ice-cream.

Drain syrup from cherries into saucepan, boil rapidly until volume is reduced approximately by one half. Add cherries, port, and blended cornflour. Cook steadily until clear and slightly thickened; stir in lemon juice. Cool, then chill. Spoon over servings of vanilla ice-cream.

SHERRIED COFFEE DESSERT

Into individual coffee cups put 1 dessertspoon each of sherry and brandy and 1 tablespoon coffee ice-cream. Carefully top each cup with hot coffee. Serve at once.

MELON SURPRISE

One large rockmelon, 1 cup sweet white wine (sauternes would be ideal), sugar.

Cut circular piece from the stem end of the melon, remove seeds and membranes. Sugar the interior lightly, pour in wine. Replace plug and stand the melon upright in refrigerator about 2 hours. At serving time, spoon the fruit on to individual serving dishes and ladle the wine over.

SHERRIED KIDNEYS

Eight lamb's kidneys, 2oz. butter, 1 onion (chopped), salt and pepper, ½ cup dry sherry, finely chopped parsley.

Skin and split kidneys; remove cores and membranes. Heat butter in frying pan, put in onion, and cook until soft and golden. Then add kidneys and cook over gentle heat until done to taste. Remove to serving dish. Add sherry to pan, simmer 5 minutes, stirring. Add salt, pepper, and parsley; spoon over kidneys. Serve at once.

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Buttered Chicken is a "conversation piece"

FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN

An elegant table setting contributes to a memorable dinner, but the food itself is the real basis of success. There is no need for extravagance. Many a hostess has built a reputation on essentially simple food, painstakingly selected and presented, with accompaniments and garnishes chosen for colour, shape, texture and flavour. By using Butter in cooking and serving, every nuance of flavour is brought out.

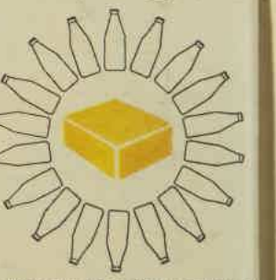
Here is just such a dinner

BUTTERED CHICKEN . . .
Wash, dry chicken thoroughly. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper, place knob of butter inside. Brush outside with melted butter. Place on square of aluminium foil, crimp edges. Bake 1-1¼ hours at 375° gas, 400° electric. Open foil out 20 minutes before serving and brush top of chicken again with melted butter.

TRY THESE VARIATIONS . . .
Blend 1 dessertspoon **Paprika** with 2 oz. melted butter. Use as above, and once or twice during cooking.
Wine-baked Chicken—Pour ¼ cup White Wine over chicken when opening foil.
For **Fruited Chicken,** pour ¼ cup peach juice, or pineapple juice simmered with 2 tablespoons raisins, over chicken ½ hour before serving.
Chinese Baked Chicken—Blend 1 tablespoon soya sauce with ¼ cup pineapple juice; pour over chicken ½ hour before serving.

STUFFED CHICKEN . . .
Basic Bread Stuffing—Saute a finely chopped onion in 1 tablespoon melted butter. Combine with 1 teaspoon herbs, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper and 1 egg (for 2 chickens).
Rice Stuffing—Saute ¼ lb. mushrooms in 1 tablespoon melted butter. Combine with 1½ cups cooked rice, ½ teaspoon sage, pinch thyme, 1 egg yolk, ¼ cup chopped celery, salt and pepper (for 2 chickens).

INTERESTING ADDITION
To Basic Bread Stuffing . . .
In 1 tablespoon butter, saute one of the following for 5 minutes: ¼ lb. mushrooms, or ¼ cup chopped almonds, or ½ cup chopped celery with 1 tablespoon chopped bacon.



IT TAKES THE CREAM FROM 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE ONE POUND OF BUTTER!

DAIRY FOODS BUTTER

Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

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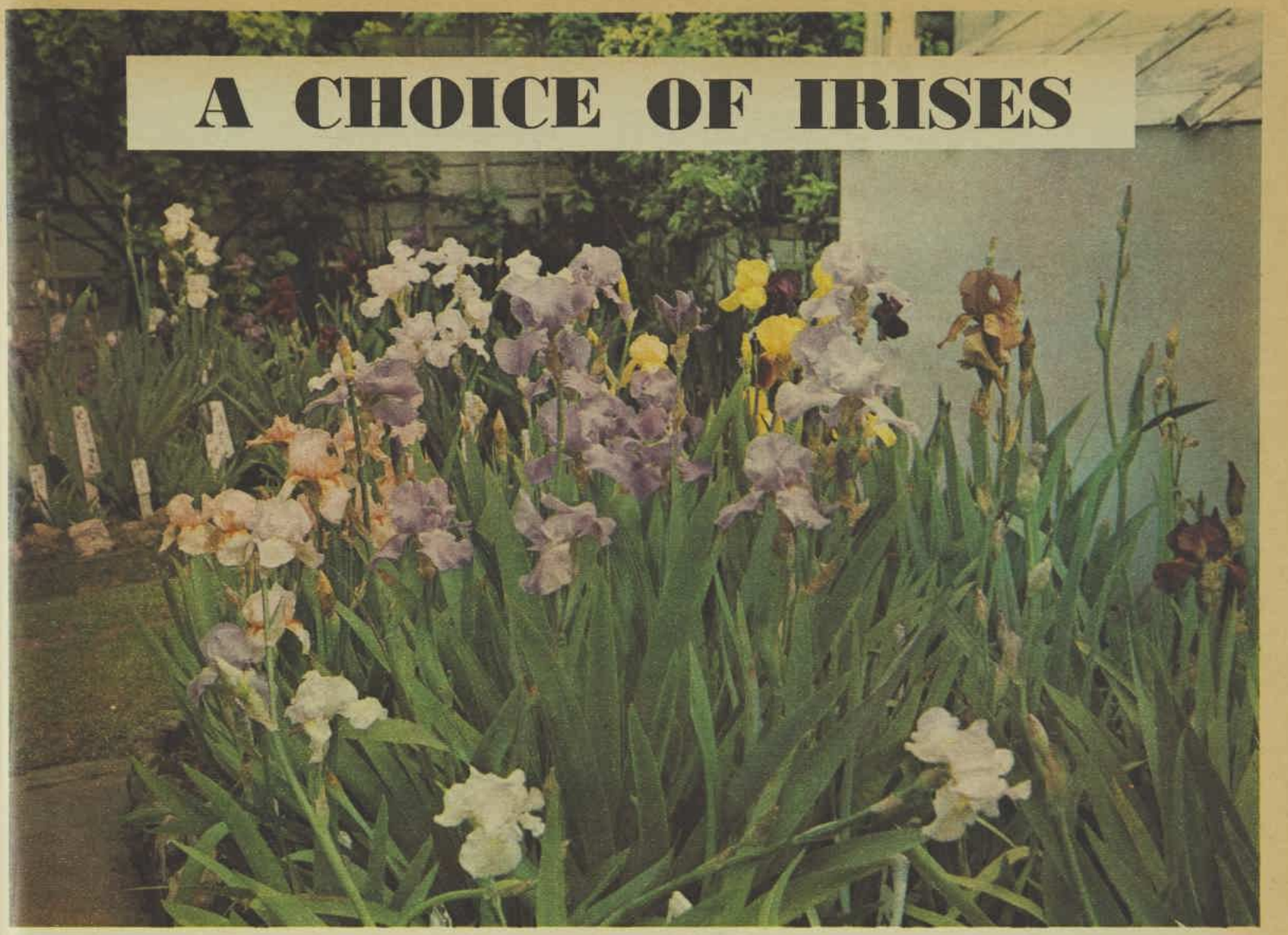
A CHOICE OF IRISES



A LOVELY CLUMP OF "JANE PHILLIPS," a fairly old variety of Bearded Iris, growing among apricot "Pink Flare" and yellow "Ace High" in Mr. R. W. Jones's garden in East St. Kilda, Vic. Pictures on this and following pages by staff photographer Les Gorrie.

"HORNED SKYLARK," first of the novel varieties of Bearded Iris produced by the late Lloyd Austin, of California, U.S.A. The falls carry distinctive markings.

"BLUE SAPPHIRE," a beautifully frilled and fluted medium blue self. This Bearded Iris flowers vigorously over a long period.

TURN TO PAGE 57

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Gown and peignoir £12.19.11. Gown alone £5.19.11. Gown and peignoir £15.15.0. Gown alone £7.7.0. Short gown 89/11, full length 99/11

If the house caught on fire, would you care?

Heaven forbid that it should. But if it did you'd make the loveliest escape in a Lucas-Vanity Fair gown.

Even without a fire don't you feel prettier in lovely things?

And Lucas make pretty things so practical. They may look fragile, but you can wash all three without worrying, and wear them again and again, and again, and again.

They're Nylon Tricot you can't see through.

Left and centre, the top layers are the sheerest nylon mist.

And see how lavish we've been with lace? Drifting dreamily from neck to hem.

Now to the burning question: which one would you vote prettiest to be rescued in?

LUCAS
Vanity Fair

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From page 55

IRISES FOR MOST SEASONS

By R. H. ANDERSON

IRISES, with their lovely flowers, handsome foliage, and adaptability to various soils and sites, have a claim to inclusion in most gardens.

There are many species and by careful choice the enthusiast can ensure a show of color during most of the year.

Starting with the early - flowering species and varieties he can plan a succession of irises which will give a satisfying progression of blooms.

IRIS JAPONICA, a Crested Iris, is one of the earliest to flower, producing long sprays of dainty pale lavender frilled flowers in late winter or early spring. The tiny white crest is orange-tipped and surrounded by a few purple dots.

This iris is very shallow-rooting, likes a fairly rich soil, and does best in partial shade.

It is quite easily propagated by pulling away some of the outside fans from mature clumps.

The Bearded Irises are the most commonly grown and provide a lovely pageant of color in spring and early summer. The **DWARF BEARDED IRIS** begins to flower in early spring.

"FROST AND FLAME," one of the best early examples of a white iris with red beard.

These lovely little plants, with small sword-like leaves and dainty flowers, are free-flowering and excellent for edging paths or in rockeries.

They are available in yellow, mauve, and red, and improved varieties from overseas are very attractive. "Hulla-balu" is a free-flowering clear blue, with the falls a blend of purple and yellow. "Mist o' Pink" has old-rose distinctive little flowers.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 251

After the Dwarf Bearded Irises come the **INTERMEDIATES.** These, as the name indicates, are intermediate in general growth and size of flowers between the Dwarfs and the Talls.

Then the **TALL BEARDED IRISES** appear with their magnificent range of flowers in many colors and shapes.

They do well in many soils but prefer a light loam in a sunny well-drained position. Protection from wind is desirable as the flowers are fragile and easily spoilt. Some lime, bone-meal, and superphosphate can be added.

"CHRIS MACKAY," a beautiful Bearded Iris raised in New Zealand by Mrs. Jean Collins, of Tauranga. Now available.

Choose the background carefully to provide an effective foil for these charming plants. If they are in a position where they can be seen with the rising or setting sun behind them, the colors gain in intensity and beauty.

IRIS INNOMINATA, a beautiful little iris from Oregon, U.S.A., is a spring-flowering species with a charm all its own. The most usual color is golden yellow, but there are many shades of bronze, lavender, purple, and yellow. It has a very long-flowering period; a selection of seedlings provides color from August to November.

Varying in height from 8in. to 15in., it has narrow leaves. The roots are fine and care must be taken in dividing them. Do it in autumn or early spring.

Seed is easily raised, sown in autumn and the young plants transplanted when about 2in. high. They flower in the second year.

This iris is intolerant of badly drained soil and prefers full sun, but light shade is desirable in the first year. Dislikes lime.

The **BULBOUS IRISES,** including the Dutch, Spanish, and English, flower in spring and early summer. The Dutch are the earliest, followed by the Spanish, while the English flower up to the end of December, making good cut flowers. This section does best in fairly good soil, well drained and with some lime.

Among the Beardless Irises, **IRIS SIBIRICA** flowers mainly after the Tall Bearded Iris and continues until Christmas-time.

It has narrow, almost grass-like, leaves and mainly blue flowers borne well above the foliage, but some varieties are colored white, lavender, or reddish violet. It dislikes lime, and does best in a moist well-drained soil.

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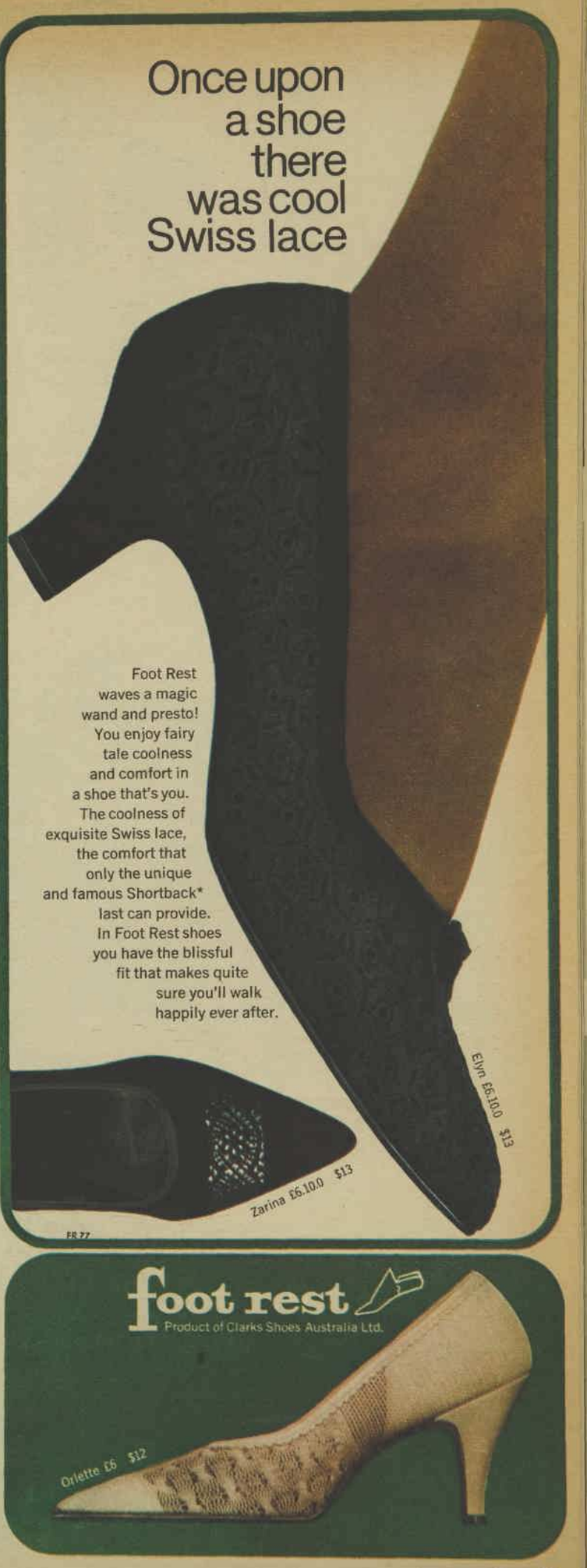

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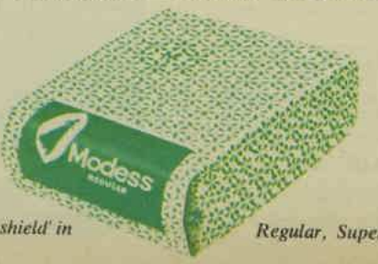

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

IRISES, continued

"GOLDEN STAIRS," a large, beautifully ruffled and fluted Tall Bearded Iris photographed in Mr. Jones's garden in East St. Kilda. This is a new variety.

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IRIS FULVA, an attractive species with bronzy red or tangerine-colored flowers, comes after the Bearded Irises have finished. The flowers are only about 2½in. across, but the color is arresting.

The water-loving irises, so useful for creating beauty and distinction in the neighborhood of pools and water-courses, include **IRIS KAEMPFERI, IRIS PSEUDOACORUS,** and **IRIS OCHROLEUCA.**

The first-named has broad flat-topped flowers in delicate shades of blue, violet, lavender, rose, and white. It flowers in late spring and early summer, and likes a moist but well-drained soil.

A strain known as the **MARHIGO IRIS** has large flowers in late spring and summer with a dazzling range of really beautiful colors.

IRIS PSEUDOACORUS (Yellow Flag Iris) is early grown and the rich golden yellow flowers are very attractive near pools.

IRIS OCHROLEUCA, a tall, handsome plant (up to 5ft.), has large white flowers with gold patches, and is very effective in clumps.

Late summer and autumn are dull seasons for the commonly grown flowering irises. However, **IRIS FOETIDISSIMA** (Scarlet-seeded Iris) gives color to the autumn garden by its large, attractive seed-pods, which open to reveal rows of scarlet seeds. The flowers are insignificant. The pods, cut and dried, make good indoor decorations for the winter.

This iris does well in semi-shade under trees, forming a clump about 18in. high. The leaves have an unpleasant odor, but only when bruised.

"TANGERINE CARNIVAL" looks spectacular with its heavy veinings. Fairly new and very popular.

During the winter months and early spring **IRIS UNGUICULARIS** (also known as **IRIS STYLOSA**) completes the cycle of flowering for irises.

The flowers are a lovely clear lavender blue flecked with gold, although there is a tendency for the long, narrow leaves to hide them. This disadvantage can be overcome by cutting the foliage back to about 6in. from the ground in early autumn before the flowering shoots have formed.

This iris thrives in most soils, likes plenty of sun, but will grow in shade, and responds to a fair amount of lime. A very hardy plant, it earns a place in most gardens.

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tuck into these "Hot Doggities"

Flavour-Crisped with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs* and Rosella Tomato Sauce. You'll love the mouth-watering combination of steaming hot frankfurts and rich Rosella Tomato Sauce — add a golden flavour crust of Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs . . . and mm-mm Hot Doggities. Fun for parties, snacks, as a treat for the kids — clip the recipe and try Hot Doggities soon! **Ready to serve in 10-15 minutes.**

HOT DOGGITIES

Ingredients: *1 lb. frankfurts; ½ cup Rosella Tomato Sauce; ½ cup Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs; 10 (4½") wood skewers.*

Method: Insert skewers lengthwise into frankfurts leaving 2" for a handle. Score surface of frankfurts lightly spiralling from end to end. Roll frankfurts in Rosella Tomato Sauce, then coat generously with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs.

Hot Doggities can be cooked three ways...

BAKE: Place frankfurts in foil-lined shallow baking pan. Do not crowd. Bake in moderate oven (350F.) about 25-30 minutes.

FRY: Heat 4 tablespoons oil in pan, add frankfurts and fry for about 5-10 minutes.

GRILL: Place frankfurts on griller and grill for 10-15 minutes.

N.B. Prepare without skewers if desired.

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Babies are very special people . . . that's why they need very special care

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Continued from page 50

THE REAL THING

They had gone to Bob and Lila Brock's house that evening, which by itself might have put Helen in a strained mood; for some reason which she had never expressed, she could not bear Lila. Whenever an evening with Bob and Lila was suggested, Helen reached for every excuse she could find not to go. But Bob was one of Vince's best friends; they had to show up sometimes. And this time Vince had been more festive than he usually allowed himself to be. Helen had been critical and in a huff he left her to sleep in the guest-room.

Now Vince went through the dressing-room and bathroom to the spare room—his room for the past year. It was certainly not uncomfortable, with plenty of room around the four-poster bed. There was a large closet, now containing his things, and a bookcase heavily sprinkled with the mysteries he liked to read for a few minutes before turning out the light. One advantage of separate rooms—you could keep your own hours . . .

He went downstairs to the dining-room and through to the kitchen. He looked at his watch — three in the afternoon. Pretty early for a drink. But he felt like one, and what he felt like doing now could be done with no disapproving stares. Though that was not fair either; Helen had never nagged about such things, unless he goaded her into it as he had the night he moved into the guest-room.

GLASS in hand, he went back to the living-room and sipped his drink. He looked at the doll's head on the top shelf. Helen had saved it from her childhood and he had known Helen for . . . He couldn't remember when he had not known her, although he had ignored her existence until he was eleven or twelve—a fact that had distressed their parents.

Vince's father, Edward Bryan, and Helen's father, George Prentice, were each other's oldest, closest friends. They had fought over the same girls in high school, had roomed together at college. Seton City, with a population of a hundred thousand now, had been much smaller then; but it had been large enough to offer opportunity to a vigorous young contractor, which George had become, and for sale and rental of real estate, the field into which Ed had gone. They had married girls who were also close friends. When they were successful enough, George had built two houses side by side in the then-new Carrolton division and sold one to Ed at cost.

The four were inseparable, surviving innumerable tests of friendship. It was unpredictable that the Prentices and Bryans should have only one child apiece — the Prentices a daughter and the Bryans a son — but it was entirely predictable that the two sets of parents should expect the children to play together like brother and sister. Vince had bitterly protested this, but he had been saddled with Helen anyhow, taking refuge in pretending she wasn't there until that spring day when they went to Carrolton Creek. They were then eleven or twelve.

Vince had engineering on his mind — a dam to build and a boat to whittle and launch. The last thing he wanted was to have Helen Prentice tagging along in a fresh white dress and white shoes, the worst possible kind of costume for the rugged endeavors he had planned.

"Go home," he said when they were safely out of sight of their parents.

"I won't. Your mother said I was to go with you."

The creek was higher than usual; the shallow basin he had in mind was two feet deep instead of one. The banks were muddy from a recent rain. "Now, see? You'll get all dirty."

"No, I won't."

At the lower end of the basin was a row of stones where he had planned to build his dam. He had used them often as stepping-stones to get to the other side. Now they were an inch under water, but perversely he started across. She couldn't follow him there. But she did, white shoes and all, only a step behind.

He could see now what he had been blind to then, that she had been a rather startling pretty little girl, blonde and neat and dainty in the little white dress. Not so neat and dainty a moment later, however. But it was not his fault, was it, that he had stopped a bit suddenly and Helen had bumped into him and fallen?

She didn't bawl; she sat there in the water looking at him in astonishment and hurt.

"Little dummy!" he raged. "Why'd you have to slip? Little dummy!" He hauled her out. "Now I suppose you'll say I pushed you."

He wished he'd kept his mouth shut when he saw a calculating look come into her eyes.

"You slipped, you hear me?" he said belligerently.

"You pushed me," Helen kept saying on the way home. "You pushed me."

"I didn't touch you."

"You did."

Helen's mother, Sarah, was a placid woman with a ready laugh. But her mouth dropped open at the sight of her daughter. "Helen! What on earth happened? Vincent, what did you do to her?"

Eyes downcast, Vince waited mutely for the dread sentence.

To page 64

"You're wasting your time . . . they're not HIS!"

Shining hair, so beautifully held . . . it's the loveliness of Gossamer

Gossamer keeps your hair beautifully in place without stickiness or lacquer. There's no dulling film with new Gossamer..it's diamond bright to keep your hair shining. Gossamer accents the natural beauty of your hair with lustrous highlights. Gossamer brushes right out leaving your hair with a just washed feeling. Everything you want a hair spray to do, Gossamer does best.

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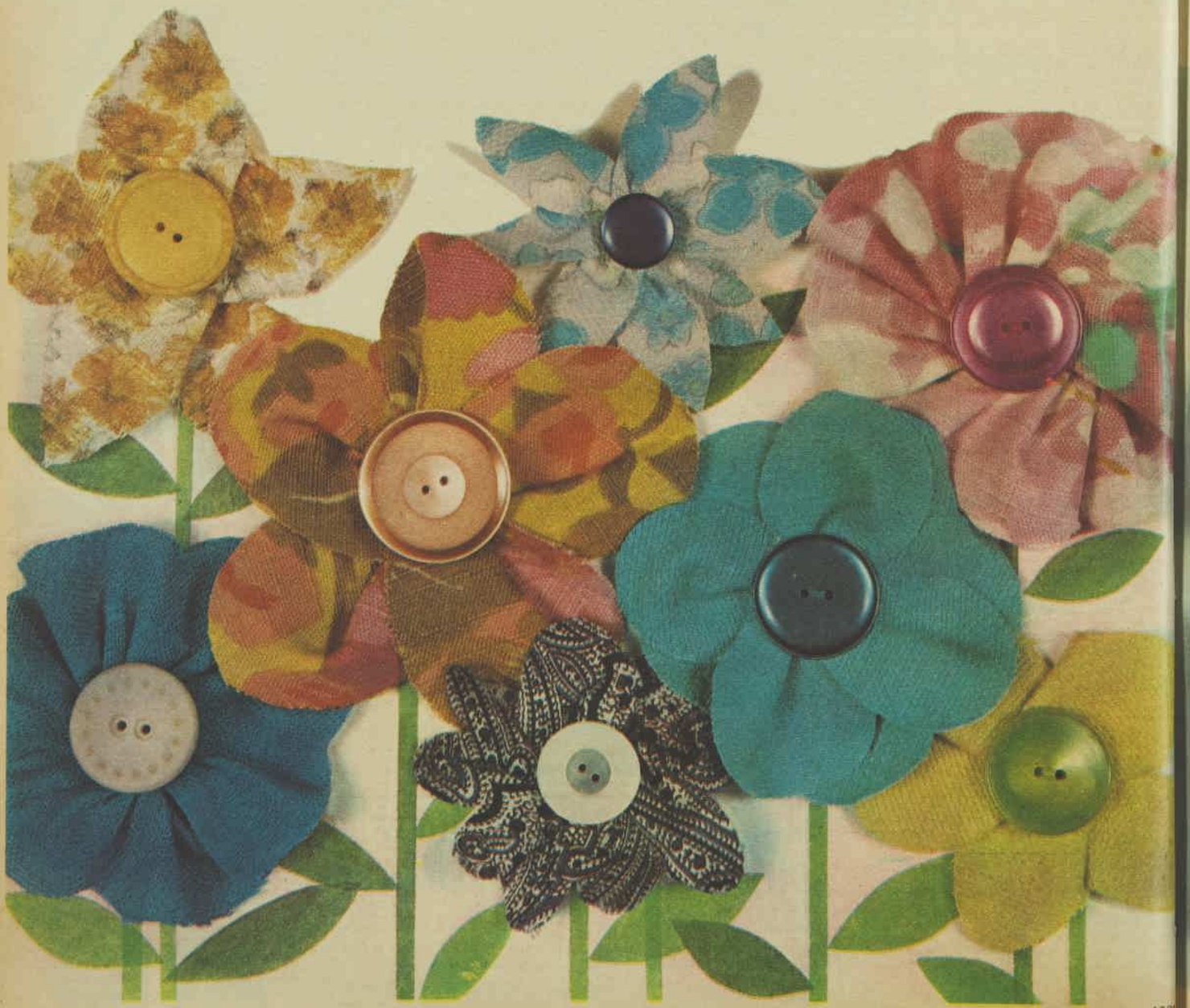
Blossom time

For you . . . now . . . newsy, exciting, melon-crisp pinks . . . clear, tangy citrus shades of '66 . . . and all the lovely, elusive colours you'll be seeing and sewing this spring and summer . . . with beautiful *colour-matched* Beutron buttons. Shape-wise too, Beutrons are fashion news! And how nice to know that no matter how often you wash, boil, iron or dry-clean your Beutron buttons, they'll look as fresh as the first day of Spring! Now's the time to pick a Beutron posy — in your favourite retail store.

Beutron BEAUTIFUL BUTTONS



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Special buying offer for the new season

● These four budget-priced dresses are available ready made and cut out ready to sew. In tune with current fashions, the designs have the maximum of smart simplicity. Address orders to Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Please mention name of dress and give a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"KAREN".—Sleeveless A-line, semi-fit shift (above) designed with a front button trim. The material is structured-finish cotton; the color choice includes yellow, pale blue, turquoise, and pink.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/5/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/7/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/9/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra.

"JESSICA".—Cool, sleeveless one-piece (left). The material is easy-care tetoron/cotton and drip-dry faille poplin. The color choice in cotton and tetoron is lipstick, pale blue, lemon, and green; in faille poplin, navy, watermelon, aqua, and yellow.

Ready to wear in tetoron/cotton: 32 and 34in. bust, £6/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/3/6; 40in. bust, £6/5/6. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, £4/2/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/4/6; 40in. bust, £4/6/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra.

Ready to wear in faille poplin: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/5/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/7/6; 40in. bust, £5/9/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, £3/6/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/8/6; 40in. bust, £3/10/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra.

"PHILOMENA".—Smart front-button shirt-waist style (above). The material is drip-dry tetoron/cotton; color choice is junior navy and white, tan and white, lipstick and white, and black and white.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/2/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/4/6; 40in. bust, £6/6/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, £4/4/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/6/6; 40in. bust, £4/8/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra.

"AMELIA".—Full-skirted one-piece (left). The material is printed tetoron; the color choice includes royal blue, green, and pale lemon; pink, apricot, and rose-pink; mid-green, pale green, and lemon; yellow, green, and pale lemon.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/8/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/10/6; 40in. bust, £6/12/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, £4/9/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/11/6; 40in. bust, £4/13/6. Dispatch and postage 6/- extra.

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THE REAL THING

"I slipped," came Helen's answer. "There was a slippery rock in the creek and I slipped. Vince pulled me out." Then she added dramatically, "I could have drowned."

Sarah smiled slightly. "In Carrolton Creek? But it was nice of you to save her, Vince. It was very brave of you."

The grown-up Vince grinned wryly and went back to the kitchen for more ice, and while he was at it refreshed his drink.

Two couples — old, inseparable friends. It was natural that their children should be thrown together at every opportunity. It was equally natural that their dream should be for the two to marry some day, though they must have fought against expressing this wish; Vince could not remember ever hearing specific words on the subject. But there were many indirect conversations.

"Whom are you taking to the dance, Vince?" his mother would ask.

"Don't know yet. Maybe I won't go."

"Helen's right next door and it's easy to pick her up and bring her home. She's as pretty as any other girl you know — prettier, perhaps . . ."

It was only then that Vince had begun to realise that Helen was pretty; he had known her too well for too long. He'd had to see it through other eyes, see how his friends worked for dates with her, how they showed her off.

He could not recall exactly when it was that he had begun to seek out dates with her instead of having them more or less thrust upon him. Probably toward the end of their junior year in high school. They began taking up almost all of each other's free time; he began to feel irritated when he'd call and find her going somewhere with another boy.

Unlike most couples they knew, they had never consciously described their relationship as "going steady," but that's what they were doing. Vince was over at Helen's house about as much as he was at home, and Helen was at his house equally often; and it was all pleasant enough to smother his occasional feeling that he was being pushed, not just by his family, but eventually by the crowd they travelled with. Vince-and-Helen. If you asked one to do something, you must ask the other.

He never told her — or himself — that he loved her, but during that last summer before college he looked forward with increasing eagerness to his hours with her. Grace Bryan and Sarah Prentice began exchanging significant glances over the heads of their two children, and George and Ed sometimes grinned knowingly at each other.

Nevertheless, Vince went to college feeling subtly freed of pressure — his own man, for a change. And in three days all he felt was loneliness. He wrote to Helen at her school and received a reply so promptly that it indicated she missed him, too. But there was no suggestion from either that the other should not go out with anyone else.

When he came home for Christmas vacation he was glad to see that Helen was there to meet him with his father and mother.

He kissed his mother, shook hands with his father, kissed Helen. "Pretty smooth," he said admiringly.

"Pretty collegiate," she retorted. "No one would dream you're nothing but a freshman." And she slipped her arm under his as they walked to his father's car.

They picked up where they'd left off in September — as they did again when they both came home in June. How much of this was because it was expected of him and how much because Helen was attractive and fun to be with, he could not say.

He started working for his father in the real-estate office that summer. This wasn't entirely his idea; he hadn't planned on going into the real-estate business. But his father had shrugged and said, "Until you decide what you really want to do, you might as well put in some time with me. What you'll learn will be of value in other lines." There had been no decision by the next summer or the next, so he kept on with it, selling now and then and doing well enough to please his father, but with a vague restlessness persisting in his mind.

The summer after he graduated from college, however, he had a plan. He would be home for about ten days and then spend four weeks abroad with two schoolfriends.

The days at home were devoted largely to Helen, and it was all too easy — their parents had a way of going somewhere else when the two were in a room together. The families, his friends — the whole town — had them already married, it sometimes seemed to Vince. But it was certainly not a fate worse than death; in fact, the idea had come to seem appealing. Whom did he know that he liked better? One thing that bothered him a little was that Helen seemed so unawakened. When she was with him, she laughed and chattered and on suitable occasions kissed him, but she didn't seem to — well, glow, the way some other girls did with their men.

But if she didn't glow the night of the storm, the difference could not be detected with the naked eye. They went to Terry Lee's that night. Bring bathing suits, swim till six o'clock, then cocktails, then dancing on the terrace. Terry Lee

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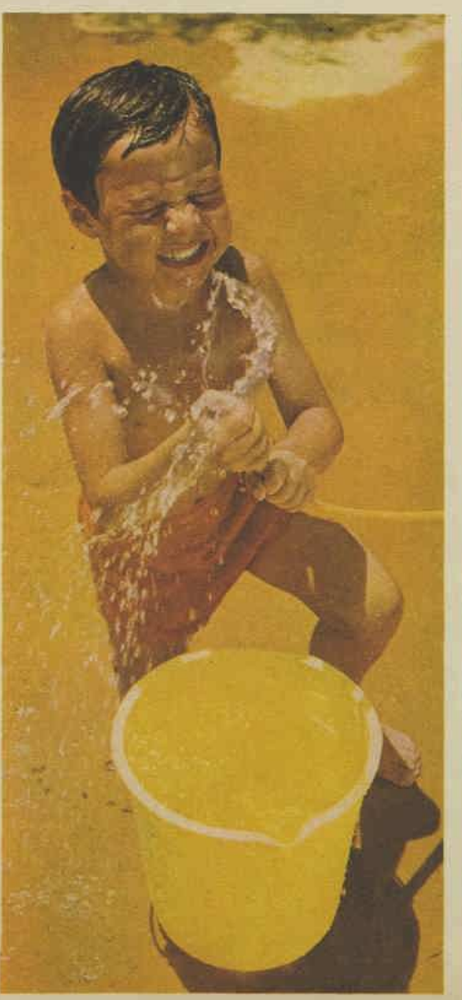

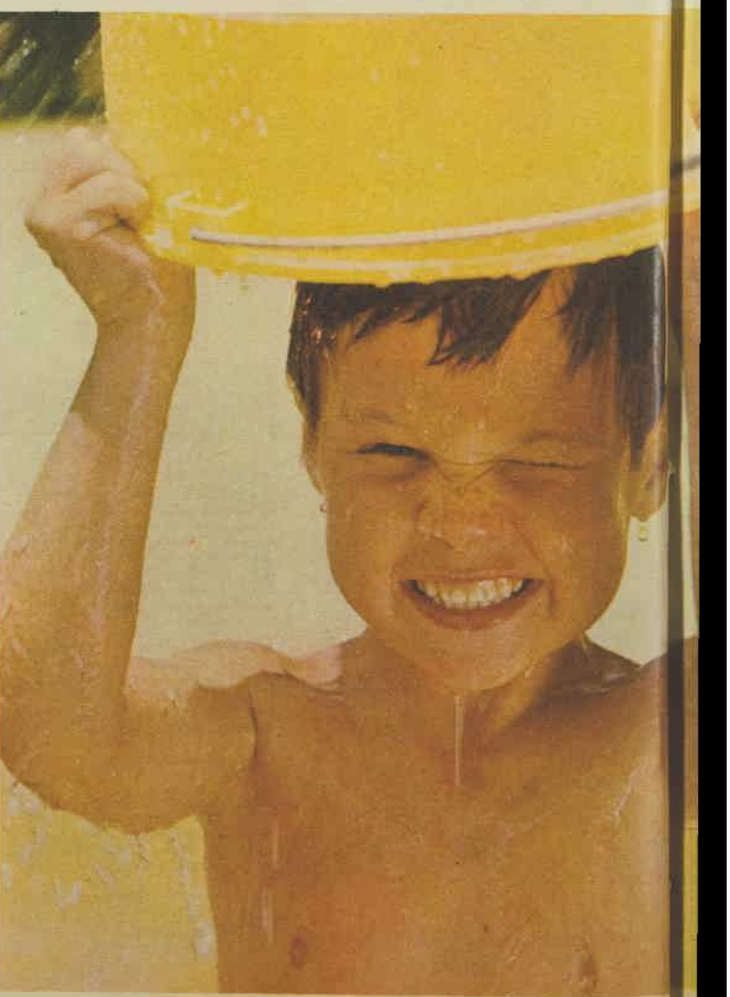

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THE REAL THING

Poor guy; almost within the month he was to die when his speedboat flipped over in a race. All that strength and charm and laughing good looks . . . Vince could never accept the fact that Terry was dead; forever after he would remember him as he had been that night.

Helen's bathing suit was one-piece, white and breathtakingly becoming. "You look like a soft-drink ad," Vince said admiringly.

Terry was next to them, and next to him was Lila Wilson, whom he was seeing a lot of these days. "Soft-drink ad!" he scoffed, gazing at Helen. "What a guy! What a poet!"

"OK. What does she look like?"

"Siren. Angel. Femme fatale."

Helen laughed, and she and Terry splashed into the pool. He ducked her and she ducked him, and they were so beautiful together that Vince felt something crazy like moisture in his eyes—along with a surprising jab of jealousy. One month later Terry Lee was dead . . .

Dinner was a merry meal that night — a buffet on the lawn, with some of the people at a trestle table and others scattered two-by-two around the yard. Vince sat with Helen, of course, but looked occasionally at Terry Lee. It suddenly occurred to him how many guys there were who were more attractive than himself, and that there was no reason they should not pursue Helen if they chose. He found it a disturbing thought.

"What's on your mind tonight?" Helen said.

He didn't quite know. "Why, you, of course."

"I make you gloomy?"

"I'm always that way when I think."

"So we get back to it. What's on your mind?"

Vince introduced the second of the two propositions that occupied most of his thoughts these days. "I'm wondering whether to go into the business with Dad."

"Is there anything else you'd rather do?"

"I don't know. I wish I did."

"Well, if I were you, I wouldn't do anything just because it was expected of me. I'd make up my own mind."

He looked at her pretty, serious face, her eyes shadowed in the growing dusk. The talk had taken a turn he had not quite intended, but he thought suddenly that perhaps it was now proceeding on two levels, that Helen might be hinting at the first of his major preoccupations. If so, she was telling him that if he wanted out, she would understand.

He caught her hand and pressed it to his cheek. "I'll make my own decisions," he promised.

He followed the rest of the evening only vaguely — the dancing under the Japanese lanterns, the waiting with a chattering, laughing crowd until his car was freed by other departures and he could drive home with Helen.

A storm struck as they turned their corner. Vince stopped in front of her house with the car windows up tight and the rain battering the top.

"It's Niagara!" Helen exclaimed, rubbing at the misted side window to see out.

"Niagara," Vince said, feeling the growing tension of the evening. "Niagara," he repeated thickly. "Why not?"

"What?" Her face, turned quickly toward him, seemed pale in the dimness, and her eyes were wide.

"For honeymooners . . . Darling, let's get married."

Half an hour passed before the rain subsided enough for them to dash, laughing, to the house. To Vince it seemed like thirty seconds. All the tensions and the indecisions were gone. His mind had been made up for him — that is, he had made up his mind. The girl next door had been the right one all along.

George and Sarah Prentice beamed with happiness. "Nothing could please us more," Sarah said. "We've always thought of you as a son, Vincent. Now it will be official."

Later, in his own home, Vince's mother echoed Sarah's words. "We've loved Helen as though she were our daughter. Now she really will be."

And Vince's father had said, "Frankly, we've dreamed of this, son. Of course, we've never said anything . . ." He believed his words, too, just as he believed that he had never, by a word or look, let Vince know how badly he wanted him in his business.

There is a special naivete reserved peculiarly for parents, Vince thought now. He was in the kitchen again, scotch bottle in hand. "Hold up," he said aloud. "What do you think you're doing — trying one on?"

The words seemed to echo in the silence of the house. It was a queer, vast sort of silence. It was not just that he was alone in the house; dozens of times there had been hours when Helen was out somewhere with the children. But the silences then were not like this one, which had a finality about it. Helen was not just out of his life for an hour — she was out of it for good.

Well, he had anticipated a certain sense of loss; after all, they had known each other all their lives. And it had not been enough. Three weeks had been sufficient to erase all the rest . . .

Vince made the drink more moderate than the preceding ones, and went to the small study off the living-room. He picked up an irregular, stubby cylinder from the corner of his desk — a cheap replica of the Castel Sant' Angelo, with most of the gilt rubbed off it. "With all the art in Italy, why did you have to come home with that?" Helen had asked him more than once. He turned it over and looked at the nicks on the bottom.

Engaged to be married — and off to Europe five days later . . .

For three years Vince had saved for a trip to Italy when he finished college. Once he was engaged, of course, he proposed to use the money for household furnishings, but Helen wouldn't hear of it. "There's no reason to, darling. Go on and have your jaunt. A last fling — only don't fling too high. Anyhow, I have a million things to do before the wedding and I can do them better with you out of the way." He didn't really believe it and he knew she didn't, either.

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.***

— Isaiah 55:1.

Playing! But it's only ten past six. I don't know how he keeps going. Well he's healthy. That's the most important thing.

Thank goodness he comes in to a good breakfast. Thank goodness for Weet-Bix.

Now that I think of it that's what gives him all that energy. It's a good one that Weet-Bix.

In fact it's Australia's national family breakfast. Preferred all year round. With cold milk in summer, hot milk in winter.

Men of tomorrow need Weet-Bix today

(and that goes for all the family too)

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WHAT'S SUCH A BIG THING ABOUT A CLOTHES HOIST?

They all look much the same—and let's admit it, none of them are particularly beautiful. But if you're a woman, and you have to do the washing, there's more to buying a hoist than meets the eye.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I HAVE a china cow in my possession, and it is reputed to be very old. It is white with yellow and brown markings, has a hole in the top, a pourer from the mouth, and the tail forms a handle. It is roughly 6½in. x 3½in., but no markings. — Mrs. D. R. Tucker, Lismore, N.S.W.

Your pottery cow-creamer could prove to be of special interest. I would like (if possible) to see a colored photo of it.

Pottery cow-creamers were produced by the Staffordshire potteries throughout the 19th century. However, 18th-century examples are known. The famous Whieldon (1740-1780) Works made them during the latter half of the 18th century.

They were copied from a silver prototype of Dutch origin.

● *American serviette rings.*

COULD you give me some particulars of the age and origin of a pair of silver serviette rings. On the base are the words "Made and guaranteed by Meriden B. Company, 214, U.S.A." — M. W. Young, Glen Waverley, Vic.

Your pair of unusual American electroplated britannia metal serviette rings were made about 1880 to 1890.

● *Japanese teaset.*

I AM enclosing a photograph (left) of the last of a teaset owned by my grandmother. It would be, I think, more than one hundred years old. Can you tell me anything concerning it, please. — Mrs. M. G. Gataker, Brisbane.

Your Japanese blue-and-white porcelain teaset was made about 1875 to 1885.

Continued from page 65

THE REAL THING

She was being a good sport, that was all. He should have refused the gesture, but in spite of feeling guilty, he didn't.

Helen and the two sets of parents saw him off on the local plane to Indianapolis, where he would change for New York. He kissed and shook hands and walked to the plane in a properly reluctant manner, but when it took off he felt as if he could step outside and soar with it. He grinned, he kidded with the stewardess, he felt like a small boy running from the schoolhouse on the last afternoon before vacation. I shouldn't feel like this, he thought—and kept on feeling that way.

In New York he met Don and Pete, his friends from college, and from there they flew tourist class to Rome, where they would begin their three-week tour.

His meeting with Doris happened in a fairly ordinary way. Six American girls about their own age were travelling together, and Vince, Don, and Pete met three of them on the Via Veneto. From the first Vince had to admit that his judgment was somewhat clouded. Pete's and Don's girls were only girls; his own was obviously special.

There was the usual animated questioning. When did you get here? What places have you seen? How long will you be in Rome?

"Yak, yak," Vince said to Doris. "Let's leave these crude tourists and go for a walk."

Vince could not remember now whether Doris was five feet three or five feet five. He could not remember the exact shape of her nose. But he could recall most vividly her eyes, a tawny light brown, and her hair, chestnut with lighter sun streaks, and the sweet lines of her body, and the way she sometimes tugged at his arm, leaning forward as if wanting to break into a dance or run. She was gay and reflective; she was sophisticated and innocent. She was Doris Tane.

They walked for hours, past the statues and fountains, beneath arcades, up streets which were nothing but ancient steps. They saw a sidewalk cafe and sat down. "To European travel," said Vince over a vermouth, "and all the culture one derives therefrom."

"I bet all the culture you three boys derive you could put in your eyes," Doris said

"Darling, I want my arms about you."

with a laugh. Her cheeks were flushed with the heat and her hair was tousled. She was so tanned that her skin, like her eyes and the sun-streaks in her hair, was tawny, too.

"Apricot." Vince nodded sagely.

"Apricot?" said Doris.

"You. You're a — I mean an."

"Wait till I think that one out," said Doris. "They're sort of round and fat, aren't they?"

"Bursting with goodness," Vince said. "Stored with nature's sweetness. They come to you directly from the sun-kissed lands of—"

"I'll buy, I'll buy! So you're an advertising man."

"No, real estate, I guess." He told her about working with his father, about Seton City and the life it offered. He did not see the necessity of mentioning Helen Prentice to so casual an acquaintance. He hadn't even told Pete and Don about his engagement.

She was from Detroit, she said. Her father manufactured machinery "for making paper boxes, and like that." Vince judged that her family was well off, from the things she said and from the opulence of the hotel he took her to later in the afternoon.

The boys called for the three girls that evening and met their friends, who looked good-naturedly envious at the escorts they had snagged. They went out to dinner, a gay young group with no tomorrow, and it was all as it would have been in Seton City or Detroit. Next day they did more sightseeing—museums and cathedrals, the Appian Way, the Castel Sant' Angelo. In a curio shop near the last, Vince and Doris spotted the cheap little replicas.

"Aren't they awful!" Doris said, laughing.

"Outstanding," Vince said. "Allow me." He bought one for her and she bought one for him, and they went out together carrying the squat, weighty little souvenirs.

That night Vince and Doris deserted the other two couples and dined alone. They went to a basement restaurant they'd heard about. Everything they said seemed funny or profound, and with dessert they seemed almost able to read each other's mind.

"It does seem that way, doesn't it?" Doris murmured.

"What?" said Vince.

"As though we'd known each other for years instead of hours."

To page 68

What does an Eve do in the springtime?

She takes advantage of this special offer

Modern Eves can make a "new beginning" with this special Yardley beauty offer. Four glamorous trial-size packs that let you try our skin beauty preparations. That can create a more feminine, more natural, more youthful you. All good stores and chemists have them now.
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1 oz. Deep Emollient Cleanser, 1 oz. Skin Freshener, 1 oz. Velvet Skin Moisturiser, 17/6.

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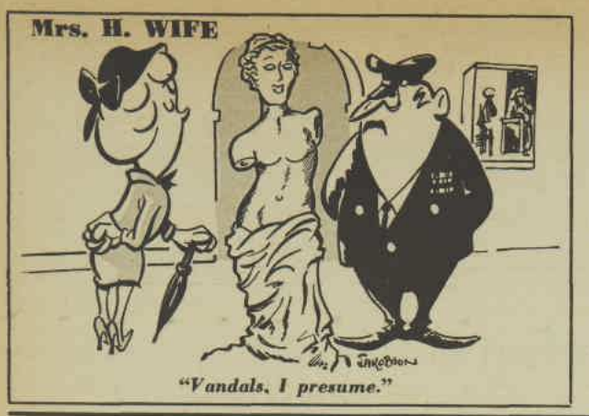

"Vandals, I presume."

Continued from page 67

THE REAL THING

"You might at least wait for me to say it instead of just thinking it."

When they had finished dinner Vince put her coat over her shoulders and then kissed her ear, oblivious to the surrounding public. Doris instantly sobered, and on the long stroll back to her hotel she told him about herself.

"I should have said this right away, I guess. I'm engaged to be married, Vince."

"Oh?" They matched steps for a while, and Vince felt that his disappointment was perfectly silly under the circumstances.

"I suppose you wonder what I'm doing here if I'm about to be married. But Dad and Mother had promised me a trip as a graduation present, and Bob said there was no reason I shouldn't go ahead with it . . . You aren't mad, are you, Vince?"

"I don't see how I could be," Vince said. "I'm engaged, too."

"Wedding date?"

"All set. Six weeks from now."

"So soon . . . Bob and I haven't set a date yet."

"He's a lucky man."

"And yours is a lucky girl."

It was a letdown, and the following silence was so long that each looked questioningly at the other and laughed a little ruefully.

"Well, we've declared ourselves," Doris said.

"Yeah," said Vince. "Though I don't see that it makes much difference. We weren't plunging into any romance of the ages, or anything."

"Well, as long as we both know the rules and stick to them . . ."

They all were in Rome for three more days. This was one more day than Don and Pete had bargained for, and they were anxious to go on. "Run along, then, you two," Vince told them. "We agreed when we came that we'd split up any time one of us wanted to do something on his own."

"Oh, well, the girls will be here tomorrow, too. We'll stick around."

That last evening had a surprising impact on Doris and Vince.

"It's been lovely, Vince. One of those unexpected little flashes you remember for a long time."

"Too short a flash," Vince said.

Doris looked away. "Maybe not. Maybe it's a good thing it wasn't longer."

"Don't expect me to agree with you on that."

"We should have known each other sooner." Doris put her hand to her mouth. "Oh, I didn't mean that — not the way it sounded."

"I like the way it sounded."

They were dining in an ancient garden with columns around it, and fragmented statues here and there.

"So now you go back to Detroit and marry Bob," Vince said.

Doris nodded. "And you go back to Seton City and marry Helen."

"What're you going to use your Castel Sant' Angelo for?"

"Paperweight, I guess," Vince said.

Doris shivered, though the night was warm. "It's getting late. You'd better take me to the hotel."

"Let's stay up all night."

"No. I . . . I'm afraid I'm a little off-balance, Vince. And it's come to be that time."

AT the hotel he went up with her in the elevator. They faced each other at the door. The long corridor was dim and empty. He caught her to him, and for a moment they clung to each other. Then she moved away. "The rules," she said unsteadily. "Just friends. Remember? Good night, Vince."

But it was really goodbye. He went down the dim hall. She was still at the door when the elevator came. She waved — a small, jerky movement — and he saluted.

Vince slept till ten and then dressed, alone in the room, alone in Rome. Ron and Pete had gone on to Naples. He went to the girls' hotel. They had checked out two hours ago, the porter said. Paris. "Except for one," he added as Vince started to turn away. "Miss Tane went to Venice. To paint, I think."

Vince looked at the wall above the man's head. His heart was pounding. "Do you happen to know where in Venice?"

"Oh, yes. We made reservations. The Venezzio."

. . . . .

The water taxi took him to the Venezzio and let him out at the hotel landing between two striped poles. There was a tiny garden, gay with flowers, with an arcade around three sides. Vince set his suitcases down and opened the door marked "Officio." The room inside was nothing but a bit of hallway between door and winding stairs; a fat, beaming man sat at the table-desk. On her own, it seemed, Doris Tane preferred a less ornate hotel.

The signore was very lucky, it appeared — a room rented for a month had been vacated two weeks early. Vince went to get his bags, opening the door just in time to scare off an urchin who was picking up the smallest suitcase. These little descendants of dogs, the fat man said — turn your back on something, anything, for ten seconds . . . The signore would do well to remember the boldness and thievishness of these sons of wolves.

Vince went up the stairs with his pulse pounding in his ears. He

To page 70

GONE...the HEADACHE that was!

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Readers' recipes win prizes

● A recipe for a Dutch Tart wins first prize of £5 in our weekly contest. This is a delicious tart; to give it the traditional topping, spread with pink icing when cool, sprinkle with coconut.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for Irish tea loaf and for sweet pickled onions.

Tea is the unusual ingredient that adds flavor and good, rich color to the Irish loaf.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

DUTCH TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, raspberry jam, 3oz. butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon raisins, 1 tablespoon chopped dates, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, pink icing, coconut.

Line base and sides of lamington tin with pastry, spread with raspberry jam. Cream butter and sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and combined walnuts, dates and raisins. Spread this mixture over jam. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. When cool, ice with pink icing and sprinkle with coconut. Cut into squares.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Shaw, 25 Reginald St., Mount Gambier, S.A.

IRISH TEA LOAF

One cup strong black tea, 1lb. mixed fruit, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons marmalade jam, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1lb. self-raising flour.

Soak the dried fruit and brown sugar in cold tea, leave overnight. Next day add the marmalade and beaten egg, mix well, then add sifted flour and spice. Fill into greased 9 x 5in. loaf tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Strong, 36 George St., South Perth.

SWEET PICKLED ONIONS

Twelve pounds small white onions, 4 pints white vinegar, 1oz. whole ginger, 1oz. whole black peppercorns, 1oz. whole allspice, 2lb. sugar, ½lb. salt.

Peel onions and place in large bowl with sugar, salt and vinegar. Tie ginger, peppercorns and allspice in piece of muslin. Add to onion mixture, soak overnight, stirring occasionally. Next day strain onions and reserve liquid, put onions in large sterilised jars. Place reserved liquid and spice bag into saucepan, bring to the boil; simmer 3 minutes. Remove muslin bag, pour liquid over onions. Seal tightly; leave jars 3 weeks until onions get a pinky tinge.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Atkinson, 144 Matlock St., Mount Hawthorn, W.A.

Household hints

● These hints will help you in your cooking and housework. Each one wins £1/1/-.

CHILDREN won't have to hunt through drawers for their clean socks if you keep the socks in a string bag hanging behind their bedroom door. Thus the socks are easily seen and got out by even the youngest child.—Mrs. L. Dixon, 5 Irymple Ave., East Kew, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To clean the mica panels on doors of slow-combustion heaters, slightly moisten a soft cloth with a little vinegar and rub the mica. All smoke marks will disappear, leaving it like new.—Mrs. I. Taylor, 37 Dalgetty St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Sew once with machine-stitching through the blanket-stitch on the hem of blankets to prevent any future unravelling. — Mrs. J. Hemer, 6 Adey Rd., Blackwood, S.A.

★ ★ ★

To keep your chrome electric kettle like new, wipe it over with a damp dishcloth while it is still warm then polish with a dry teatowel.—Mrs. K. Dyne, 42 Barbigal St., Stafford Heights, Qld.

★ ★ ★

When painting interior walls, save a small amount of the paint and use it to paint picture hooks. Then hang the pictures with clear nylon fishing line. The hook and line are barely visible on the walls. —Miss Jan Robison, 19 Brisbane St., Berwick, Vic.

★ ★ ★

An old tyre cut through the middle makes a handy water container for a fowl run. — Mrs. E. Abatnieks, 14 Coolalie St., Alderley, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Windscreen misting can be avoided by applying a little soft soap as thinly as possible to the inside of the screen then polishing with a dry cloth. The glass will remain mistproof for about two weeks. —Mrs. T. Huband, 6 Willett St., Yagoona, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

If dieting, and not allowed flour, don't make white sauce for cauliflower. Drain the cooked cauliflower well, sprinkle two tablespoons grated cheese over top, quickly put on saucepan lid and let stand a few minutes. The steam will melt the cheese. — Mrs. M. Ware, 70 Garrett St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

For children's feeders, use bias tape of different colors for each tie. It is then easier to untangle the inevitable knots.—Mrs. D. K. Morley, 35 Moorookyle Ave., Oakleigh, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Avocado dessert: Cut avocado in halves, remove stones, scoop out flesh, and mash to pulp. To this add approximately one heaped dessertspoon golden syrup per pear, or to taste. Mix well, chill. Can be served garnished with a little whipped cream. Must be eaten the same day as prepared.—Mrs. D. Voorn, 3 Ridge St., Coffs Harbor, N.S.W.

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Why not! With a pickle as delicious as Master Food's Corn Relish — you may give up eating it any other way! Firm round kernels of golden corn . . . scrunchy segments of savoury celery . . . and the mildest morsels of sweet red pepper — all blended in the tastiest, most perfect 'mustard pickle' base mortals ever tasted.

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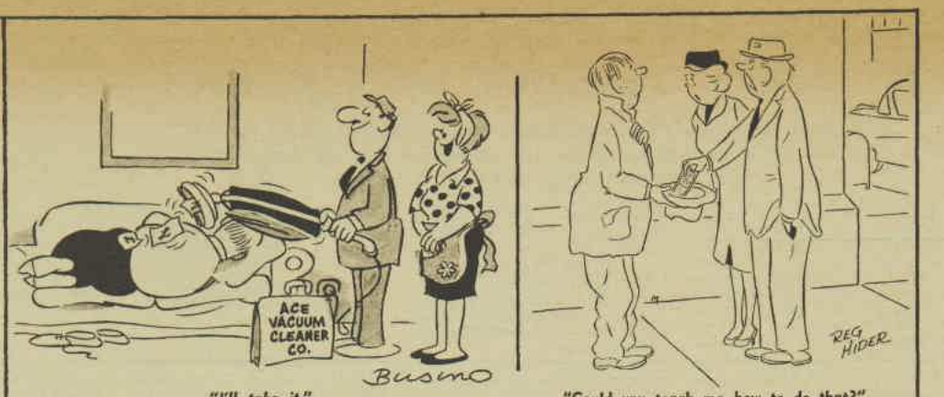
HOW TO STRETCH THE BUDGET



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THE REAL THING

Continued from page 68

had no right to do this. The rules. Remember? Doris had remembered. On the other hand, she had said last night, "I . . . I'm afraid I'm a little off-balance."

He knocked at her door. Hot temper? Cold fury? Or contemptuous amusement? She said, "Why, Vince!"

"Doris . . ."

"You shouldn't have followed me," she said.

They stood looking at each other. The rules! Vince knew the battle being fought within her, because earlier he had fought his own — and lost. What she should do was shut the door between them, and he saw her start to do just that; but then, with a deep sigh, she stepped back. It was open acknowledgement that her battle also had been lost.

He went in. The tension drained away, and they faced each other, knowledgeable and sure, with time and the rest of the world forgotten.

On a chair a flat metal box stood open with a small painting in oils clipped to its lid. Vince went toward it. "You didn't tell me you were an artist."

"I couldn't and be honest. Lousy, but fun."

A PICTURE stood on the ancient dresser, a blown-up snapshot. A young man sat in a boat, smiling up at whoever was taking the picture. But what a boat! Vince thought of Terry Lee's boat, which seemed insignificant compared to this immense thing.

"Bob?" Vince said.

"Yes . . . How did you know where to find me?"

"The porter at your hotel."

"Oh. Of course." But she said it almost comfortably. There was no rush as there had been in Rome.

"Dinner? Pick you up at seven?"

"Of course," she said again. And he kissed her, very lightly, and went out.

"It's not us," said Doris at dinner later. "It's not the world we know. We're two other people on another planet, where everyone is kind and there is only today."

"There *is* only today," Vince said, vehement with this slight cracking of the dream.

"Tell me about the old world. Seton City and all the girls. And —"

"All right. I grew up in Seton City. I went to college. I came to Italy. You. Period."

She wasn't quite as reticent. She had been born in Detroit, brought up in Grosse Point, and had gone to the University of Michigan. She played golf and tennis and had majored in art. She might as well have skipped it; she couldn't draw a fried egg, and knew it. But as she spoke, her eyes sought his, and the words were coming from somewhere off the top of her mind. It doesn't matter, her eyes said. All this doesn't matter.

A gondola was waiting when they came out, and they got in and settled themselves.

"It's a time for song," said Vince. "What do you know?"

"There's always 'Blue Room'," said Doris, and they began to sing softly, with Vince taking the baritone part. Gradually, a hoarse bass humming became audible behind them. Vince leaned around the side of their cubbyhole and looked back. The gondolier grinned at him.

"Vince, I can't stand it," Doris said.

"For heaven's sake, don't cry now. What is there to cry about?"

"It . . . it's so . . ."

"Dorrie," Vince said. "Darling."

. . . . .

Hand in hand they toured Venice. They watched the glass blowers; they went to the shops; they spent endless hours on the winding canals.

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Continued from page 70

THE REAL THING

They spent more time at St. Mark's than Vince particularly cared about, for there was one rule that Doris would not break. Every day, for an hour and a half at least, she painted.

"It's kind of a bargain with Dad, although we've never put it into words," she said. "He thinks I have talent. It was because of him I took art, and I think he feels that one reason I wanted to come to Italy was that I yearned to do some painting here. I know enough now to know I'll never be an artist, but I promised myself I'd take some work back to him so he'd finally be convinced of it, too. Not that I'm not doing the very best I can," she said earnestly.

"You're nice," said Vince. "You're a nice girl."

"Not really. I'm selfish." And she would shake back her sun-streaked hair and daub paint on canvas board while Vince watched her and wished to be away from all the crowds.

They had no sense of time, no feeling of being rushed. They kept time's passage determinedly jammed into the backs of their minds, but the afternoon came when they could no longer keep the doors locked on it.

They were in Vince's room, and outside it was raining.

"Two more days," Vince said. "I haven't admitted it even to myself, but that doesn't make it go away. Two more days."

"I know, darling."

"It won't do," he said. "You can't go home and marry Bob, and I can't go home and marry Helen. You know that, don't you?"

SHE closed her eyes, and he kissed the hollow at the base of her throat.

"There never were two people so wonderfully suited to each other," he said. "The way I feel about you makes my feeling for Helen seem like simple friendship. And I won't even ask whether your feeling for Bob has changed — I know it has."

"I've been engaged to him for . . . it seems for ever," Doris said. "All through school. Everybody has always known we would get married after I graduated."

"Everybody has always known I'd marry Helen, too. And I think that may have had some influence. It may have pressured you, too."

"We've had a wonderful three weeks in fairyland," she said. "If we'd met in Dubuque or Youngstown—"

"It would have been the same, and you know it. But we did meet in time, and it doesn't matter where."

"We couldn't do this to them, Vince. I know how it would hurt your Helen, and you know how it would hurt Bob."

"I'm sorry. I truly am. But someone's always getting hurt in this world, and I'd rather they had a short hurt than we have a long one. Dorrie, you know the only marriage we can make is with each other."

She said nothing, and Vince's mouth tightened with beginning anger. "What is it, then? All the money? The yacht clubs of England, Norway, Miami? I know I won't have much for a while——"

"Vince, don't. You know that isn't true. And you know this isn't you speaking."

"Then?"

"We gave our word. Both of us. We made a contract."

"When we gave the word and made the contract we didn't know what the future held . . . us."

"You would go home, supposed to get married in six weeks—a month now—and tell Helen you've decided not to marry her? Just like that?"

"Yes," said Vince. He drew a deep breath. "No. Not just like that. I'd try to make her understand that these things happen—though I can't think there has ever been anything quite this beautiful before. I'd try to make her understand that love can't be commanded. It goes where it is meant to go; and if it's big enough, a man is helpless before it."

"And that will stop the hurt? She'll smile and wish you luck?"

It was Vince's turn to be silent.

"Do you think I haven't been arguing like this with myself?" Doris said. She added, voice breaking, "I . . . I just don't know what to do."

Vince kissed her hand. The anger was all gone, and the jealousy and lack of understanding. "There's only one thing for us to consider, one fact: It would be a crime if we didn't go through the rest of life together. You do feel that?"

"Yes. Yes, I do. But Bob is nice, Vince. He doesn't deserve this."

"Two men love a girl; you can't marry both. And do you think it would hurt me less than Bob to lose you?"

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

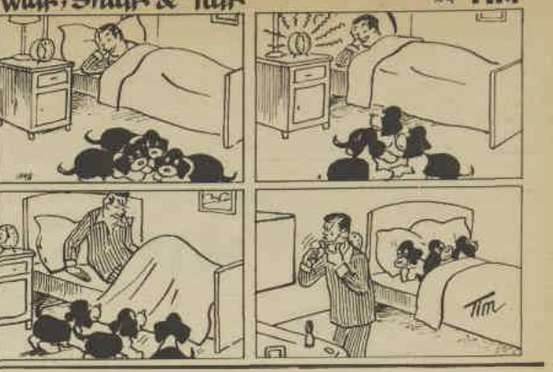
Short stories should be from 2000 to 6000 words; short short stories, 1000 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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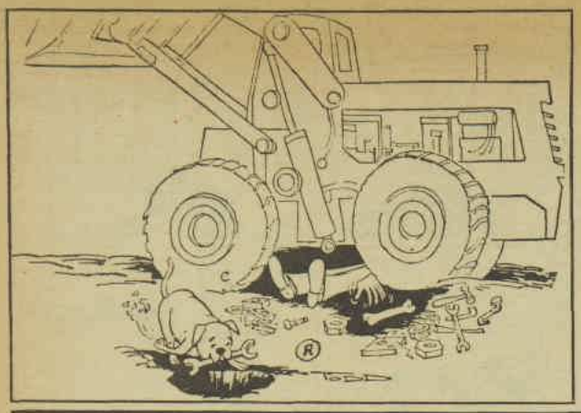

Continued from page 71

THE REAL THING

"Oh, I don't know what to do." Her voice was like that of a child lost in the dark. She turned suddenly and clung to him. "Don't let me go."

"I never will, darling. Come. Let's have dinner tonight in the place we found the first night."

In the restaurant Doris was very much the sophisticated and composed girl of the world, with only a slight redness of her eyelids hinting that she had wept while she was dressing for the evening. Vince heard himself saying things that he hoped were light and witty, but all he was really doing was looking at her, loving her.

"Here's to Venice," Doris said, smiling over the rim of her glass. "May it be many more centuries before it finally sinks into the sea."

"And may it greet many more like us, to find themselves and go on together."

"Vince, you said you wouldn't."

"I know. And I won't. Tonight there's only us. Tomorrow night we can be practical and make our plans."

The smiles and laughter vanished, and so did much of Doris's color. "There . . . won't be a tomorrow night. I wanted to tell you this afternoon," she said. "But I couldn't. You know I got a telegram yesterday?"

Vince moistened his lips. "Yes. I assumed it was from home."

"It was from Hazel Winton. You know, the girl your friend Pete took around in Rome. Hazel and I didn't plan as long a trip in Europe as the other girls did. They're staying on in Paris. Hazel is coming here to join me, and we'll fly back together." Her lips were pale. "She will get to the hotel tomorrow noon. We'll leave the following morning, early."

Vince was wordless in his desolation. A whole day lost to them—their last day. For Doris didn't have to tell him that her friend must not see him in her brief stay at the hotel.

"This is our last night, Vince. No tomorrow."

"Our last night here," he said harshly. "Not our last night."

"I've got to think," said Doris.

"You have to think! You don't know now?"

"I've got to have more time. I must be sure. You'll have your answer tomorrow night."

"How will I know? We shouldn't take the risk of being seen together."

DORIS was silent for a moment. Then she said, "The Castel Sant' Angelo. You still have yours?"

"Of course. That's one thing I'll never part with."

"You know, that little niche in the patio wall near the gate? Tomorrow night, if it's yes, I'll put my Castel in the niche. And you — if it's yes — put yours beside it."

"It's yes right now. I'll go and put mine there right now."

"You know something? You're not quite as certain as you think you are. Tomorrow, alone, you're going to think of Helen, and of Seton City and your work there and your friends."

"It's yes right now."

"Anyway, that's how we can let each other know. If we both decide we have the strength for it, the two Castels will be there in the morning."

"And if I see yours there — I mean when I see it there — I'll go back home and break it to Helen as decently as I can, and I'll come up to Detroit and we'll get married as soon as the law allows. But your Castel has got to be there — it's my life for it to be there."

. . . . .

Now, in the immaculate library of his immaculate Seton City home, Vince Bryan turned over the little souvenir he had brought back from Italy and, as he had often done before, looked at the nicks on the bottom of the cheap grey metal thing.

It had indeed been a long afternoon and night in Venice, so near Doris but so locked off from seeing her. And he had indeed thought of Helen, but not once in any indecisive way, only of how best to tell her of his change of heart.

To page 74

"Fix it easy"... Plantation Salad

Use your longest salad platter, arranging salad vegetables in neat rows — like a plantation. Start with a colourful flavour centre! Golden Circle tender sweet beetroot and Golden Circle tropical pineapple pieces. Work from the centre with other crisp salad ingredients. Your salad is ready in no time — an invitation to fastidious appetites . . . a summer vitamin meal that nutrition experts approve. Remember — it's the pineapple that gives the flavour lift!

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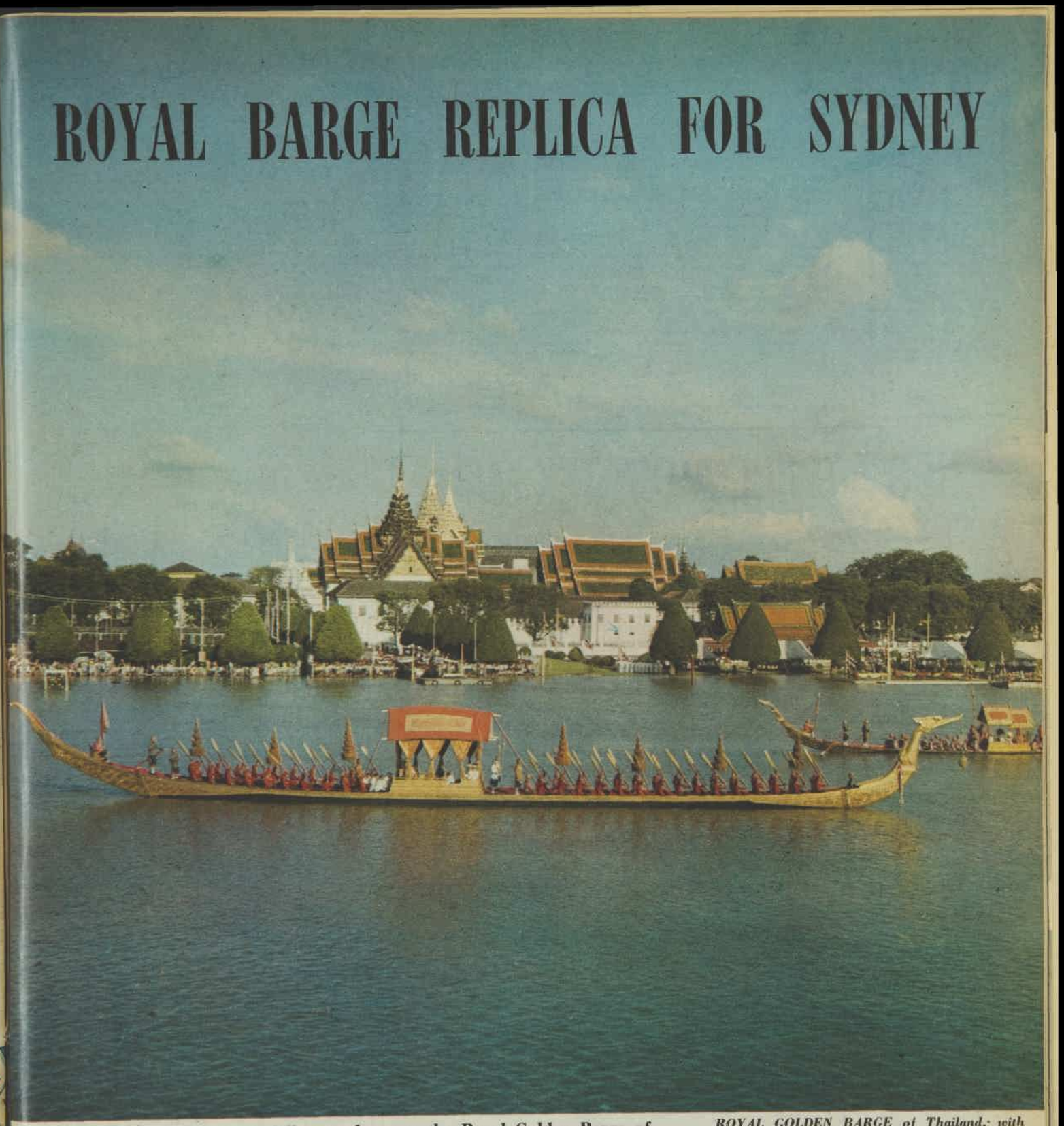
ROYAL BARGE REPLICA FOR SYDNEY



ROYAL GOLDEN BARGE of Thailand, with Bangkok's Grand Palace in background.

● The only apparent difference between the Royal Golden Barge of Thailand and the replica barge that Sydney people will soon see at the Trade Fair is that one floats on water and the other "floats" on grass.

FOR the past few months 50 Thai carpenters have been building the barge — an exact replica in dimension and materials of the royal barge used by the King and Queen of Thailand on ceremonial occasions—for the "Pageant of Asia Spectacular," a highlight of the 1965 International Sydney Trade Fair, to be held at Sydney Showground from October 22-30.

Organisers of the pageant will present the effect of the royal barge on Bangkok's Chao Phraya River by "floating" the replica on a low-slung motor-trailer.

The vehicle will then move slowly around the arena at the Showground against a backdrop of five CinemaScope screens, on which scenes of Bangkok will be projected.

"It could be described as a giant outdoor theatre performance," said Mr. John Finlay, co-ordinator of the pageant, which will be held twice nightly at the Fair, "except that the figures and props will be life-sized."

Fifty-two hand-picked rowers, all dressed in colorful red, green, and gold Thai costumes, will man the barge, while recordings of Thai religious chants are played in the background.

The entire pageant in which 15 countries will take part was the idea of the executive director of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, Mr. Stefan Haag.

"The idea was to choose 15 items which Australians would recognise as being significant of a particular country," said Mr. Finlay.

"Although Thai dancing is world-famous, the ceremonial royal barge is unique," he said, "so we set out, with much naivety I must admit now, to borrow it from Thailand.

"But we quickly found this was impossible. There are 30-odd barges in Thailand, all the personal property of the King and they cannot be removed from the country. So we decided to build one.

"The Thai Government officials thought we were joking, but all the same they were impressed to think Australia would go to so much trouble.

"Building the barge was a much bigger job than we had imagined. As there are no blueprints in existence of the centuries-old royal barges, we had to go down to the royal docks and trace the original model on paper."

Since work began in June, many hours have been spent on the traditional woodwork designs, all done with a hand fretsaw.

The heavily gilded 143ft.-long barge will be shipped in pieces to Sydney and assembled for a charity premiere on October 21, the night before the fair opens.

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(advertisement)

OVERHEARD AT THE GOLD COAST

BILL:
"What's happened to your face—you used to look like something out of a bad dream with all those pimples?"

JACK:
"You wouldn't read about it. I was so darned miserable. No dates, no fun—just hated to look in a mirror. Then Mum heard about Bonne Bell TEN-O-SIX LOTION. Boy, that did it."

BILL:
"TEN-O-SIX LOTION! Sounds like sissy stuff!"

JACK:
"No sir! It's beaut on the face—no sissy smell—Dad reckons it's the best after-shave he's ever had. Anyway it's cleaned up my problem. Let's go out and crack a few of those waves."

YOUR FACE NEVER HAD IT SO CLEAN

All chemists and stores 10/6; 8 oz. economy size, 18/-.

Bonne Bell—Cleveland 7—Ohio. (R2)

Continued from page 72

THE REAL THING

He had stayed away from the hotel until after eleven, aching to get back to see if Doris's souvenir was in the niche. When he did get in, he went immediately to the small arched cave in the masonry that once had probably held a statuette. It was empty, and alarm shot through him. But then he reasoned that it was still rather early, and Doris might have a hard time getting away from her friend.

He went to his own room and got out his Castel. He wrote "I love you" on the gummed part of an envelope and pasted it like a label across the bottom. Then he went down and put it in the niche, checking first to see whether Doris had left hers while he was in his room.

She hadn't, and he went in again and sat with the lights out and with the first of an endless chain of cigarettes glowing in the dark.

He went down again at midnight and again at one, and four times after that, whispering in the dark, "She has to. She has to." But she hadn't. He fell asleep just after dawn, with the last trip to the patio niche lighted by the soft, pearly light. There was his Castel. No other. Just the one. But she could still slip hers in beside his before leaving in the morning; or had she decided to go home and marry a man she knew now she didn't love?

He woke up in panic, with sweat drenching him, and threw some clothes on and went down to the garden. There was one Castel. His.

The fat man stared at it, in Vince's hand, with one eyebrow up a little. Miss Tane? Oh, she had left. The signore had known she intended to leave early this morning, hadn't he? Well, she was gone.

Behind his door the bitter anger flooded over him. Swearing, he scraped the little message off the bottom of the Castel so viciously that the knife knicked the soft metal. *I love you.* Oh, I love you, too, Vince. 'Bye, now. Nice to have met you.

The rage left him. She had had her agony, too; he knew it. But he also knew that hers could not possibly be as enormous as his own. If it had been, he would have found the right answer in the niche.

He would never see her again. They would never laugh together, cling together again. They would never suffer together again as they had last night. He was going to live out his life in half a world. If only she had had that final spurt of courage . . . But she had made her contract, and in the final analysis could not force herself to go back on it. That, too, was Doris Tane.

"You'd better not miss that plane, boy," Don had said.

Vince did not miss it. He took off right on time—from Rome, from Italy, from the brief possession of everything he'd wanted on this earth.

It was with profound relief that he parted from Don and Pete in New York and went on alone to Seton City. Now the worst part of the trip was at hand — the homecoming. He must smile and think of things to say, and he doubted very much that he could do it. For a moment he considered pretending he was ill. But this could last only a short while, after which he would again be faced with trying to act like the Vincent Bryan who had gone away.

The plane landed at Seton City. He sat there with his hands clenched until the other passengers had got off. Then, pasting a smile on his face—much as he had pasted that short message on the bottom of his souvenir — he went down the steps and to the gate.

Helen was there, with her parents and his. "Darling!" she cried. She kissed him, and he thought his lips must be cold as ice, but she did not seem to notice anything wrong; and he thought then that she seemed rather pale, almost listless. Their parents, too, appeared more solemn than he would have expected. With effort he widened his smile and said exactly the wrong thing. "Hey! What's this — a greeting or a funeral?"

They told him about Terry Lee then, in the car on the way home. Four days ago . . . It had been a locally important race, with boats from Indianapolis and Cincinnati. The lake had been a little choppy, but not enough to cancel the event; Terry had smashed grimly through the turbulence for four laps and then, on the sharp south turn, had flipped his boat over. In spite of padding and braces, his neck had snapped.

"Terry dead?" he said. He thought for an instant of the picture he had seen in Doris's room, the smiling man in the huge, sleek cruiser.

"The whole crowd was there," Helen said. "We saw it. Even if we hadn't, it would have hit us just as hard."

"I know. He was as popular as any guy in town, I guess. And he deserved to be." Vince saw the handsome, gay face as he had seen it last, at the pool when Terry had deserted Lila and clowned around with Helen. "And I come grinning from the plane expecting to be met with cheers and maybe a band."

"Well, you really are, dear, even if it doesn't show," his mother said. "And it will show in a little while. It was a great shock to all of us, but fortunately people don't stay shocked. You spent more time in Venice than you'd planned, didn't you?"

"I fell in love with it," Vince said. And later he was sure the break in his voice would have given him away if the tragedy of Terry Lee had not dulled their perceptions.

To be concluded

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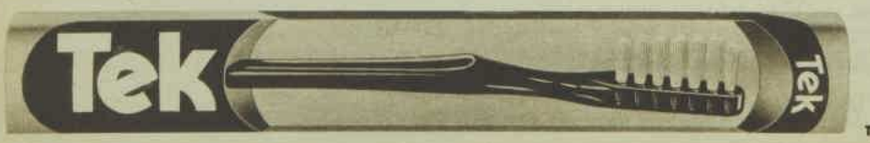

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 6.

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ This could prove to be the most crucial week this year for the world. To you it could bring some bad luck on the 10th, but better influences follow. Routine best.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Anything could happen romance-wise—you could be involved in the weirdest circumstances. Big changes brew, but adverse stars dominate. Next week is much better.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ A restless week to match your on-the-go personality, but the stars turn sour, especially on the 10th, when matters matrimonial could be adversely pressured. Wait until next week.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Saturday, Mon.
★ Usually fairly canny, with an inbuilt radar for protection, you could find mental circuits go snafu this week. Be careful, since haywire judgment could spell mishap.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ Business affairs and money matters could take unexpected and embarrassing turns—there's a major bad conjunction of two allergic stars. Don't take risks—better conditions next week.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, grn., brown. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ You have top billing again, more so if born 8th-11th Sept. You practical-minded folk will need all your patience, since this week could mean an important turning point.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Your sales-promotion cycle is in mid-swing, but the stars are mainly hostile. Postpone important issues until after the 12th. Big, and sometimes erratic, changes of point of view.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ The stars don't pull any punches—you could find trouble-spots affecting family and loved ones. The 10th makes for an upsetting weekend, but there are compensations next week.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Definitely a week in which to harness your outgoing energies. You could be more than usually on the go. Curb impatience, and start nothing new till next week. Watch those nerves.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22—JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Many could find themselves in perplexity. Habitually methodical and steady planners, Capricorns could find themselves mistiming and mis-hitting. Next week brings better stars.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ Aquarius's love of interdependence, which shows itself in emphasis on mateship, could get them into trouble at the weekend. Some could suffer from that snake-in-the-grass.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ You could react more than most to what is—let's face it—an unhappy week. However, better stars are around the corner. You could see big and surprising changes in your life.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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. . . and for a younger complexion, use —

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THE NONCONFORMIST

Continued from page 35

My head went back and I started the gosh-darndest fit of hysterics that anyone ever had. I could hear these terrible tearing howls coming from somewhere. It didn't seem possible that they could be coming from me. They sounded like the death-howls of a dog.

Then I heard footsteps pounding up the path and through the house and Mark Danby was there in the doorway. In a split second he was off again, wrenching open the door of the linen cupboard. How he found it, I don't know. He must have had some sort of instinct.

Back again, with a sheet moistened in water, ripping it up, winding part of it round Debby Ann, strips around my hands, pounding out again to get his car — a terrible rakish-looking red vintage thing, with polished pipes running alongside the bonnet. Slapping my face, giving me brandy, getting us both into the car, driving us to hospital.

I lost count of time, but he must have waited ages, until Debby Ann was put to bed in the Children's Ward, and the doctor said that she was in no danger, and wouldn't probably even be scarred. Then Mark took my elbow in his firm hand, and took me out to the car, and drove me back to Sherwood Heights. As he stopped outside his place, he said, "Coffee? Do you good."

I WAS still in a state of shock, moving like an automaton, as we went through the double stable doors into his living-room. He sat me down on a wide divan with a bright red cover, and went off to make coffee.

"Lie back," he said. "You'll feel better."

But my head and stomach had stopped swimming now, so I sat, a little primly, perhaps, and sipped the coffee that he had brought. It was good, very strong and a little bitter.

"You make good coffee," I said.

"Thank you. One of my few domestic virtues."

We laughed, a little inanely, and I looked around, because silences between strangers embarrass me, and I had to find a talking-point quickly.

I suppose Mark's place was a talking-point in itself. He had kept the wooden walls and flooring just as they were, although they had been sanded down and polished. There were rugs on the floor, a few very pleasing semi-abstract pictures, some good useful pieces of furniture not exactly in their first youth.

Turning my head to the right, I could see an electric stove, kitchen cupboards in the next loose-box. To the left, the appearance was bathroomy, through a partly drawn curtain.

His typewriter stood on a small sturdy table, a sheet of paper in it.

"What do you write?" I asked.

He smiled slightly, as if this was a question that everyone asked, and he had known that I would ask it.

"Anything," he said. "Anything that sells." And then, as if sensing my disappointment, he was kind to me, and added, "I hope to start on a novel very soon."

I saw chess pieces on a smaller table, and said, "Do you play chess? Don—my husband—loves it, but he seldom gets a game. So few people play here in the Heights."

His smile was broader this time.

"The suspect intellectual?" he said.

The words, even spoken in fun, stung me a little, the fringe-dweller criticising the people on the Hill.

"How do you like it here in Sherwood Heights, anyway?" I asked.

He grinned outright now.

"It's quite a place, isn't it? But it's what I want at the moment, which is the most important thing."

Did he know, I wondered, that his social acceptability hung in the balance? That everything he said or did was weighed? And, above all, his attitude to the Heights, and to the Sherwoods? Or, knowing, didn't he care?

I put my coffee cup down, and made my thanks, for the coffee and for his help, walked halfway up the hill to the house, rang Don, and then cried a little, felt better for it, and let the housework go, although only my left hand was really burnt, and I could have worked, if I hadn't minded about getting the bandages wet.

Don came home and cooked dinner, and straightened the place up a little, and I told him about Mark, about his playing chess, and Don said, "We'll ask him up one evening. We owe him that, at least, for what he did for us today."

I hesitated, feeling, I think, the first flick of cowardice even then, and said, "Not just yet, Don. Let's wait, at least, until my hands are better."

Or at least until next week, when John Sherwood gives one of his interminable cocktail parties, to see if Mark is invited.

He was there.

I saw him as soon as I went in, taller than most of the men with his handsome, slightly gaunt face that must have given him immense appeal to hundreds of women. I was about to go over to talk to him, and to introduce Don, when I saw he was deep in conversation with Trudi Sherwood and I hesitated, because Trudi Sherwood was "Something Else Again," and I was even less sure of his social acceptability.

The question of Trudi was a touchy one. The Sherwoods had two children, and while the boy Glenn, now married and living only one block down from the top of the hill, was pure Sherwood, Trudi was a misfit. And, not to put too fine an edge on it, John Sherwood hated his daughter.

There was nothing of John Sherwood's massive fairness in Trudi, or the lithe darkness of her half-French mother. At twenty-one, she looked like a stubby, grubby, scowling little boy, her dark hair clubbed short in a fringe across her forehead.

Hortense Sherwood, her mother, would laugh vaguely and excuse her as "artistic," but although Trudi painted a lot, almost all day, her pictures were all the same, all apparently meaningless, great grey and black and white swirls with dashes of red and purple in them. She had a sort of fierce intense shyness, and would pass you by sometimes with a slight smile, and sometimes as if unseeing.

One felt that the Sherwoods would have been happier if she had been an idiot child, whom they could have put in a Good Home, and wept a little over. But as it was they had done everything, braces on her teeth at twelve, college, finishing school, and the result had been less than nothing.

Now she was talking to Mark Danby with some kind of intensity, making ugly

To page 79

SILVER SPADE CONTEST

• The prizewinners in this Contest will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly NEXT WEEK (October 20 issue).

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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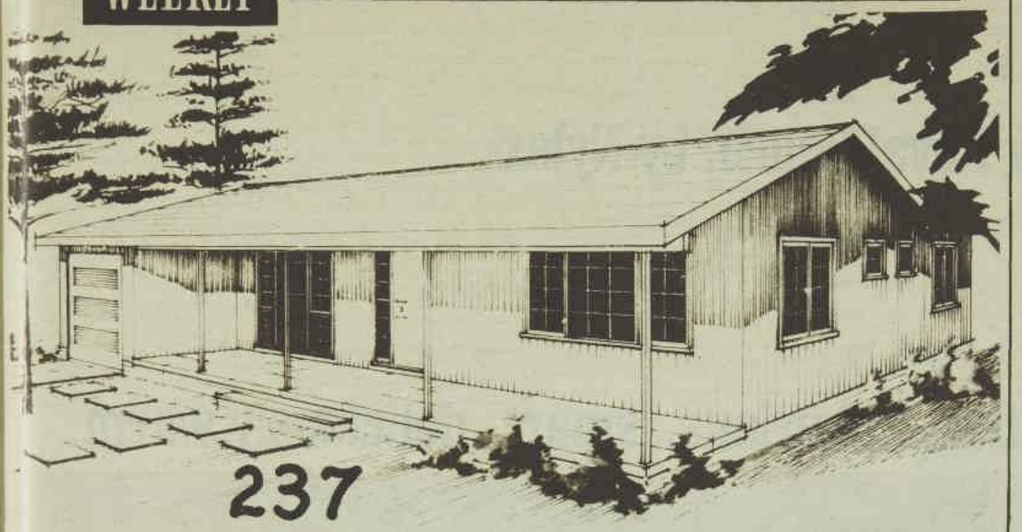
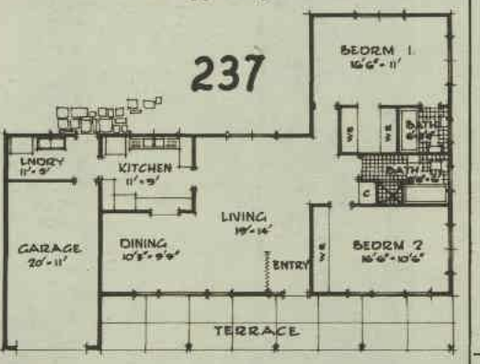


PERSPECTIVE shows design in timber frame with low-pitched roof extended over terrace. Note supporting columns.



FLOOR PLAN shows sleeping-area with two bathrooms. Note dressing-room off master bedroom with built-in wardrobes.

● This week's Home Plan No. 237 is for a two-bedroomed house to which extra bedrooms can be added.

THE design is specially suitable for the young couple who wish to keep down costs on their first home, but expect to provide additional accommodation as the family grows.

As it is cheaper in the long run to have all plumbing installed at the one time, two bathrooms are provided.

One adjoins master bedroom. The other, which contains bath and shower recess, is intended to serve children's wing formed by building extra bedrooms in front of second bedroom.

Master bedroom has its own dressing-room with built-in wardrobes.

A wide, roofed, front terrace provides sheltered entry to spacious living-dining area, which can be screened from front door by suitable divider.

Living - room features floor - length front windows and extends through to rear of house. Back window could be replaced by french windows or sliding glass doors to give direct access to garden or future terraced outdoor living area.

A convenient servery links kitchen to dining area. If desired, servery could be sealed off and a division wall provided to make dining area into guest-room.

Alternatively, a wall or doors could partition off rear section of living-room to make a family room adjacent to kitchen.

Internal access to garage is through the laundry to kitchen.

Kitchen overlooks service area and back garden for easy supervision of children and it has ample storage cupboards.

Area of house in brick construction is 14.5 squares, in timber-frame 13.5 squares.

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SPW 318

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sweeping gestures that endangered china and glassware, while he bent his head to listen, as gravely as if to a child. I searched his face carefully from my safe distance, and saw only grave politeness. If boredom was there, it was well hidden.

She was wearing a dream of a butter-yellow dress which was all wrong for her, because any dress was all wrong for her, and only the usual jeans and shirt were right. The next time I looked, I saw her standing on tip-toe, seeking Mark, but he was talking to Brett Garvin, of Sherwood, Garvin, so she went and stood with her back to the fire, her heels raised on the marble kerb, and looked disconsolate.

I almost braved the social gaffe, and went over to talk to her, but it was our turn to talk to John Sherwood (or rather to listen to him, and answer his questions) and Don and I went soberly up, like children sent to the School Principal.

But Don hadn't missed much. At home, when he undressed a little unsteadily — the Sherwood cocktails always stung a bit — he said, "So it looks as if your Mark is a social climber, after all. Did you see him doing his polite bit with the daughter of the house? Someone should warn him that he's wasting his time. You can't have success with Trudi, and with John and Hortense, too."

"Oh, Don, that's unfair. I think he was just being kind to her. After all, we can't know, can we?"

But I wondered, too. I would have died rather than have told Don, but I wondered, too.

And I wondered, even more, the next time I saw Mark, because he had Trudi with him. I was walking along the Shore Road and could see the stable doors were open. As I came near, I heard Trudi's high little-girl voice (she had a pretty voice) saying, "Well, why don't you like them?"

"It's the sameness, I think," replied Mark. "The feeling that you're trying to fall headlong into the centre of everything you paint, like into a whirlpool. They drag you down — into nothing."

"But don't you feel that way? I mean — that you're being dragged down into nothing?"

I heard Mark laugh.

"You're a gook, Trudi. Maybe you ought to see a psychiatrist."

"Oh, but I have. I went every week for ages."

"Did it do you any good?"

"It must have done. It cost an awful lot of money."

I heard Mark laugh again, and I came level with the door, glancing in, giving my polite smile, so that they would know I wasn't creeping past to spy. Trudi was sitting on the divan, her knees drawn up, arms around them, her mouth open, her teeth biting at one jean-clad knee.

Mark was holding up one

Continued from page 76

THE NONCONFORMIST

of Trudi's pictures, the muddy swirls and red patches, but he glanced up and saw me, putting the picture down.

"Hullo," he said. "Come in and have some coffee. It's just made."

I weighed his expression, the tone of his voice, very carefully, for the false heartiness that would tell me I was intruding.

If he was dissembling, he was very, very good, because it seemed to me to be perfectly natural, having coffee with one friend, and seeing another, inviting her in, too.

The conversation became general while I was there, broken by only one small, and to me, very significant incident. In addition to putting quantities of paint on canvas and on her clothes, Trudi always managed to get some of it on her person.

On this occasion she had a grey smudge on her short, little nose. Suddenly Mark leant forward and with his handkerchief removed the smudge, as gently as one would to a child.

I LEFT soon after that, and told Don about it in the evening, after Donny was in bed. Debby Ann was still in hospital.

"Don, I think Mark's in love with Trudi."

"Oh, rubbish, Ann. I mean, after all, she's not very lovable, is she?"

"All right, then, he's pretending he is, and making a very good job of it, too. He's trying to get to the top of the hill, after all."

"Well, he won't get there that way. In any case, he took a good step up today. He's going to work for Sherwood, Garvin."

"Oh, Don, no."

Perhaps my disappointment was excusable. Mark was the only writer I had ever known. I didn't want him to come down to Ad Man level.

"He's going to do scripting, and a little high-class copy. It seems that he wants to write a novel, and is a little short on money, and is going to be a weekend writer for a while."

I felt better about it then. After all, he wasn't going to become a serious Ad Man. My picture of Mark the writer was restored.

"I suppose he'll move into a house," I said. "I mean, the stable wouldn't be suitable now, would it?"

Curiously, I heard Don give a ghostly echo of a sigh.

"He may stay," he said. "Perhaps he likes the stables."

"I'll bet you that in a week he'll move. He'll be on his way up the hill."

But he wasn't. He stayed in the stable, and drove to work every day, and Trudi seemed to wander around, lost and lonely. She still painted a lot, but it was different now. She painted the jetty, and the rocks, and the beach, and a whole lot of sky and sea. They didn't seem to me to be very good.

She got into the habit of dropping into the house, which I didn't like, because dropping in wasn't the Sherwood Heights custom. Anyway, you couldn't be for John Sherwood and for Trudi, too, and we'd worked too hard to get to Sherwood Heights not to want to be on John Sherwood's side in everything.

But I couldn't put her outside bodily, and she was impervious to hints, and practically unsnubbable. So she followed me around the house rather like a small shaggy stray dog, until almost everything about her irritated me.

Oh, damn, I thought, what can one do? If she wants to talk about Mark, why doesn't she go ahead and talk about him? But I wouldn't bring the subject up. If one cannot afford to be partisan, one should stay silent.

Once she got very near it, I thought. Sitting on the edge of the ironing-table, she said, "My father wants me to get married."

I said, "Oh!" What else was there to say?

"To my cousin. Jack Rokesby. Do you know him?"

I shook my head.

I asked, "Why does he want you to marry your cousin?"

"I don't know. Because he's tidy-minded, I suppose. I'm sort of left over. Untidy, you know."

"Are you going to?"

"I don't know. I've gone against him in so many little ways. I suppose I have to pay for them in a big way some time. This way, perhaps."

I banged the iron down on the table. After all, what can you do with the Trudis of this world? If anyone had his lease cancelled in Sherwood Heights he was finished, not acceptable anywhere else. This was the power of the Sherwoods.

You kept trying to move up the hill, or you just fell off the edge of the world, like they thought people did in the days when the earth was flat. If Trudi didn't think of these things, I did, almost every moment of the day, and half the night sometimes.

Making sure that you went on getting invited to cocktail parties, and that Donny and Debby Ann would go to the right schools, and play with children further up the hill, and not further down. There just wasn't time left over for Trudi's problems.

And Mark? I wondered. I saw him with Trudi sometimes, but he had other friends. Women came to see him at weekends, lovely women, slim and tweed-suited, driving imported sports cars, with "career" written all over them. There was laughter and music, neither of them indiscreetly loud, and lights burning late at night.

There was talk about it. Old Mrs. Ramsay, who lived high on the hill, having been a Sherwood, albeit a lesser one, before marriage, said that one night she sat at her bedroom window all night, and the girl didn't leave at all. And her word counted for something, even if only as an indication that this was the way the Sherwoods thought.

But I knew that the Sherwood Heights men, that Don, even, envied Mark, not so much his girlfriends, as his liberty, as the fact that he stayed down in the stable, presumably because he wanted to, because he didn't seem to need to guard word and action to make the steady pitiless climb up the hill. I hated him a little for it for Don's sake, as well as for mine.

The sheer slogging hard work was Don's. Mine were the niggling worries, the night-worries about a possible pregnancy, when we couldn't afford yet another child, the

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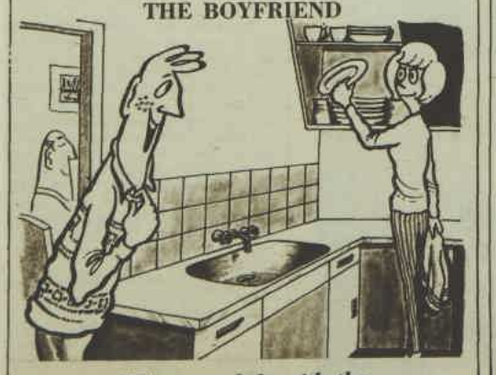
THE BOYFRIEND



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THE NONCONFORMIST

curtain-washing, the wondering if the garden looked nice enough, the obligatory tea-parties, the trying to remember if Hortense liked almond or fruit cake.

But the next time I saw Mark was when I was driving down the Shore Road one Saturday after taking Debby Ann for a last check-up with the doctor. I slowed the car and called to him. All right, I wanted to know. Living in Sherwood Heights doesn't take away natural curiosity. It increases it.

"How's the job?"

He came and stood beside the car, his arm resting on the window.

"It pays."

A standard answer to a standard question, I thought. Not tactful, since he was working for Sherwood, Garvin, but perhaps Mark felt himself above and beyond tact.

Looking down the road, I saw Trudi trudging away, jean-clad legs moving as steadily as pistons, painting gear slung around her.

"More sea scenes?" I asked.

He followed my glance.

"I suppose so," he said.

I leant forward.

"Tell me, does she have any talent? Any talent at all?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "She has quite a lot of talent, I think. It's buried very deep, though. Layers and layers of rubbish to be peeled away first."

"And you're helping with the peeling process?"

He grinned as he looked at me.

"No, but I've handed her the blow-torch."

I looked at him, at his thin, handsome face, at his easy stance, at his clothes, really too casual for an acceptable Sherwood Heights weekend.

"Would you mind if I asked you a very personal question?" I said.

"Probably, but you're going to ask it, anyway, aren't you?"

His grin and easy manner robbed the remark of some, but not all, of its sting.

"Did it ever occur to you that all this interest you are showing might be a little ill-advised? That Trudi is a rather intense little person and might take it a little bit the wrong way?"

Surprisingly his grin did not fade, but broadened.

"Shame on you, Ann. Trying to get your information at source. Isn't the Sherwood grapevine good enough for you?"

I felt myself redden and I moved the car forward to a rather jerky start. He knows what people are saying, and he just doesn't care. I only wanted to warn him. And perhaps to protect Trudi a little. He hadn't needed to make a fool of me.

"I don't think Mark will last long," I said to Don, and felt a little rivulet of viciousness run through me. "I think we'll see him off the hill and out of the agency very soon now. He seems to glory in running against everything that the rest of us are working for."

Don grinned, a shadow of Mark's grin, purely male, and wholly irritating.

"Ann, you look like a woman who got told."

"I *got* told, all right." I lugged viciously at the grocery parcels in the car boot. "But that's the point I'm making. He doesn't care what he says. He can't take advice from the people who know."

Don stretched his back and then took the parcels.

"Mark won't have to leave. He has the one thing that will keep him in the agency, and, therefore, on the hill. Talent. Genius, almost, for the kind of work they want from him."

"He's no cleverer than you."

"Oh, rubbish, Ann. I'm the plodder. You could put all the brilliance I have in one eye and still see out of it."

"But, Don, that's so unfair —"

He went up the steps in front of me.

"Oh, stop it, Ann. I'm not in the mood for it, and I've got that damn lawn to mow."

I DON'T know whether my words had any effect on Mark, but there was an almost immediate change in his weekend pattern. The smart career girls no longer visited him, but he drove off every Saturday, sometimes alone, and sometimes with Trudi, leaving early in the morning, and returning after dark. There was a change in their relationship, a new easiness, an occasional hand-clasping, hand-swinging.

Aha, I thought, he's weighed it up and has decided to play it cute. He still thinks that Trudi is the way to a place on the hill. Genius and the boss's daughter. An infallible combination to take him where he wants to go.

And then I thought — why not? It might work. If John Sherwood merely wants his daughter neatly married, might he not think the Boy Genius as good as anyone? Mark had plenty of charm, and an open, honest face. He might still bring the old man round to accepting him.

And, Mr. Mark Danby, would that be why you haven't moved out of your stable yet? Because you didn't want to get stuck halfway, with people like Don and me? Because you wanted to make it to the top in one giant stride?

And Trudi? What about Trudi? Would Mark be kind to her, go on being kind to her? Would he be faithful? Women would probably always throw themselves at Mark, smart, lovely women. How would Trudi fare then?

It broke, the whole thing, the whole mysterious bubble, on the day of John Sherwood's barbecue. We were up early with chores to do before we went up to Sherwood Park at noon. It was a beautiful day, the sky new-washed and clear.

Laying the breakfast table, I looked out of the window down to the sea and saw a curious white-painted boat moored to the jetty. A houseboat, neat and trim, a converted landing craft by the look of it. It had a cosy completeness, even down to hanging baskets of pink trailing geraniums.

"Don," I called. "Look down there."

He looked.

"Pretty," he said without much interest. Houseboats, by Sherwood Heights standards, were slightly raffish.

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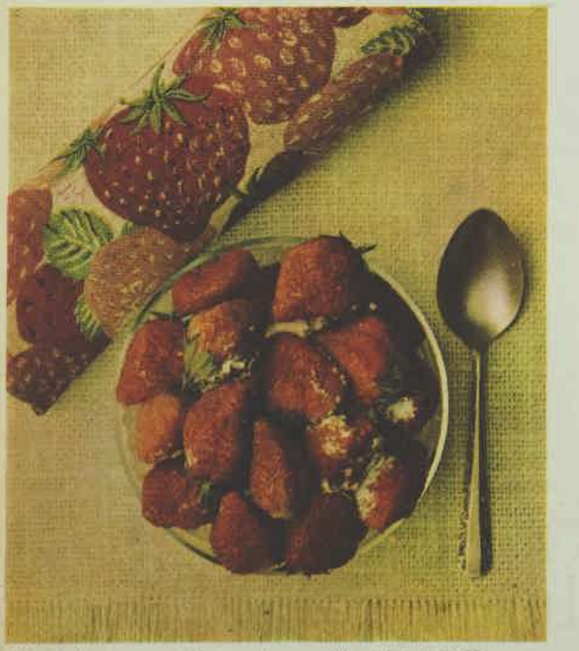

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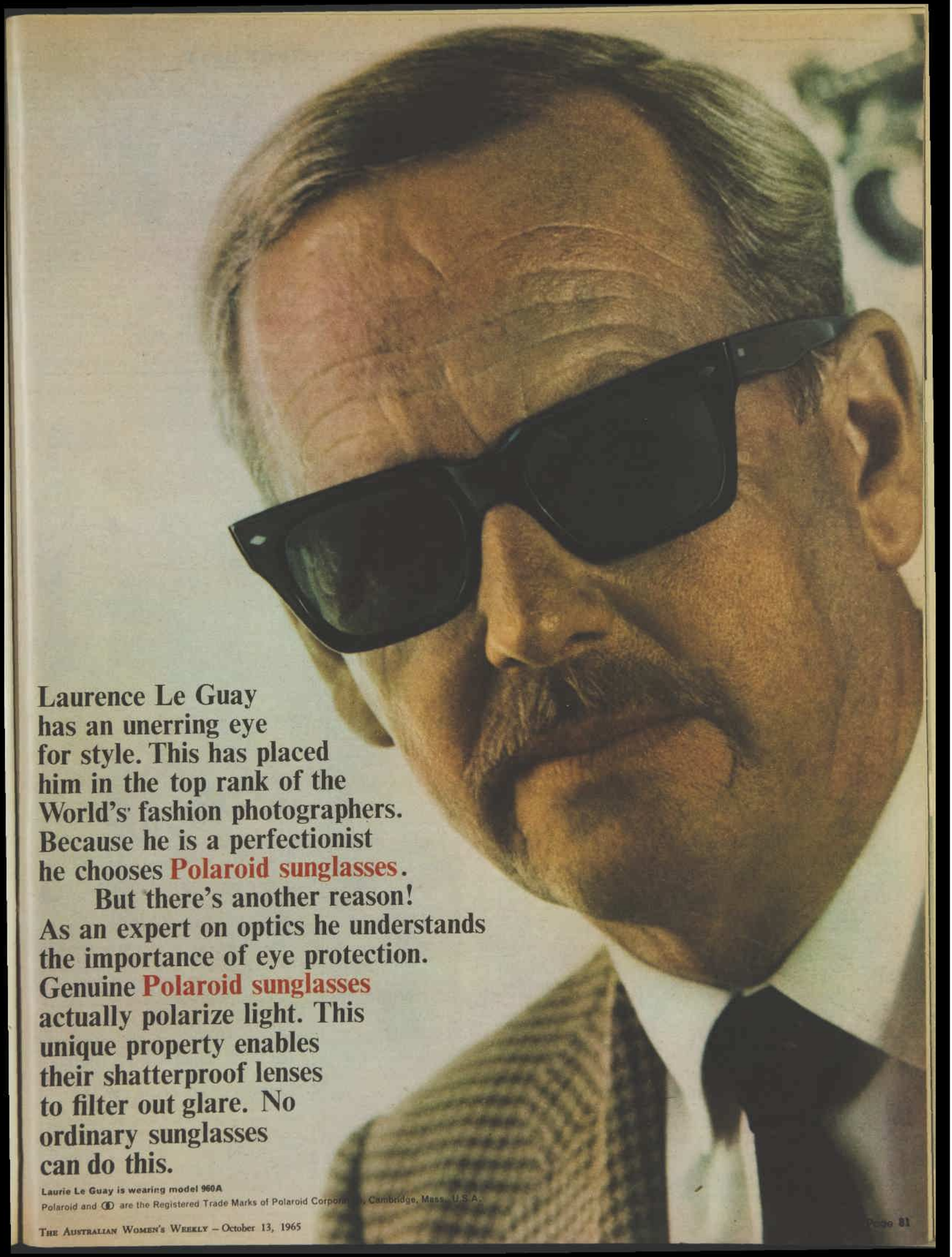

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Continued from page 80

THE NONCONFORMIST

"Mark Danby's on board," I said.

"Anyone with him?"

"No, he seems to be alone. It must belong to friends of his."

Don rubbed his unshaven chin.

"Sherwood won't like it. It's *moored* to his jetty."

"He won't like us being late for the barbecue, either," I said briskly. "We'd better eat. Call the kids in. I have to drive them right into town to Emily's, and I promised they'd be there by ten, because she's taking them to the zoo." Emily was the only sitter we ever trusted.

We got to the barbecue at twelve, and I wondered, as I always did when we went to one of Sherwood's parties, how so much money could go into an entertainment, how everything could be so perfect, and yet nobody ever seemed to have a good time. I could see John Sherwood standing there, the sun glinting on his greying fair hair, with Hortense beside him looking like a well-bred, perfectly groomed horse.

Trudi was there, her fingers fiddling with a pot-plant, stripping the leaves to pieces, but she looked more adjusted than usual, because slacks were permitted, and she had a dark, rosy-red shirt on, and it almost suited her.

We stood with drinks in our hands, talking in short bursts, waiting for Sherwood to get around to talking to us each in turn. I was trying to make conversation into Mrs. Ramsey's better ear when I found that all the other voices had faded away, and I was shouting into a deathly void of silence.

I looked up, and around, and it seemed that a shadow had fallen right across the patio, but the shadow was real, and had substance, and was Mark Danby. I saw Trudi go so white that her face took on a greenish tinge, and her hand went to one of the patio uprights for support.

I saw that the silence had been caused, not so much by Mark's presence, but by Sherwood's reaction to it. His hands had clenched into fists, and his wide brow had puckered into a scowl.

"This is a private party, Danby," he said shortly. "I don't remember inviting you."

Mark's easy slouching stance did not change.

"Your daughter invited me, Mr. Sherwood. I'm here as her guest."

I had always thought of John Sherwood as a man without temper. Maybe he had never needed one. But the veins stood out on his forehead, and his neck was suddenly made of cords.

"She had no right to do so. I repeat, this is a private party. If you don't leave immediately, I shall have you put out, by force if necessary."

Mark did not move.

"Just what sort of a father are you, anyway?" he asked lazily, but there was suddenly something dangerous about the laziness, about his heavy half-closed-lidded look. "If your daughter can't invite a friend to one of your parties. And for you to try to make a fool of her in front of all these people."

The dam of rage burst. I almost expected to see blood burst from the engorged veins.

"Danby," shouted John Sherwood. "You're through."

"Through as what?"

"As a member of my agency. As a person. I'll have you blacklisted in every agency in the country. And you can get off my land, now, this very minute. I've put up with your dirty bohemian way long enough. Talent! It's a dime a dozen. I can buy better talent than you, any day of the week, and keep it bought."

"I'm sure you can," said Mark affably.

"And I've told you before to stay away from my daughter. You can't climb up the hill that way. She has no social judgment. I'd automatically rule out any friend of hers as unsuitable."

"I came up here to tell you something, Sherwood. I was going to tell you in private, but since you would rather discuss your affairs in public, I'll go along with it. Trudi and I were married yesterday. She was afraid to tell you beforehand, and I gave in to her. But she has me to look after her now, and today was the deadline I set for telling you."

John Sherwood's face went grey. I saw Garvin and Ramsey move toward him in case he should fall, but he jerked away from them.

"I'll get it annulled," he said.

"She's of age."

"If you think you are going to get one single penny of Sherwood money—"

WE watched fascinated, almost breathless, as Mark grinned, and said, "You know what you can do with the Sherwood money. You can——"

"You've got nowhere to live."

"We've got a houseboat."

"It's moored to my jetty. I'll get you moved on."

"I'm sure you will. We'll go down the coast a little."

"I'll get you moved from there."

"Then we'll move somewhere else. You see, that's one thing you've never realised. There's always somewhere else.

"I admit I owe you an apology for marrying Trudi without your permission. But what was the use? You never considered Trudi as anything but an extension of your own ego, and a pretty disappointing extension at that. I wouldn't ever have been able to convince you that it wasn't the Sherwood fortune that I was after.

"As it is, I already have my fortune." He looked across at Trudi, still clinging to her patio post, and held out his hand. "Coming, Gook?" he said.

She came slowly, as a person walking in a dream. As she passed her mother, she gave her a long burning look, and for a moment I thought Hortense was going to spit on her. She did not look at her father at all. She slipped her hand into Mark's, and they started to walk away together.

At the edge of the patio, they stopped, and Mark said, casually, over his shoulder. "By the way, everybody, we're throwing a little wedding party on the houseboat. Nothing elaborate, just a few of our bummy friends, artists and writers, and that sort of trash. Just some music and something to eat and drink. Very casual and friendly. You're all invited, and the party is of now."

I looked across at Don, and for a moment I saw longing in his eyes that almost made me sick, because I knew that it wasn't only longing to go to a casual friendly little party, but to walk down the hill after Mark and Trudi, and to know, as they knew, that there was always somewhere else to go.

But after a moment his eyes dropped, and he looked into his glass, and I knew that we were paying the penalty of social climbing, that when you are halfway up the ladder you look down, and find that the rungs beneath you have been sawn off, and it's a long way down.

They went away, Mark and Trudi, and we saw them sometimes, up and down the coast. But we never spoke to them, although Mark's novel was published, and then another, and we read them secretly.

Don is Chief Accounts Executive now, and we have moved higher up the hill. A whole two streets. He was passed over a couple of times, because we were suspected of having been too friendly with Mark and Trudi, and Sherwood's hard word carried weight, even in another agency. But we toed the line, and never put a foot wrong, and in time we were forgiven.

John Sherwood is less active now, leaning more and more on his son, Glenn. There is even some talk that he may take Glenn's house, and move the younger people into the Park. I don't see that it will make much difference to us.

We'll be in Sherwood Heights at least until we retire, and Sherwood Heights is where we want to be. We worked hard to get here, and we work hard to stay here, and it doesn't get any easier, even though we have the second car now.

And, of course, it's all worth it. Of course it is. Who wants to live anywhere else? Who wants to give up the prestige we worked so hard for? We don't even talk about it any more, Don and I.

Oh, there was that moment, that brief moment, when Mark and Trudi walked away, but moments don't count, really. You have them wherever you are.

We don't talk about Mark and Trudi any more, either. We don't even think of them.

Hardly ever. Hardly ever at all.

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Touring without tears

● *Roslyn Gardner, from Camberwell, Victoria, recently returned home from overseas. Here she tells you about an all-girl bus tour of the Continent, one of the highlights of her trip.*

THE girls dismantle the tents before starting on the next leg of the tour itinerary.

FOR most young Australians touring Europe, camping is the most popular way of enjoying each country, largely because of the expenses involved for accommodation in a hotel or pension.

Besides travelling in a car, one of the most interesting ways to see Europe is through an organised tour with approximately twenty people of your own age. Several companies have been formed, in London, to cater for young people. One of these employs some Australians as drivers.

It was on one of these tours that 19 of us left London last September to tour Europe for nine weeks. During this time, we travelled about 7000 miles through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and France.

Naturally, most of us were totally unfamiliar with erecting tents, pumping up inflatable beds, or cooking on portable stoves. However, after a few nights we had everything down to a fine art. All the equipment, apart from the sleeping-bags, is supplied by the company, and, naturally, your own luggage is limited to a medium-size case and an overnight bag.

Each of the girls shared in the cooking on a weekly basis, three at a time, and they were also responsible for the shopping. In most of the countries we visited, this was no great problem, except for keeping to the limited supply of money.

However, I can recall two more vivid occasions, one in Yugoslavia and the other in Bulgaria, when we could not make ourselves understood in any way, except by sign language.

In the first instance, we had decided to have sausages for tea, and could only make the shop assistant understand how many we wanted by pointing to the scales as the weight mounted. The other occasion was one evening, a few nights later, in a little village just over the border in Bulgaria.

After sampling various packets of groceries, either by tasting or feeling, we managed to buy everything but milk, and this seemed to be almost an impossible task. We tried French, German, and Italian for milk and cow and then proceeded to demonstrate the milking method.

Still we could not make ourselves understood until, finally, in desperation one of the boys in the party uttered a loud "moo." Immediately the shop assistant's face beamed and we were taken next door, only to find that the dairy was closed!

Cooking for 21 people is no mean task, but to cook for so many on two small portable stoves takes some practice. Meat in most countries is very expensive, so on several occasions we used eggs instead. Once I remember frying 42 eggs on a cold night in Belgrade, while several hungry onlookers urged us on.

Another time, I fearfully but successfully **scrambled** 42 eggs, all the time praying that they would not curdle. One thing is certain, cooking under such conditions is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, but a lot of fun.

The girls who were on cooking roster in Florence vividly recall distributing porridge to the tents, which were almost surrounded by a sea of water.

At a large number of camping grounds we enjoyed hot showers, even though some of the facilities were rather crude. A cold shower certainly sprang some of the late-risers into action.

One memorable hot bath was in the Thermopylae hot sulphur springs in Greece, but we were thankful our showers at home were not sulphur scented!

I would recommend this means of touring a large area in a limited time to any young girls for three reasons:

1. The advantage of the drivers' previous experience in these countries.

2. No driving or responsibility of a vehicle is involved.

3. The companionship of so many young people.

All this can be done for about £150 sterling, with some extra money for those inevitable postcards, stamps, and souvenirs, provided you are under 30 years of age.

The £150 sterling covers the tour itself, comprising all travelling in the bus and on the ferry to and from England. This also included camping fees at each camping ground. Fifteen pounds of the £150 was toward the food kitty, covering breakfast and dinner.

We spent several days in some places and were able to go off on our own as much as we liked, as long as we didn't hold up the tour schedule.

Fishing for compliments? Wear mesh!

FISHNET used only to ensnare fish is OUT this year: You've got to wear it!

It's cool, ideal for summer, and when worn demurely over a low V-neck, skimpy swimming costume, or sleeveless dress looks marvellous.

Reporter Kerry Yates is mad about the fishnet look, especially for the beach — but to buy another swimsuit with the mesh-look upset her budget.

So she bought a boy's singlet to wear over an ordinary bikini (right).

The cost — anything from 12/11 to 29/11, depending on quality and style. Singlets are available in dark blue, pale blue, red, white, and black.

Whole family suffers exams

● **At this time of the year thousands of schoolchildren all over the country are organising themselves into frantic little working machines in preparation for exams.**

BUT what about us? By "us" I mean the ones who thought they had finished with the torture of exams long ago — and find they still go through the exams with as much torment and anguish as when they were at school.

"We" are the ones with brothers and sisters still at school!

And if your house is like my house, you are never allowed to forget it.

My sister studies in the bedroom — a bedroom that we share — so I am not allowed to go to bed early. If she goes to bed early and I come in late, I get tornadoed out of the room with cries of anguish for disturbing her sleep when she has to get up early to study. As far as I can see, the room is not half mine any longer, and the only solution is two rooms. But where does the other room come from?

Washing-up time comes. Now everyone (or nearly everyone) tries to find some excuse to get out of this dreadful drudgery, but the trouble is she has a perfectly legitimate one.

She has to study!

If the television isn't too loud, then the phone's ringing. If the phone's not ringing, it's Mummy cooking and rattling saucepans in the kitchen. If it's not Mummy, it's the rest of us washing up her dishes.

And the dog! The poor little thing gets yelled at if he comes even near the bedroom.

You can be sure, if it's not one noise it's another.

You can just imagine what this does to the rest of the family. The strain begins to tell.

It just makes you wonder, doesn't it? Who has the worst deal at exam time — the student or the family?

— MARGARET KANDALL

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Advertisement

Beauty Salon Hints

Mrs. Pearl Donald
Beauty Skin Care Consultant

MORE beauty every birthday . . . this treasured wish is today a reality and your complexion from the early years to maturity can remain radiant and beautiful. The way to keep your attractive good looks is to make a must of simple daily care. In this way you aid nature to make you look and feel more beautiful. Here is some advice to make you more lovely with every birthday.

Beauty in Maturity

MANY beautiful women retain their complexion radiance, even though they are in their mature years, because they keep their skin in a youthful state of elasticity and firmness. Very important is to guard against loss of chin-line contour and drooping chinline. To achieve this, massage nightly with Ulan vitalizing night cream and for daytime care, smooth the face and neck with oil of Ulan before making-up. This provides the perfect matt surface whilst helping to maintain tissue firmness.

Beauty Complexion Pack

TO transform a dry skin into a soft, velvety one and keep youthful bloom and beauty use this simple pack. Add oil of Ulan, drop by drop, to a cake of yeast and mix into a smooth paste. Apply this to the entire complexion leaving only the eye area clear. Relax on the bed for twenty minutes and then remove the pack with pads of cotton wool wrung out in warm water. Pat the skin gently with a mild lemon Delph freshener and, finally, smooth a light film of oil of Ulan over your complexion before you apply make-up.

Teenage Beauty

THE quickest and easiest way to remedy those little skin blemishes and pimples in the teenage years is to dab the affected areas with a pure, gentle stimulant such as lemon Delph freshener, which tones and closes enlarged pores so that blemishes do not have a chance of forming. Before making-up smooth a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan over the face and neck to nourish and protect the petal-soft texture against the blemish-inducing infections to which young complexions are particularly prone.

Dewy Complexion

PRESERVE that natural dewy complexion when spending the day out-of-doors by smoothing a film of oil of Ulan over the skin before making-up. When you come home counteract the effects of open-air dryness by slipping into a lukewarm bath, patting dry, and then massaging oil of Ulan into the skin — paying particular attention to the face, neck, and shoulders.

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Great fun and benefit from English weekend camp

RECENTLY I attended an English camp for Leaving students. It was conducted over a weekend and held at a seaside resort, students from both public and private schools participating. Together with the organisers and section leaders, approximately 70 people attended.

The program included group discussions of selected literary topics and a film. There was the presentation of a play written during the camp, poetry, and recorded drama readings. Recreational activities included swimming, cross - country running, and listening to modern music.

Students could attend any of four pre-selected courses. There were drama, creative writing, poetry, and fiction. Each course, under the supervision of a qualified leader, was divided into two groups, with an elected student in charge of each.

The informality of the surroundings and the casual dress of the students, as compared with a school atmosphere, contributed immensely to the camp's success. Individuals felt free to express themselves and to discuss literature in depth without feeling embarrassment.

I feel that any Leaving-standard student interested in the study of English would benefit from such a camp. — *"Student of Perth College," Doubleview, W.A.*

Great man

ON the day that I heard of the death of Dr. Albert Schweitzer I mentioned his name among friends at work. Most of them made vague comments. Only one girl had a little knowledge of this great man.

Now I wonder if all the remarks I have heard about teenagers being one-sided in their interests have been so untrue. It won't hurt to learn to admire the truly great people of the age. Tearing your hair when you see your favorite pop idol may be a good way to express your admiration, but these singers come and go.

I doubt that there will be another Albert Schweitzer. — *C. Ruolle, Royston Park, S.A.*

Family tree

LOOKING for an interesting hobby to work on at weekends or holidaytime? Then trace your family tree. I started to trace my ancestors a few months ago and found that I was related to an English earl!

The first step is to pay a visit to your grandparents and find out all you can about their parents, grandparents, brothers, and sisters. Find out where they lived, what jobs they held, and any other particulars, as these are helpful. Keep visiting your grandparents and get their memories working. Great-uncles and aunts are often helpful, too.

I have found myself travelling about visiting long-lost relatives, hunting through cemeteries, and meeting many interesting people. I have now got our entire family interested in tracing our ancestors.

It is a fantastic pastime, full of surprises, because you never know who you are related to. — *C. Dent, Cronulla, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Like, shouldn't we be worried about the poor people or something?"

Awful miming

COULD it be that miming is what is spoiling Australian talent? If there's one thing I hate it's the spectacle of singers forgetting the words to their songs and either standing there looking silly with mouth agape or mouthing words completely different from those of the song.

After all, anyone can sound good with the props of a large recording studio backing them. The real test is whether they can get up on stage and put over a good, authentic rendering of the song without having to rely on miming the words.

This separates the stars from the duds. — *Margaret Jackson, Williamstown, Vic.*

MARTIN LONG is overseas with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. "CLASSICS" will resume when he returns.

Hair hint

IF you have run out of hair-spray and you are going out and want your hair to look just right for the occasion, try this:

Get a cup of water and add about three or four teaspoons of sugar and mix until the sugar is dissolved. After you have combed your hair into the style, lightly sprinkle the sugar and water solution over your hair, then carefully re-comb. This works perfectly. — *Helena Korszen, Condell Park, N.S.W.*

Heartache cure

NO doubt every girl has at one time or another experienced the loss of a boyfriend, and has been utterly miserable after it. Well, I, too, lost one, who, I thought, was the only boy for me, and my whole world collapsed.

I no longer went out, but moped around at home, staying mostly in my bedroom. But soon I realised how stupid I was, and decided on a plan to change my life.

First, I selected a gold rinse for my hair, and a new hairdo. Then I experimented with new make-up. I made some new clothes, and changed my room around. I went to new places, and took up a new hobby.

While I was changing my life I had completely forgotten my heartache. I hope other girls will follow this plan and save themselves no end of worry. — *Jenny Collins, Revesby, N.S.W.*

SMARTER SCHOOL UNIFORMS

● Reader Nola Bruckell suggested that if uniforms were made less childish pupils would be encouraged to stay on longer at school. Replies show that at some schools uniform changes are already under way.

I WOULD like to tell you about the uniform for the sixth-year pupils at Gosford High. It was designed by the fourth-year girls and is going to look very attractive.

It is a skirt and blazer-like coat in a light and dark blue tartan material, nylon stockings, and black shoes with a little heel. This uniform should encourage many girls to go on to sixth year. — *Jenie Maiden, Gosford, N.S.W.*

THE school I attend is doing just what Nola suggested. Our new uniform will consist of an A-line skirt and matching jacket worn over a white blouse. Our old felt hats will be replaced by a smart beret, and our socks by stockings in a popular color suitable for everyday wear. Gloves will match these.

This decision by the principal of Hunter Girls' High School in Newcastle has encouraged many of us to stay at school. — *Jenny Bowles, Hamilton, N.S.W.*

A STUDENT who has to be encouraged to continue his or her studies to higher levels by a high-fashion uniform would seem to lack the only quality required for tackling classes . . . ambition.

I admit that I hated my uniform, especially my cap. But being nearly halfway through an engineering degree, I remember it all as mere triviality. — *Terry McNamara, Kew, Vic.*

NOLA and other readers might be interested to know that at the school I attend the headmistress has already invited anyone in the school to design a more appropriate uniform for the seniors.

The designs I have seen are based on skirts and blazers (which designers feel can't be done away with), to be worn with flattie shoes. The only drawback could be the extra money spent on stockings, which may not stand up to the strain. — *Sylvia Frederick, Hurstville Grove, N.S.W.*

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He's a wiz with 'contraptions'

● Commonwealth Technical Scholarship holder Peter Risby-Jones, of Clayfield, Brisbane, aged 17½, is known for bright ideas.

A TALL lad with a friendly, wide smile, one of his latest ideas is overhauling cars and exchanging them for later models.

Give Peter a tired old car engine and he'll be happy for hours in the workshop.

Peter's Dad is interested enough in his son's hobby to let him use the garage when he has a car to work on. Dad's car stays out in the rain.

Peter is a mechanical engineering student at the Brisbane Central Technical Institute.

Three cars

He has overhauled three cars so far this year, down to the final details of panel-beating and painting.

They look "really good," he says, and when a car is finished he exchanges it for a later model and goes to work overhauling again.

Since he was a youngster, Peter Risby-Jones has been in the news from time to time because of a natural enterprise and inventiveness.

When only 12 he assembled his own TV set. It took him four months — and he still uses the set in his bedroom.

"Portable" TV

"The picture is not bad at all," Peter says. "It's a 14-inch set and portable — if you've got strong arms."

At 14, when he was doing science at school, he worked out a research program on his own methods to quicken absorption of information under different conditions. One of the tests involved playing tape recordings while he slept.

Another idea Peter had could be a boon to smokers, certainly to women who have to delve into the depths of handbags looking for matches to light a cigarette.

Peter's idea was that each packet of cigarettes should have a folder of matches attached, so that anyone wanting to smoke only had to locate cigarettes and matches in one act. He put the idea to one of Australia's biggest manufacturers of cigarettes.

The company praised the idea, but said it would not be practical to adopt, and added: "Every member of the Board admires your enterprise."

Now that Peter has the car-rebuilding bug, this, with his studies for the Technical Institute Engineering course, takes up all his time.

"I don't know what it is about cars. They just fascinate me," Peter said.

— JEAN BRUCE

PETER RISBY-JONES

RICE AND OLD FOOTY BOOTS

ROUND ROBIN

● I see that a European Soccer player was married while he was playing football.

AS he played in Lisbon, Portugal, and his bride-to-be was in Mozambique, Africa, a proxy wedding was performed.

As any male—groom or guest—will tell you, this seems a good way to have a wedding.

However, if proxy marriages, while grooms play football, are unacceptable to girls I suggest a compromise.

Let's run wedding receptions along similar lines to football matches.

Already they have several things in common—punch, and biased spectators.

Each event is noted for its penalties, too.

The competitive spirit at such a reception would be a good grounding for later married arguments.

Battles could be said to have been won on the playing fields of eatin'.

Having football weddings would be boons for aunties of brides.

Instead of having their emotions pent up behind soggy handkerchiefs they could let off steam with some fair-dinkum barracking.

On the question of which team positions guests would play, the only one that could be strictly laid down would be the groom's.

He might want to play fullback, but he would soon find he was left-right-out.

There is a danger, of course, that keen wedding fans would throw empty beer cans instead of confetti.

Another problem arises: Which football code do we use for my receptions?

To achieve a Union, women are in League—and there are few Rules.

The answer? In a marital dispute there's always a good solution, one that's appropriate here.

Sock 'er.

— Robin Adair

Beauty in brief

Summer looks

NOW, at the beginning of our wonderfully long summer, is the time to start making plans for the prettiest season of your life.

Take stock of all the delightful things you can do to give your looks a real boost — like having your hair styled in one of the shapely new cuts that make summer maintenance a breeze, or wearing the pearl-lustre nail varnishes which are so attractive and delicate looking.

Top to toe grooming is essential. Give yourself a weekly pedicure, and make sure that legs and underarms are smooth and free from fuzz.

Bright sunlight has a nasty habit of spotlighting spotty backs and rough elbows. Take a close-up view of heels, elbows, back, and shoulders, and scrub these areas extra well each day with a good bland soap.

Summer sun is unkind, too, to make-up, and the less you wear in hot weather the better. Fortunately, most young people seem to aim for a light, natural look these days.

If you tan easily and well, a shiny skin, a discreet amount of eye make-up that doesn't show too noticeably, and a bright, lightweight lipstick can look really fetching.

Suntan oil will give you the gleaming skin — it's good for bare, bronzed arms and shoulders, too.

For the evening, try to avoid cosmetics that might streak or look oily when you get hot. A thin, tinted foundation, to help guard against all the drying elements which the season and climate will present, with matching powder should do the trick.

— CAROLYN EARLE

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

She has doubts

"I AM almost 18 and my boyfriend is almost 19. We love each other, but often, when I am alone, I ask myself if I really love him. At weekends when I am with him I know there will never be anyone else. He is always telling me how much he loves me and wants to marry me in a few years' time. I want this also, but could you tell why I think these things when I am away from him?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

The thoughts may be the beginnings of a genuine doubt about your feelings toward your boyfriend, but they are more likely to only mean that you are passing the first flush of complete infatuation. You are beginning to see your boyfriend as a person, with faults and failings, not as a demi-god on a pedestal. This does not mean that you will love him less, only that you will love him more realistically. Don't worry about it. You won't be getting married for a few years, so you don't have to make a decision now.

She's too pretty!

"I HAVE a problem that I can't discuss with Mum or anyone else because they only get that 'You're getting a swelled head' look in their eyes. I am 16½ and I am good looking (I wish to heaven I wasn't). I feel pleased every time I look in the mirror and every day I have compliments thrown at me, left, right, and centre. If you think that sounds boastful, here's something worse. Please believe me — I'm only being honest. I can't go out with a boy without his getting wrapped in me.

I am too scared to be extra nice to boys now. I don't give compliments or make them feel extra good when I'm kissing them goodnight because they get so serious about me. What the whole problem amounts to is this. I always end up hurting any boy I go out with very deeply. It has happened to me every time and I'm sick of it. Please try to give me some helpful advice."

"Heartbreaker," Vic.

There are millions of girls who would give anything to have your problem. I believe that you are being honest and not boastful, but I think that you should count your blessings and realise how much worse it would be if you really were so plain and unpersonable that no boy would look at you. You have the gift of beauty — accept it and use it wisely.

Marriage at 16

"I AM a very mature 16-year-old girl and am in love with a boy of 19. We have been dating other girls and boys for several years and have been going together for nine months. We both want to get married at Christmas, but I don't know how to put it to my parents. They will be understanding, but will want us to wait a little longer. Please don't say that we're too young, because we feel we've already had enough out of life and are ready to settle down together. Please advise us."

"Hopeful," Qld.

But you are too young. The very fact that you, at 16, can say that you feel you have "had enough out of life" makes it all the more certain. If you yourself can't see the dozens of good reasons against marriage at this stage, at least be sensible enough to concede that people, such as your parents, who are older and have more experience just could be right. They were 16 and 19 once, too, and they know what being that age is like. They also know how much they changed, and how quickly, in the following few years. When you do tell your parents that you want to get married, as you will, please listen carefully to what they say and try to understand.

Mum has changed

"RECENTLY I was at a bus stop talking to a boy for an hour, and my mother sent my young brother after me. I got into serious trouble. My mother told me I was cheap and, worst of all, that she would never let me out again, and that I'm not allowed to talk to boys. She also says that I have no respect for my parents, which is not true. Mum has always let me talk to boys, and usually lets me go out. I would not do anything to make them ashamed of me. Mum also said the boys I go out with are lairs, which isn't true. She said she's now going to tell them I'm too young. Why has she changed so suddenly? Do you think she is fair? I am 15."

"Upset," N.S.W.

There are subtleties of behaviour which you might not fully understand at 15. Your mother obviously does not mind your talking to, and occasionally going out with, boys — so perhaps it is your behaviour when with the boys that she is angry about. Talking to a boy is not in itself wrong, but lounging round a bus stop giggling and flirting for an hour is. Ask your mother to discuss things with you. Also, young boys, without realising it, often sound cheeky, and the way they dress makes people label them accordingly, perhaps unfairly.

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If you have any doubts about which of these are the best for your problem, consult the Dorothy Gray counsellor at any leading department store, or the Dorothy Gray appointed pharmacy near you. Ask her for your personal copy of the free Dorothy Gray "Clear Skin Program" booklet.

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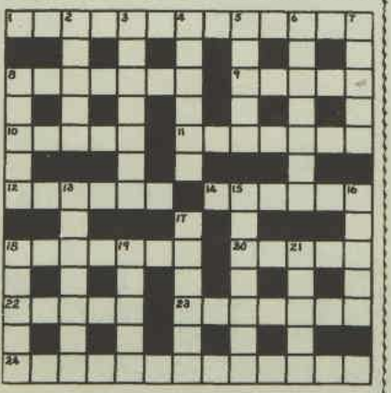
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

OPOLO begins telling Mandrake and Lothar his story. He tells of his love for the beautiful Adrana and how his city was doomed. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Christmas is not, but Easter is one of them (7, 6).
8. A mineral poison (7).
9. To clip (5).
10. I join a broken game as an idol (5).
11. Small balls of paper, bread, etc. (7).
12. Way out (6).
14. Learn inside a small fort (6).
18. Be subjected to (7).
20. A dire written decree of Sultan (5).
22. Assembled company turns poor after tea (5).
23. The little devil starts to stamp (7).
24. Concerning financial dealing in which a color is important (13).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Roman goddess as match (5).
3. Their business is money, but on the outside they make bread (7).
4. Evade torn caps in ease (6).
5. Use eel as frame to support picture while painting (5).
6. This unlicensed pub sounds like a female vegetable (7).
7. If you are out of them, you are not very well (5).
8. Spring up (5).
13. Gigantic tree from California has the color from 24 across (7).
15. Firm but brittle in the patron saint of shoemakers (7).
16. Upright in sheer ectype (5).
17. Mod goes back in nothing for a masquerade garment (6).
18. Speak with a stout termagent (5).
19. Poser for stout cords (5).
21. If you have it, you could not have committed the crime (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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